THE LITERARY DIGEST

PUBLIC OPINION (New York) combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST

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TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

THE RACE FOR THE HINDENBURG LINE

THERE ARE TWO HINDENBURG LINES. One is a great system of trenches and dugouts and gun-emplacements and observation-posts stretching across northern France, from Arras to Reims, before Cambrai and St. Quentin and Laon. To the German Army it means security, a sure defense, an opportunity to prepare for new offensives. The other is a spiritual line—the confidence of Germany in its military prowess, in the ability of its military leaders, in its capacity for outfighting and outlasting all adversaries. In the race for the Hindenburg line in France our editors see the Allied generals gaining on the Teutonic retreat specialists, and they wonder how much of his Army Ludendorff will be able to take back with him to the old line of March 21, and how long he will be able to keep it there. The German General's most serious problem, as the Jersey City *Journal* now sees it, is "how to get his Germans back there alive." This daily is convinced that the race "will not stop at the Hindenburg line," for constant Allied pressure will prevent the German leaders from executing such a strategical retreat as that of last year. Retreat, we are told, is for the Germans "the only way to escape disaster," while at the same time conditions are such that "no great retreat is possible without running the risk of a disaster." At the northern "switch" of the Hindenburg line a British Army has stept across and has even penetrated the next system of German defenses. Mr. Frank H. Simonds, the cautious military critic of the New York *Tribune*, hears that there is in Paris "a very general belief that the Hindenburg line will be in Allied hands by October 1." It all depends, according to this authority, on these two things: "the extent to which the center can be harried and demoralized before it gets to the Hindenburg line, and the ability of Foch to strike on the flanks and thus abolish the German line in France from Lille to Verdun." Even if the Germans can hold the Hindenburg defenses for some time, it will mean that they have definitely passed from the offensive to the defensive. It will mean, as the St. Louis *Republic* puts it, "the surrender of all that was gained in the big spring offensive," which "was to bring defeat to the Allies and end the war." In the same way the falling back to the psychological Hindenburg line is shown by the German declarations that the people "can hold out" against a world in arms, in the substitution of an ideal of "negotiated peace" for that of "world conquest." Instead of the predictions of victory this year, it is now, according to the *Berliner Tageblatt*, "the general opinion in Germany that the war will last another two or three years." And the Westphalian newspaper writer who tells the people that "the German Army and nation now face dark hours" seems to reveal an apprehensiveness that Germany's great line of defense, economic and spiritual as well as military, may be turned or broken.

What Ludendorff wants, writes General Malleterre in one of his Paris dispatches to the New York *World*, is to check at the right time and place "the fierce attacks of the Allies and fix himself in positions which will guarantee his safety for the winter." The military critic of the New York *Times* expects to see the Germans return to the trenches from which they emerged in March and try to settle down for the remainder of the fighting season. If the Germans succeed in retiring to the Hindenburg line and can hold it, it will, observes Mr. Simonds in *The Tribune*, "be a maneuver not without grave consequences for our Allies." And Mr. Simonds goes on to show how it may greatly lengthen our road to Berlin:

"It will probably adjourn a decisive battle until next year; it will probably balk Foch's plans for an upward thrust between Arras and Soissons, indeed, between Ypres and Reims, for the present year, but it will be a final surrender of the offensive and an ultimate confession that military victory is no longer possible for the German, and that his sole hope is to hold out until exhaustion brings peace, and a peace which leaves him some part of his stealings.

"It is worth recognizing, too, that next year the German can, if he chooses, repeat the Hindenburg retirement in France and in Belgium, withdrawing, for example, to the line of the Scheldt and the Meuse. But this will be of less advantage next year, when a vast American Army will be able to try the offensive between Verdun and the Vosges. The Lorraine offensive is little understood in this country. It is impossible for our Allies as long as the mass of the German troops are in northern France and the Allies are unable to do more than match these German numbers. It is equally impossible for the Germans. But when we arrive with our great army it will be possible for us to undertake the same maneuver Castelnau and Pau undertook in August, 1914, and there will be no chance of a German counterblow in front of Paris as in the earlier time. . . . . .

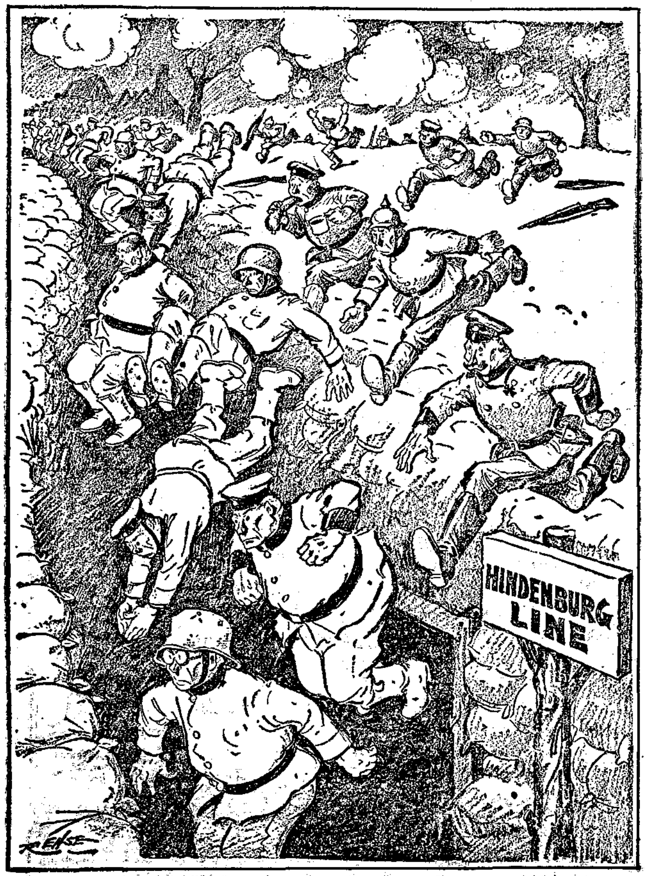
"When America is ready the German will have to abandon his Paris menace, because he will himself be threatened in his home territory. But for the present year the threat will hardly be grave. He can, if he chooses, refuse battle and retreat to the old Hindenburg line, from which he can maneuver, not with his troops but with his statesmen, seeking not a German peace, but a peace which will leave the military leadership in Germany with a chance to claim that the present war of aggression has added provinces, as has each Prussian war, with few exceptions, since Frederick the Great tore up that other scrap of paper, the Pragmatic Sanction, and stole Silesia from Maria Theresa, a century and a half ago."

The existence of such lines as the Hindenburg, that of the Meuse, and others render impossible, in Mr. Simonds's opinion, any such rapid advance to the Rhine as some more enthusiastic Americans look for. He thinks that the possibility of great captures of armies or a return to the old Napoleonic warfare is very slight. As he says:

"If the German is driven from the coast of Flanders he will presently be found standing on the line of the Scheldt. If he is driven from Champagne he will be found in position behind the Meuse. The whole country behind him is cut and seamed with switch-lines and cross-lines, constituting alternative positions. No single blow that one can now forecast can be more than a thrust which compels the evacuation of one line for another. There will be a flight and a pursuit between the two, with the capture of prisoners and material, but in each case the victor will presently encounter the vanquished in a new position and have to begin all over again. . . . . . .

"There is to be no sudden transition, no sudden sweep to the Rhine and beyond the Rhine; we have got to batter the German out of one position after another!—out of the Hindenburg line, the line of the Scheldt and the Meuse, the line of the Ardennes, the Moselle, and the Vosges—before we approach the line of the Rhine, which is strongest of all, and behind that we may expect other lines, while between each series of positions there will be intermediate defensive positions.

"I do not believe the German defense will endure through successive defeats. Obviously the morale will break down, and in the presence of inevitable defeat on the military side the statesmen will endeavor, even at a huge price, to avoid the fatal consequences of invasion and ravage. But it is essential now to recognize that we are only putting our feet on the first stretch of the road to Berlin."



OLD HOME WEEK.
—Rehse in the New York *World*.

But the "superiority in man-power and war-making machinery and in war-spirit," which is now with the Allies, seems to the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* to far outweigh Germany's advantages in defensive positions and better communications. The increasing Allied superiority over the Germans is emphasized not only by the swelling of the American forces in France at the rate of 200,000 a month, but by the fact that in the two months of July and August the Germans lost 112,000 men in prisoners alone and at the same time had to abandon on the field 1,300 pieces of artillery. But the main fact militating against a successful German defense at the Hindenburg line is, as the Newark *News* sees it, that

"Haig is on the Hindenburg line at a point where he has a good jumping-off place for an effort to turn it and make it useless as a stopping place for Ludendorff to rest and reorganize his armies. The retreating German troops are executing a difficult, disorganizing, and confusing movement; consequently the time is opportune for outflanking the line to which they are retreating, which, if it can be done, might necessitate a retreat to the line of the Meuse before Ludendorff could find a safe place to halt.

"It may be said, therefore, that the German High Command is in a more serious plight than it has been in since the first battle of the Marne, and that the Entente armies are approaching the time when, at the Hindenburg line, they will have their renascent prowess put to its hardest test. That they will force Ludendorff behind the Hindenburg line is a foregone conclusion; but will they let him winter there? And if he can not hold it, can he execute a safe retreat to the Meuse?"

While the spade work is reported to be "progressing apace on the Hindenburg and Siegfried lines," Mr. Walter Duranty, a war-correspondent of the New York *Times*, calls attention to four new factors which he thinks will prevent the enemy from again checking our advance by a reversion to trench warfare:

"First, the Germans, instead of retreating comfortably, according to a long-prepared plan, to positions minutely organized beforehand, will be closely pursued by the Allies' dash—'at the sword's point,' as the French say—and are bound to suffer from the disorganization of defeated units.

"Secondly, German morale has been weakened by a series of disasters unparalleled in this war's history. Captured letters grow ever more despondent in tone, prisoners ever more despairing, and official orders that fall into French hands are ever more insistent on incidents of indiscipline. . . . . . .

"The third factor is the change in offensive tactics that has resulted from Hutier's maneuver. Smoke, gas, and short but violent bombardment have put it in the power of a locally superior assailant to smash even the strongest land defenses by a sudden stroke. The Allies have learned the lesson, as the events of the last month prove beyond question.

"Fourthly, there are the Americans. That our participation for the last few weeks has been comparatively unimportant in nowise means that the enemy has no further cause to dread it. The Germans themselves know well that the fourth factor is perhaps the most dangerous of all."

Marshal Foch's aim, declares the optimistic editor of the Morristown (N. J.) *Record*, is not "the driving back of the Germans to another line of defense, but the crushing of their power to hold any line of defense." This, we are told, is the true explanation of much that seems inexplicable in recent Allied strategy. Instead of "singling out a German center as an objection and reaching it at any cost," the Commander-in-Chief "strikes first here and then there; he drives his blow at one point until the enemy resistance stiffens so that further pressure becomes expensive, when he strikes elsewhere." This, we are told, is why for a time such "little progress seems to be made"—

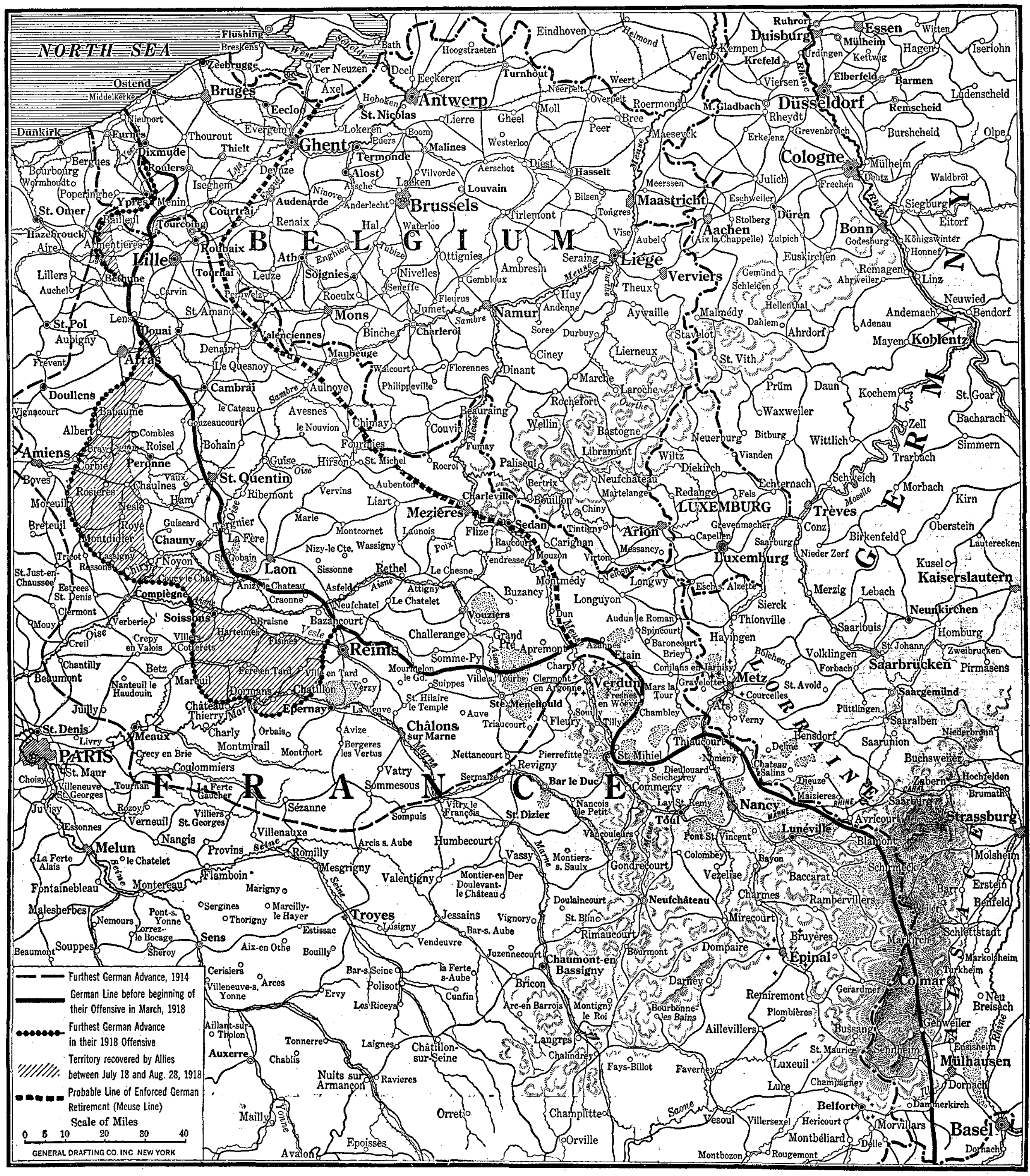
"Towns almost within his grasp seem to continue to elude him. When he has wrought his purpose, however, they will all go at once and a demoralized foe will be in a disastrous rout. It will not be 'victoriously retreating,' as they so like to boast of their retirements, and Clemenceau intimates that such a time is near at hand.

"Never before have the blows which the Germans have had to parry been so diversified that they have been confused in finding a way to meet them. Never before have they been kept at such a disadvantage through one blow following another so quickly that it overlaps. Never before have they failed to have a chance between drives to rest and reform their torn divisions.

"Every day comes news of new places on which the German hold is gone or loosening; of more thousands of prisoners; of more big guns captured; of new surprizes with which they are less able to contend. Sooner or later the slipping will become sliding. When sliding starts it doesn't take much pushing to accelerate the movement, while stopping becomes doubly hard, and finally impossible."

When the next great Allied offensive comes it will not be along the Meuse, the New York *Globe* predicts, "but elsewhere—in Champagne, if it comes this fall, and probably on the Lorraine front if deferred until spring." And, asks *The Globe*, "of what use will the Meuse be, or even the Rhine, if the Allies, following the historic route into Germany, reach the levels of industrial Westphalia, where Germany's war-industries are centered?"

Our hopes for the complete overthrow of the German armies before New-year's day, 1920, the New York *Evening Sun* holds to be fully justified. Such a result, it observes, may come by means of German collapse, or a great German military blunder or disaster or by "the steady progression of the Allied


NORTH SEA
BELGIUM
FRANCE
LUXEMBURG
GERMANY
LORRAINE
ALSACE
PARIS
Furthest German Advance, 1914
German Line before beginning of their Offensive in March, 1918
Furthest German Advance in their 1918 Offensive
Territory recovered by Allies between July 18 and Aug. 28, 1918
Probable Line of Enforced German Retirement (Meuse Line)
Scale of Miles
0 5 10 20 30 40
GENERAL DRAFTING CO. INC NEW YORK

THE WESTERN FRONT AT THE END OF AUGUST.

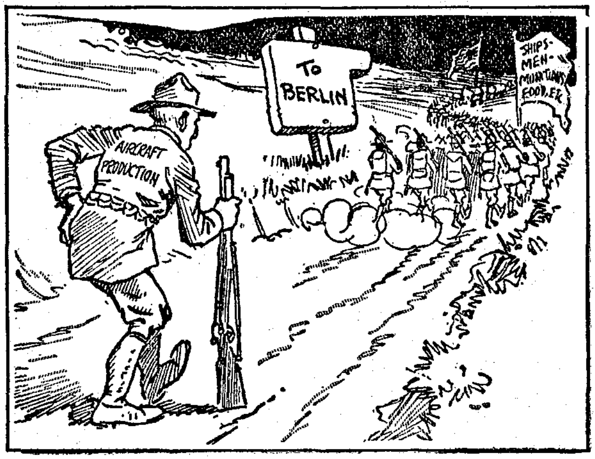
American troops hold the line in Alsace, Lorraine, and along the Vesle, and are assisting the French and British at other points. The British crossed the northern end of the Hindenburg line between Arras and Douai.

armies made feasible by their present adequate single direction under Foch and by the American reenforcements." It is held that we may count to some extent on German collapse. The surrender of groups of soldiers betrays a weakened morale. There is lack of war-materials, war-laborers, recruits for the Army, and food for soldiers and civilians. "All these and a thousand other difficulties of the enemy, nearing physical and moral exhaustion, must go on increasing," continues *The Evening Sun*, and "may drive him to surrender." This war has produced no Waterloo or Sedan, "but the risk of such accidents for Germany increases." But, we read in conclusion,

"The one chief and undeniable way to win is by sound, shrewd, energetic generalship, operating with abundant forces. Can victory be secured by that means alone in the course of sixteen months? On a very rough computation let us suppose that the military advance from Verdun to Berlin via Strassburg, the Palatinate, Mainz, the Ruhr industrial basin, Bremen, Hamburg, up the Elbe River to Magdeburg, and thence via Brandenburg and Potsdam to the destination, might be carried out under ideal conditions in fourteen months of operation. As the year offers but seven months suitable for military operations in the German climate, the process would take two years. This leaves no leeway for the unforeseen setbacks on which the constructors of viable projects always reckon. On the other hand, it fails to reckon on the increasing enfeeblement of Germany that such progress would bring about."

WHY AMERICAN AIRPLANES ARE NOT WINNING THE WAR

THAT "THE WAR HAS BEEN PROLONGED and victory postponed" by the delays in our aircraft-production program is the conclusion reached by the Indianapolis *News* as it studies the recently published report of the subcommittee of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs in the light of dispatches telling of the increasingly important part played by airmen in the battles on the Western Front. The picture presented by the committee is described by the New York *Sun* as "a composite of incompetency, vacillation, wild experimentation, waste of time and money, conflict of selfish interests, lack of energy, and lack of ordinary horse sense." Here we are told sixteen months after the beginning of the war, *The Sun* continues, that "601 planes of the necessary type have been shipped to France, of which 67 had reached the front on July 1, that not a single American made 'plane of attack' is at the front; that no successful fighting plane of American make has been developed and put into quantity production; that the supply of planes on the American front is wholly inadequate." The report shows, as the Chicago *Tribune* succinctly puts it, that "behind a barrage of brag grave blunders were being made, incompetents shielded, and enormous sums wasted." In this report the New York *Times* finds abundant cause for *national shame and humiliation.* The New York *Tribune* (Rep.) believes that this is "the most humiliating document that has been contributed to all the controversial literature of our participation in the war"; yet it finds much that is unfair, inconclusive, and confusing in the report itself. Likewise the New York *World* (Dem.), while admitting that our aircraft performance has been "the one distinct American failure of the war," thinks that the report "will carry no weight with the country," because the committee, "made up of professional critics of the conduct of the war," "carries no weight with the country." These newspapers, one as strongly Republican as the other is stanchly Democratic, agree that we must wait for the exact and final truth regarding aircraft production until Mr. Hughes reports the results of his investigation. In the meantime, concludes *The World*, "while the inquest goes on let there be at last full speed ahead," for "we want American planes on the line next year and we want them there this year."



THE LAGGARD.

—Orr in the Chicago *Tribune*.

One of the most encouraging signs that there is to be "full speed ahead" is seen by a number of editors in Secretary Baker's reorganization of his department so as to give Mr. John D. Ryan full authority over the production, manning, and operation of aircraft for the Army. Tho subordinate in theory to the Secretary of War, Mr. Ryan becomes, in the words of the New York *Evening Sun*, "practically a Secretary of Aviation." There still remains, it may be noted, a demand in some quarters for what the New York *Globe* calls a "one-man top" with full control over the airplane as a war-arm on sea and land, an Air Department coordinate with the Army and Navy Departments.

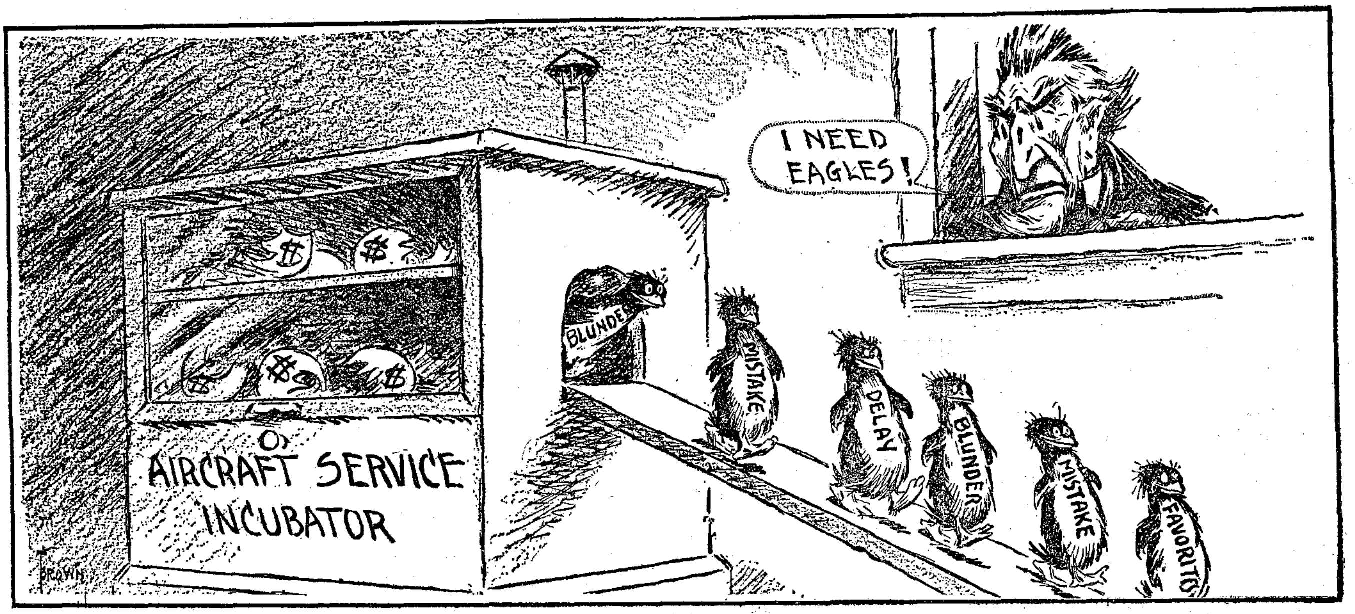
The full text of the report of the subcommittee on aircraft production—composed of Senators Thomas (Dem., Colo.), Reed (Dem., Mo.), Smith (Dem., Ga.), New (Rep., Indiana), and Frelinghuysen (Rep., N. J.)—includes, as reproduced in the press, a summary of the findings. It is noted at the outset that on June 18, 1917, public announcement was made that a great fleet of 25,000 aeroplanes was to be created which would win the war. On July 24 Congress appropriated $640,000,000 to carry out the program; this fund has been exhausted and a further appropriation of $884,340,758 has been required. "In the opinion of the committee a substantial part of the first appropriation was practically wasted. "While the committee is glad to concede that "much good work has been accomplished," for which due credit should be given, it is forced to conclude that "our airplane program has up to the present presented many aspects of failure." The chief of these aspects may be summarized as follows from the committee's statements:

> Up to August 1, 1918, the only American planes which have been sent to France are 601 De Haviland 4's. By July 1, 67 of these had reached the front, and on August 7 a squadron of 18 of them flew over the German front. This type of two-seated machine is the only fighter we have and is being equipped for reconnaissance, photographic, and bombing purposes as well. The dispatch of a number of these machines to General Pershing was followed by a cable from the General enumerating many defects found after inspection and stating that the machines could not be used until these defects were corrected.
>
> We have not a single American-made *chasse* (or "plane of attack"), or a single American-made heavy bombing plane on the battle front, nor have we developed and put into quantity production a successful fighting plane.
>
> The Bristol fighter was put into quantity production, then condemned and its manufacture discontinued after $6,500,000 had been spent and several lives sacrificed.
>
> One type of training-machine was condemned as dangerous after more than 1,200 planes had been manufactured at a cost of $6,000,000.
>
> The *Spad*, a fighting plane of the highest type, was first ordered, then the contract canceled, and later another contract let for the English equivalent of this French machine.
>
> While we were in a position last October to construct the Italian Caproni bombing planes only one has as yet been built.
>
> Similarly plans of the Handley-Page bomber were furnished last summer, but the first sample plane ordered in March was not flown until last July.
>
> There has been a failure to develop a satisfactory plane about the Liberty engine, which is excellent for use in the heavier machines, but is too powerful for the lighter types.
>
> The inspection system has been incompetent, several of the flying fields have been located at unsuitable sites, and certain localities and interests have been unduly favored.

Such disappointing results the committee believes to have been due chiefly to these causes:

> "1. That the airplane program was largely placed in the control of great automobile and other manufacturers who were ignorant of aeronautical problems.
>
> "2. These manufacturers undertook the impossible task of creating a motor which could be adapted to all classes of flying craft. It is not too much to say that our airplane program has been largely subordinated to the Liberty motor.
>
> "3. We failed at the beginning of the war to adopt the common-sense course of reproducing the most approved types of European machines in as great numbers as possible. This should have been carried on coincident with the production of the Liberty motor. This sound policy has very recently, but after a lamentable lapse of time, been adopted."

Most of the mistakes and errors which have been made would have been avoided, in the opinion of the committee, "if the aircraft program had been under the control of one man, assisted



NOTHING BUT PENGUINS. —Brown in the Chicago *Daily News*.

by skilled aeronautical engineers and practical fliers to design and test all machines, with production made subordinate to them." The committee points out that Italy's aircraft policy might well have been imitated by us, for Italy avoided delay by building at once the best types of French planes, while developing her own machines. The committee does not wish its report considered a "wholesale condemnation," for it believes that while "there are yet many things to be remedied, nevertheless we are approaching a period when quantity production of planes may soon be hopeful." The report concludes with a number of recommendations which we may summarize briefly as follows:

> We should create a Department of Aviation, ranking with the Army and Navy Departments.
>
> There should be a commission of engineers and pilots to make observations at the front and report at frequent intervals to the head of the department in Washington.
>
> Production should be accelerated by using all plants capable of making planes or motors to their utmost capacity.
>
> We should at the same time expand our aircraft policy and devote more attention to the creation of planes and engines.
>
> We should take practical measures to encourage the inventive genius of the country.
>
> We should reduce the margin of profit on many contracts and should let the producer bear the cost of making planes and engines rejected as defective.
>
> Aircraft plants should have better protection against fire.

Testimony taken by the committee was given to the press after the publication of the report. General Kenly, Chief of Military Aeronautics, told of an apparent lack of understanding between aircraft chiefs in Washington and American headquarters in France. The General declared in favor of an aircraft ministry and revealed the fact that next year's program calls for 350 American air-squadrons. Each squadron consists of from eighteen to twenty-one men and calls for twenty-one planes. Three hundred pilots have already been trained. General Pershing has called for 25,000 planes by next July, and has been told that an effort will be made to get him from 18,000 to 20,000, according to the testimony of William C. Potter, Assistant Director of Airplane Production. One of Mr. Ryan's associates ventured the remark that if 10,000 airplanes were delivered by next July it would be "almost a miracle."

From this report and this testimony, the New York *Evening Post* sees two fundamental errors emerging:

> "In the first place, it was a mistake to have concentrated on the development of an all-American plane when the need at the front was so great. Experimentation was well enough, but simultaneously the foreign models should have been reproduced without loss of time.
>
> "The second mistake came when the need for turning to foreign models was finally recognized. Then there set in a carnival of tinkering. For this it may be that Mr. Hughes will find a sinister cause. But at present we can only explain it as due in part to the same mistaken local pride which diverted so much effort to the Liberty motor at a time when excellent foreign motors were available. In part, the saturnalia of mechanical fuss was due to the lack of concentrated authority. Mr. Ryan, with authority over both aircraft production and aircraft policy, should now be largely immune from troubles of the latter sort. That he will not be entirely immune is due to the fact that the final word may lie with General Pershing. . . . But at home Mr. Ryan now has a free hand. His business is to get airplanes from whatever source they are soonest to be had."

There have been grave abuses and serious mistakes in the working out of our aircraft-production program, the New York *Globe* admits, but it can not accept the Senate Committee's report as even an approximation to "an impartial document." In particular, *The Globe* would call attention to "the conspicuous avoidance of the fact that the non-construction of battle-planes was deliberate and in accord with the advice repeatedly and emphatically given by the airplane experts of Great Britain, France, and Italy." It further appears, we are told, "that standardization was adopted only after equally careful consideration. It was said that America was lacking in skilled mechanics to make motors and planes one by one—that our whole factory organization was opposed to this method; that we could turn out but few air-machines unless we were able to apply the standardization method." This may have been a mistake, but, observes *The Globe*, it is only "fair to recognize that a year ago few Americans so thought."

The waste in abandoning the production of the Bristol fighter was unfortunate, admits Mr. Ryan, as quoted in a New York *Times* dispatch from Washington. But, he says, "we may repeat that kind of a mistake," for the machine proved unsafe and not useful for military purposes, and he does not intend to continue the production of any plane which is either dangerous or useless no matter how much money has been spent on it. De Haviland 4's with improvements are being made in considerable quantities. At least four new types of machines are being developed. Designers have been brought over from France and Italy, and, says Mr. Ryan, "we are using many American designers of reputation." Orders for Liberty 12's have been increased to about 50,000, and many Liberty 8's have also been ordered, as well as a number of the best foreign engines. All our Allies are said to be calling for Liberty engines and are relying on them for a large part of their air program. Planes of a few types are said to be going across now in fair quantities.

FOOD FOR THE WAR-WINTER

As AMERICAN PIONEERS were wont to take stock of their provisions when chill autumn winds reminded them of winter's approach, the whole nation to-day counts the supplies needed to carry us through the war-winter. But the national larder is shared by our cobelligerents, so that we do not think of our own needs without equal consideration of theirs, and we are all taking orders, as the Leadville *Herald-Democrat* says, from Supreme Quartermaster Hoover, whose orders must be obeyed with the same spirit that animates the soldier in the field. The frequent changes in these orders may irritate some sensitive souls, this journal admits, but the changes are inevitable because neither Mr. Hoover nor anybody else can tell from month to month what conditions are likely to be. To gain first-hand knowledge of them, Mr. Hoover spent four weeks of conferences with the food-controllers of the principal Allied nations, to whom he gave assurance, as we learn from the press, that we will provide their enlarged demands for next year and with them "eat at a common table in a common cause." The total food that must be imported by the Allies for human consumption is given in round numbers in Mr. Hoover's public statement as follows:

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THEY ARE MAKING FOOD WIN THE WAR.

Herbert Hoover (at the reader's left), our own Food Administrator, and John Robert Clynes, British Food Controller, as they appeared at the recent London food-control conference.

"Cereals for human consumption, 500,000,000 bushels; fats (pork products, vegetable oils), 4,000,000,000 pounds; sugar, 1,500,000 tons; beef products for civilian consumption, 900,000,000 pounds; in addition to this beef must be imported for army needs and oats for army horses.

"If this program is fulfilled there will be no need for drastic rationing of their food as during last year, except in beef and sugar. The world shortage in these two commodities makes it hopeless to satisfy their whole need. On the other hand, this program provides an ample supply of bread and fats, without the rationing of either, and, together with their own production, gives sufficient supplies.

"The restrictions on the consumption of pork products in Allied countries have already been removed, and bread will be in full supply by September 1, and of better quality than last year—and it has been pretty bad in France the last few months."

Despite the drain of man-power to the Front, we read further, the harvests in France, England, and Italy are better than one could expect, and credit for these harvests is given to the women by Mr. Hoover, who tells us "there is no sight in the world that would so appeal to the American heart as that of literally millions of women doing all the work of getting in the harvests while the men are at work in the shops and driving back the Germans." The burden of food-supply falls upon North America, Mr. Hoover adds, for—

"While Canada can export 100,000,000 bushels of grain this year, the major part of the Allied program for next year falls upon us. We have also to feed our own enormous Army. It is the largest call for food-exports we have ever undertaken. We can do it if we simply have the will to live with every economy and to waste nothing, and it will put us to no hardship.

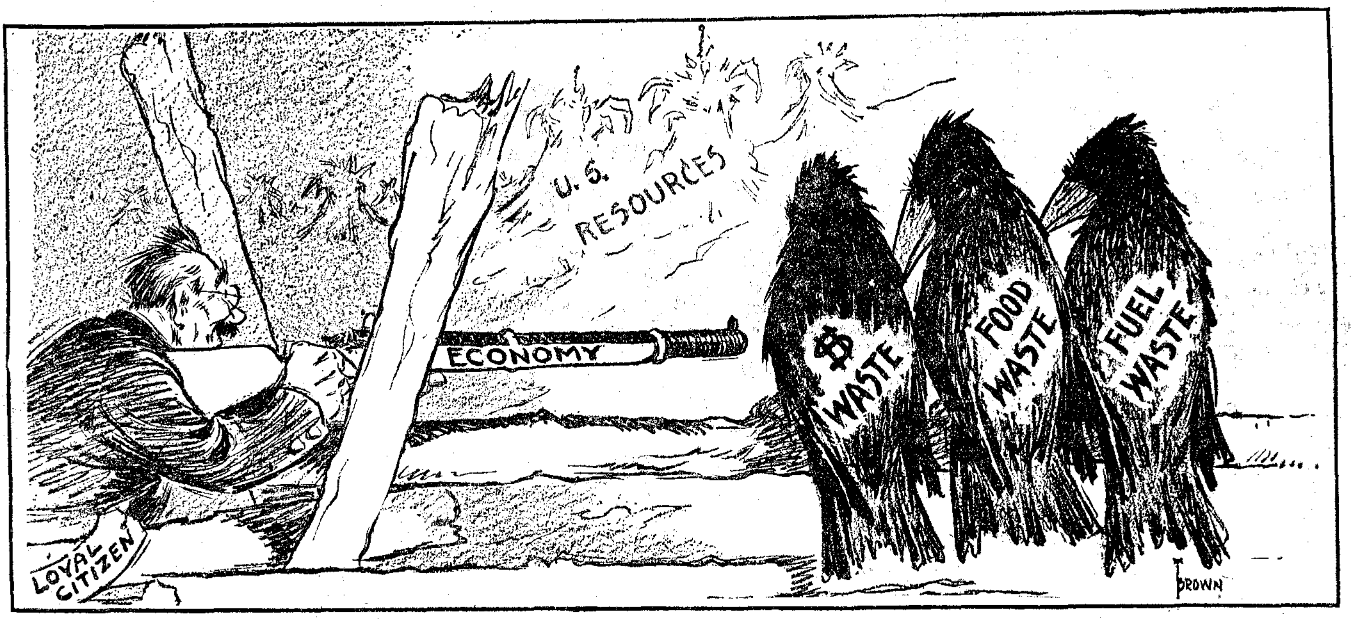
"By the great effort of our farmers our United States harvests are better this year, but in order that we may build up a surplus of wheat this year as against possible crop failures as we had last year, we have decided to mix twenty per cent. of other grains with wheat flour in all the countries fighting Germany. We can not ask for better bread than France, and we propose the American people should maintain a common standard of bread with them.

"Under these arrangements, however, the bread situation in the United States will be much easier than last year, and in Allied countries an enormous improvement. Bread to them is of the first importance, as it comprises fifty per cent. of their food intake. By supplying them with bread and fats in such amounts as will not necessitate rationing on their side we can rest assured that their courage and strength in the war will remain high during next winter.

"It will be a bad winter in Europe, because coal will be much shorter there than even last winter, and the health of their populations can not be maintained if they, in addition, are to be also restricted in their allowance of bread and fats. Our complete fulfilment of our last year's promises in food and our assurances to furnish even larger supplies this next year have removed from them the least fear of hunger."

In Mr. Hoover's pledge to our Allies that we will share our food with them he spoke not for himself alone nor for the Administration solely, remarks the Philadelphia *Press*, but for every man, woman, and child in the United States. The sentiment of this daily that as individuals and as a nation we must fulfil his pledge is widely echoed by others, and the Brooklyn *Citizen* points out that we can continue to feed our Allies without making any real sacrifices ourselves, and their gratitude is boundless. Apropos of the Food Administration's announcement that after September 1 we may eat bread made of eighty per cent. wheat flour until further notice, come various editorial opinions on the crop which, as noted by the New York *Times*, will exceed last year's by at least 225,000,000 bushels, owing to an acreage increase of twenty-eight per cent. From Canada and this country *The Times* estimates that 350,000,000 bushels can be sent to our war-partners in Europe. Their own crops exceed those of 1917, we are told, for in France there is a gain of twenty-five per cent. and a large addition to British acreage, while a great accumulated surplus in Australia will be available when ships to carry can be spared. On the subject of the British crop, the New York *Evening Post* observes:

"It has, for more than half a century, been the theory of



TIME TO SHOOT. —Brown in the Chicago *Daily News*.

> English statesmen that England never could and never again would feed herself. Yet, after three short years—for very little was done in this line during the first year of the war—the United Kingdom is producing enough wheat to see her through forty of the fifty-two weeks of the coming year. And in many other crops a corresponding improvement has been shown."

In contrast to the roseate Allied food outlook the Baltimore *American* notes that while reports from Austria, the German provinces, and the Russian provinces that are now under control of Germany, are not definite enough to be regarded as dependable, yet throughout these areas farm industries have been greatly demoralized and for months we have been hearing of famine conditions in Hungary, Ukraine, and in several of the German provinces.

WANTED: A MILLION WAR-WORKERS

A MILLION WORKERS in war-industries are called for earnestly by the Department of Labor, which appeals to their patriotism and simultaneously makes the announcement that as a practical measure to meet the labor shortage which threatens the progress of the war, drastic action will cut out non-essential industries. In addition to the one million unskilled laborers there must be reckoned a tremendous additional shortage, as the new draft expansion increases the need for supplies. The skilled-labor situation is equally perilous. As an instance of the scarcity of men we hear that Georgia has been notified that unless the State can furnish the $8,000,000 picric-acid plant at Brunswick with five thousand laborers at once, the entire construction force will be laid off and the plant moved out of Georgia. The Department of Labor notifies us further:

> "The Federal Employment Service has sent various States their quotas of men needed, some for work at home, others to be sent away. These demands for men must be met no matter what happens to private business, but the men can not be taken from other war-industries—farms, railroads, or mines. The shortage must be met or our new Army will be faced by additional cases of lack of equipment, such as were apparent last winter. The shortage of labor became apparent when the Federal Employment Service stopt the practise of stealing labor from one plant by another. Previously, if a plant was short it went out and stole men from some other plant, and shortage throughout the country was not superficially apparent."

Business as usual is no longer possible, according to Assistant-Director Nathan A. Smythe, of the Federal Employment Service, who is quoted in the press as saying that—

> "If we are to end the war quickly the production of luxuries and non-essentials in this country must come to an end. It is a question of winning the war quickly or having it dragged on indefinitely.
>
> "Manufacturers must give up the creation of needless goods, workers must be willing to change from non-essential to war-production, even at a hardship to themselves, the public at large must stop buying luxuries, and thereby make the problem of curtailing non-essentials easier."

Washington dispatches relate that the Community Labor Board of the District of Columbia is the first body to announce a list of non-essential employments. Employers are called upon to release their unskilled labor for war-work, and community boards are being organized throughout the country by the Department of Labor to work in cooperation with local draft boards. The industries stamped non-essential by the District of Columbia Board are listed as follows:

> "Automobile industry, accessories, drivers of pleasure cars, cleaning, repairing, and delivery of pleasure cars, sight-seeing cars, automobile trucks other than those hauling fuel or doing government work, teaming other than delivery of products for war-work, bath and barber-shop attendants, bowling, billiard, and pool-rooms, bottlers and bottle supplies, candy-manufacturers, cigars and tobacco, cleaners and dyers, clothing, confectioners, and delicatessen establishments, builders and contractors not engaged in erection of structures for war-work, dancing academies, mercantile stores, florists, fruit stands, junk-dealers, livery and sales stables, pawnbrokers, peanut-venders, shoe-shining shops, window-cleaners, soft-drink establishments, soda-fountain supplies."

The New York *Tribune* tells us that out of a total of not less than 40,000,000 wage-earners in the United States, one-half probably is engaged in the production and distribution of food and fuel. That leaves 20,000,000 to be accounted for in other manufacturing and distributing functions of the nation and in professions. *The Tribune* adds:

> "We can not imagine that more than five million men are engaged directly in the war's activities—the building of ships, the making of ammunitions, guns, trucks, and all the rest. Five millions is probably far above the reality. This would mean, then, that there are probably fifteen million wage-earners in the United States not now engaged in any kind of war-activity."

Such a state of affairs means that the production and consumption of non-war commodities are extravagant, that we are not fighting with all our strength, "that we have not stript for war." Altho the favorite catchword of the unthinking, "business as usual," ceased to be heard long ago, remarks the St. Louis *Republic*, the country is still giving it more weight than it deserves, and this daily suggests the cutting off of industries laudable in themselves, but not contributing to victory.

WHO PAYS FOR THE *LUSITANIA*

GERMANY'S MORAL GUILT in sinking the *Lusitania* has been questioned only by Germans and by pro-Germans. Now her legal responsibility for the "most monstrous crime committed on the high seas in the history of the world," our editors note, is established by the decision of the United States District Court of the Southern District of New York on the petition of the Cunard Steamship Company, Ltd., as owner of the ship for limitation of its liability. The verdict, we learn from the press, dismisses without cost sixty-seven suits for damages, aggregating about $6,000,000, which were brought against the company by relatives of passengers who lost their lives and by persons who lost property on the torpedoed ship. The court holds that the company took every requisite precaution for the safety of the passengers and the ship and in the opinion, written by Judge Julius M. Mayer, we read that "the proof is absolute that she was not and never had been armed, nor did she carry any explosives." It is admitted that the *Lusitania* did carry some 18 fuse-cases and 125 shrapnel-cases, consisting merely of empty shells without any powder charge. Also there were in the cargo 4,200 cases of safety cartridges and 198 cases of infantry equipment, such as leather fittings, pouches, and the like. While all these items were for delivery abroad, "none of these munitions could be exploded by setting them on fire in mass or in bulk nor by subjecting them to impact." The court finds that the fault "must be laid upon those who are responsible for the sinking of the vessel, in the legal as well as moral sense," and "while in this lawsuit there may be no recovery, it is not to be doubted that the United States of America and her Allies will well remember the rights of those affected by the sinking of the *Lusitania*, and, when the time shall come, will see to it that reparation shall be made for one of the most indefensible acts of modern times." On this point the Boston *Transcript* observes:

"This puts it up to the United States to get out of the German Government, in the settling of the peace terms, at least a sufficient money indemnity to compensate the sufferers by the *Lusitania* outrage and all other similar acts of destruction by the *U*-boats.

"It will be a pretty large bill, all told. The claim will presumably rest as a first mortgage on the German-owned property which has been taken over by our Government under the alien enemy property law, and which amounts to $700,000,000, as against only $14,000,000 of American-owned property which the Germans have been able to find in their country.

"It is probable that $700,000,000 would not pay the damage which the Americans have suffered from the submarine campaign, but it will at least go some distance toward it. In all likelihood the Germans will consider that they have got off easily if they are not made to pay us a much larger sum than that."

The greatest significance of this decision, remarks the New York *Journal of Commerce*, is not the establishment of any new principle, but the "application of one long accepted to the new device for evading it." With reference to the court's assumption that the United States and the Allied nations will no doubt remember the rights of those affected by the sinking of the *Lusitania*, this financial daily adds that it "may also be assumed that it will result in reestablishing a fundamental principle of modern civilization with guaranties that will make it unassailable in the future." There can be no doubt that in the final treaty of peace Germany will have to pay in full for the crimes of her submarines, says the New York *Evening Post*, but tho "she can wipe off the money debt, she can never wipe off the stain on her name."

The New York *Sun* considers Judge Mayer's decision a document that possesses an interest far beyond that created by its legal effect. It contains a comprehensive account of the circumstances surrounding the sinking of the *Lusitania*, extracts from which will be found on page 64.

TOPICS IN BRIEF

A GERMAN general staff seems a weak thing to lean on, and begins to look like a crutch.—*Wall Street Journal.*

IN these times a fashion expert is any woman who can get two or more seasons' wear out of one gown.—*Chicago Daily News.*

THE real honest truth of it is that every one is in the draft. The Government merely hasn't called for men of some ages yet.—*Emporia Gazette.*

REVELATIONS of profiteering in uniforms sold army officers suggest the desirability of establishing uniform prices.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

PERSONALLY we are in favor of taxing heavily every newspaper that has an excess of war-prophets.—*Dallas News.*

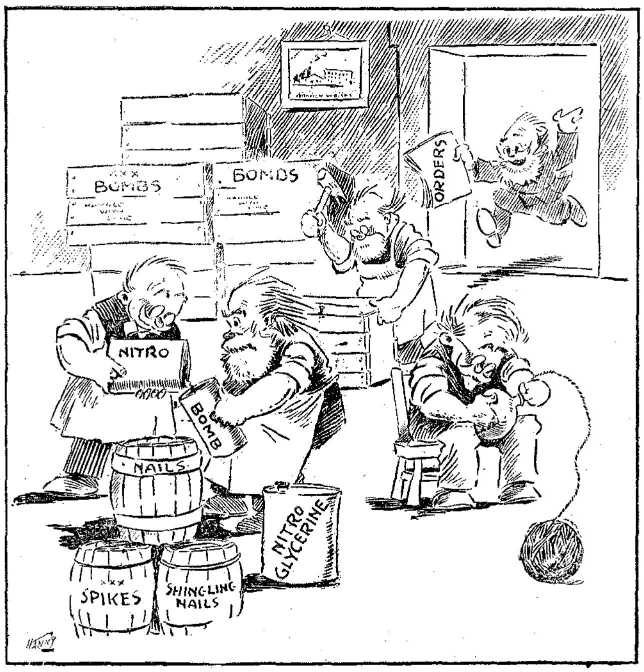
FORTUNATELY, the United States got over the idea that it could lick the world single-handed before the world decided to let us try.—*Emporia Gazette.*

LOS ANGELES decided not to post the Ten Commandants in public buildings, as requested by the W. C. T. U., because of "Thou shalt not kill," which is thought not to be in order just now.—*Newark News.*

OWING to the scarcity of cloth, it is announced, women next year will wear their skirts shorter. Mere man, for the same reason, will continue to wear his last-year suit a little longer. —*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

THAT European conflagration has about reached the stage now where the chief feels justified in telling the reporters that the fire is under control, altho all the apparatus will be needed for some time yet.—*Syracuse Herald.*

NOW that we are launched into the Siberian campaign, an attractive prize should be offered to the genius who can devise some short, snappy, pronounceable nickname for our new Allies, the Czecho-Slovaks.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*



THE REVIVAL OF A RUSSIAN INDUSTRY.

—Hanny in the St. Joseph *News-Press.*

THE Germans, to make the Russians allies, are willing to offer them anything—except Russia.—*New York Evening Sun.*

WE have just begun to fight and Germany has just begun to retreat—it may be a mere coincidence.—*Chicago Daily News.*

IF we do not win the war in 1919, one gathers from General March, it will be because we shall win it in 1918.—*Chicago Daily News.*

"OUR victorious arms" is a pet phrase of the Kaiser's, but it's really their victorious legs that deserve credit.—*New York Evening Telegram.*

THE great German offensive began in March and ended in Halt.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

GERMANY wants her colonies back, announces Dr. W. S. Solf, German Colonial Secretary. Well, why didn't she keep them when she had them?—*New York Evening Mail.*

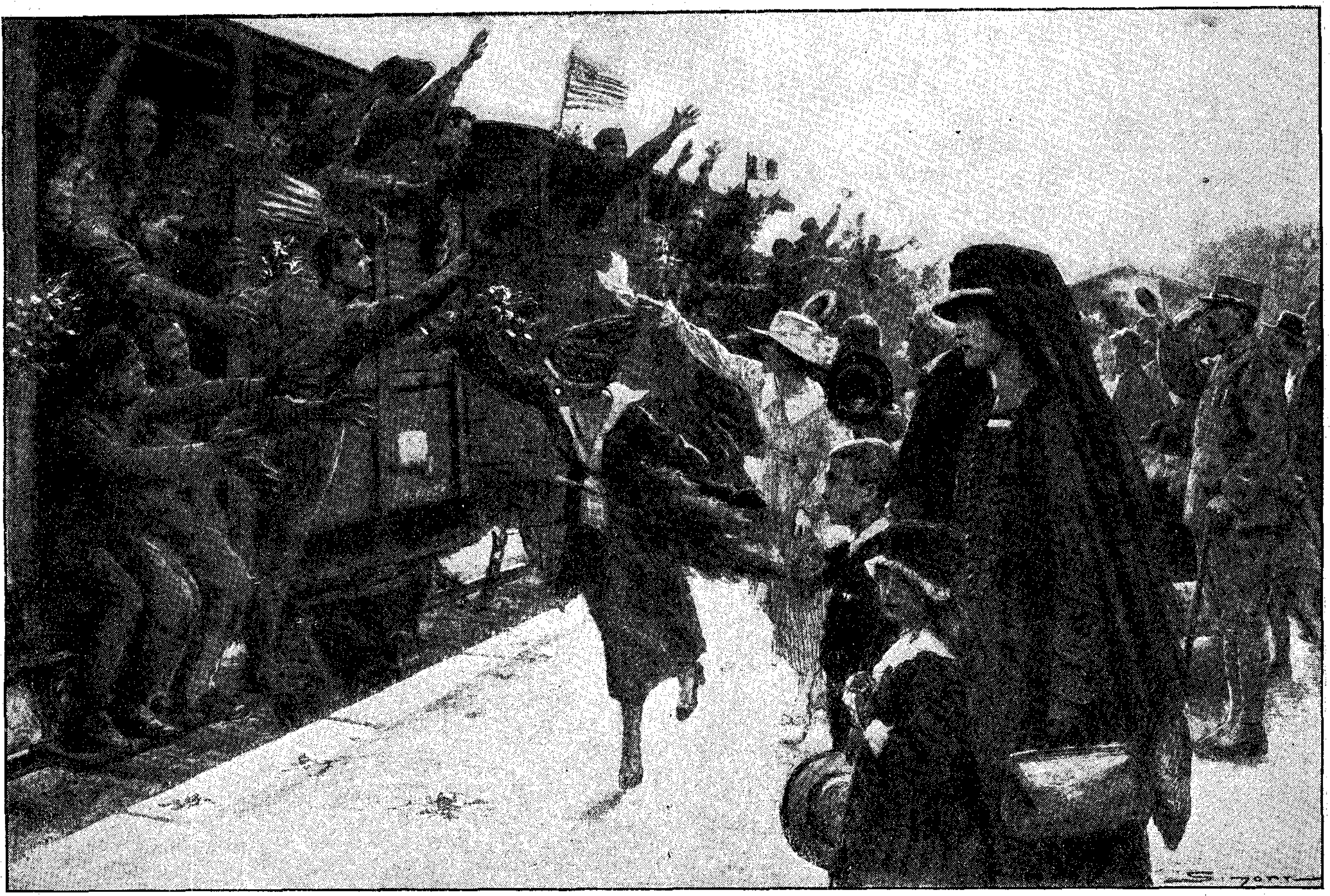
THE report that a *U*-boat officer saw a Broadway show and then went out and sank a United States ship is the clearest justification for German submarine warfare put out up to date.—*Philadelphia North American.*

"THE armies attacked and damaged in the past six weeks have been those of Generals von Einem, von Mudra, von Boehm, von Eben, von Hutier, and von der Marwitz." Von by von ve soon git 'em all.—*Newark News.*

"THE President beats his wife in a golf game" will be translated by the German press in a manner which will show the cruelty of the Indian chief who is the head of the American Government.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

THERE'S nothing to equal the Yankee sense of humor. One of the boys in the trenches, who has evidently been greatly troubled by cooties, says he knows now why the pictures of Napoleon always show him with his hand inside his shirt.—*Detroit Free Press.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT



From "L'Illustration," Paris.

FRANCE GREETS OUR BOYS AS THEY GO TO THE FRONT.

BRITAIN APPRECIATES OUR EFFORTS

"LITTLE SHORT OF A MIRACLE" is the way America's endeavors are described by the editor of the London *Daily News*, who pays us a generous tribute for what we have done so far. He tells us that it is due to America alone that Britain did not starve last winter. He chuckles over the way that the Kaiser was deceived with regard to the German-Americans and says that he made two fundamental mistakes in his policy toward this country:

"The Kaiser made two cardinal miscalculations. In the first phase, he believed that he could neutralize America from within and bully her from without; in the second, he believed that he could anticipate her action and end the war before her weight in the scale could be decisively felt. He now knows that he miscalculated in the second case as disastrously as in the first. The impressive fact of this summer is that America is a realized asset, and the result is represented by the momentous change that has come over the face of the war during the past few weeks.

"The change has two main aspects—the one military, the other economic. It is not too soon now to assume that the peril of the German offensive is over. There may still be a blow in the north, tho the break in the weather, with its customary effect of churning up the Flanders mud, seriously interferes with such an intention. But it is not conceivable, after the complete and costly failure to get through to Paris, that the enemy will have either the material or the moral weight for another blow which can not be countered. If anything may be safely predicated in war, it is that the Channel ports are safe, that Paris is safe, that the initiative has passed from the enemy to the Allies, and that Germany is once more, and this time finally, on the defensive on the Western Front."

In England, it seems, there is a whole-hearted appreciation of our soldiers. *The Daily News* says:

"In the four months that have followed the black days of March, over a million men have been transported across the Atlantic, and at the present moment it is probable that nearer a million and a half than a million and a quarter of American soldiers are in France. During last month the total brought over exceeded the enormous figure of 300,000. At the present rate there will be over two millions immediately available by the autumn, and it is fairly certain that there will be not fewer than three millions by next spring.

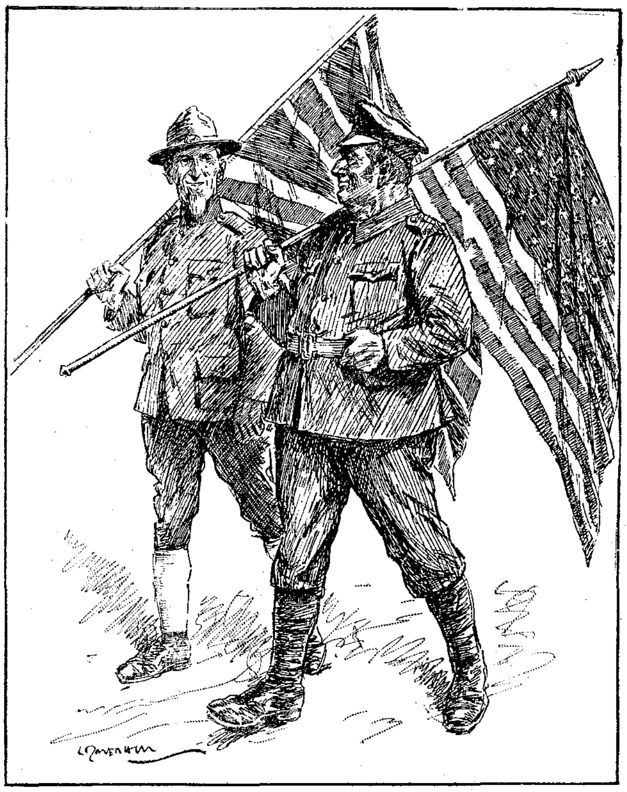
"And it is not numbers alone which make this mighty army formidable. Unlike the material of the nations which have been pouring out their best blood for four years, it is the cream of a great nation, the picked men between 21 and 30, physically equal to any race on the earth, intellectually of a higher general standard, perhaps, than any race, and charged with that moral enthusiasm which every great soldier from Cromwell downward has reckoned to be the most important weapon in war. Against this enormous realized fact Germany can present no equivalent. The Kaiser has lost in his race with the President. His moment has gone and it can not return. He may sustain a defensive war for months, even for years, but he can never recover the offensive."

While Britain is glad of the military assistance we are affording to our Allies, she is more than grateful for what this nation, led by Mr. Hoover, did in the dark days of last winter, when the grim specter of famine stalked very near the British Isles:

"But it is not in the military field only that America (made effective, be it remembered, by the British command of the sea), has turned the tide of the war finally. She has struck down another weapon whose shadow was over us last winter and spring. We are able to speak about that weapon freely now, for the peril is over. There is plenty of food in the land and we are on the brink of harvest. It is morally certain that to the end of the war, whenever it may come, there will be no return of the specter of starvation. Only those in the inner councils of the Ministry of Food know how that specter haunted us last winter, how perilously near we were to disaster, how our fate and the fate of our Allies hung upon the capacity of the United States to feed us.

"There was one dark period when it seemed that it could not be done. The harvest of last year in the United States was nine per cent. below the average, and the normal export of food from the United States is only seven per cent. of the total production. That is to say, the harvest was two per cent. below the country's normal home consumption. But something little short of a miracle was performed. The United States poured into the countries of the Allies ten million tons of food, and saved them in the economic field as her soldiers have helped to save them on the battle-field. In all the achievements of the war there has been nothing more remarkable than this, and in any true estimate of the personal triumphs of the war there is none that would rank above that of Mr. Hoover, who is now on a visit to this country and the Allies generally to arrange what the President calls the 'common table.'

"But Mr. Hoover would himself be the first to disclaim the credit for the miracle. It belongs to the American people, who, at his inspiration, voluntarily gave up the use of wheaten flour in order that the Allied armies and peoples might be tided over the critical months of spring and early summer. There is no precedent for a self-denying ordinance imposed on such a scale."



1776-1918.

JOHN BULL—"'Doth not a meeting like this make amends?'"
UNCLE SAM—"Sure!" —*Punch* (London).

UNEMPLOYED PRINCES BUSY—All the little German princelets see a golden opportunity to become kings, and there is the prettiest little squabble going on in the Fatherland as to who is to be king in all the new countries Germany is going to carve out of Russia—that is to say, if we let her. The Basel *National Zeitung* says:

"There is at present feverish activity at all the German Courts, a golden age is dawning for unemployed Princes: Courland, Livonia, Lithuania, Finland, Roumania—at all these places little Courts can be established, there are crowns to be given away, and we are in the midst of conditions like a new Congress of Vienna. The Courts of Berlin, Dresden, Stuttgart, and Schwerin have each their candidate and party, the Duke of Urach and the perennial Prince of Wied put in an appearance . . . and in the eyes of this singular group of serene war-profiteers the meaning of the world-war seems to resolve itself into an opportunity of creating new dynasties and new subjects."

GERMANY PROPOSES A UNITED STATES OF EUROPE

AN UNPLEASANT UNCERTAINTY exists in the German mind as to the manner in which the rest of the world will look upon the Fatherland when the war is over. From a study of the German press it is evident that two ideas, widely urged in the lands of the Entente, inspire the Germans with something like dread. One of these is the League of Nations—from which the Huns, not unnaturally, expect to be excluded—and the other is the Economic Boycott of the Teutons which they realize means irretrievable national bankruptcy. Consequently the inspired press are forever throwing up straws to see which way the wind is blowing. The latest of these appears in the official *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* from the pen of Dr. Walther Lotz, the professor of economics in the University of Munich. He bids us drop the idea of a League of Nations—it won't work, he tells us—and direct our efforts to the forming a United States of Europe. He tells us that reductions of armaments—which are, of course, indispensable in a League of Nations—are almost impossible to obtain. He writes:

"Agreements in the reduction of armaments might be reached by—

"(1) A settlement fixing the maximum strength of armies and navies. This is chiefly a problem for military experts;

"(2) An agreement binding each country to a certain sum for expenditure on the Army and Navy. This problem has to be solved mainly by the finance politician, who would have to work in concert with military and naval experts and the Foreign Office. . . . . . .

"The history of Prussia furnishes an example that an independent state can not always be successfully prevented from increasing its Army, even when controlled by another strong military Power. Napoleon I. forced Prussia by the treaty of September 8, 1808, to reduce the standing army to 42,000. He possest both knowledge and power to control the fulfilment of this treaty. Yet Scharnhorst proved superior to him. In all secrecy, and even after Scharnhorst had been obliged to resign his office, Prussia reenforced her army to the extent that toward the end of 1811 it attained a strength of 120,000.

"This was attained by means of the so-called 'Krumper' system. The Prussian military authorities trained special recruits in the fortresses for a short time, as a rule not more than a month. They were immediately replaced by others. Their name 'Krumpers' was really the name for the horses, which were furnished voluntarily above the military estimates. Certainly this manner of training was far from satisfactory, but it was better than nothing, as the greater number of able-bodied men in the country received a certain amount of military instruction."

He next proceeds to discuss two other difficulties—which, he argues, render a League of Nations impossible:

"It has also been proposed to enforce the observance of disarmament treaties through deposits of securities in gold or other liquid values, which would be forfeited in case of non-compliance. Altho this is a satisfactory means in civil life, it would not necessarily act in the life of nations. A strong warlike party in a country with an excitable population would easily carry public opinion away and inspire the belief in a favorable issue of the war. How many milliards of securities would have been required in 1914 to prevent the French from joining Russia in the hope of recovering Alsace-Lorraine with the help of other great Powers?

"It is clear that an obligatory tribunal is an impossibility without guaranties for the reduction of armaments, and that these guaranties are extremely difficult to settle by international treaties. But, even should it be possible to arrive at such an agreement satisfactory to all parties, it would not be sufficient to limit the reduction of armaments to European states. The interests of the Great Powers are no longer confined within the borders of Europe. There are collective interests of all Europe against eastern Asia, against Africa, and other parts of the world which can not be sustained without military and naval power.

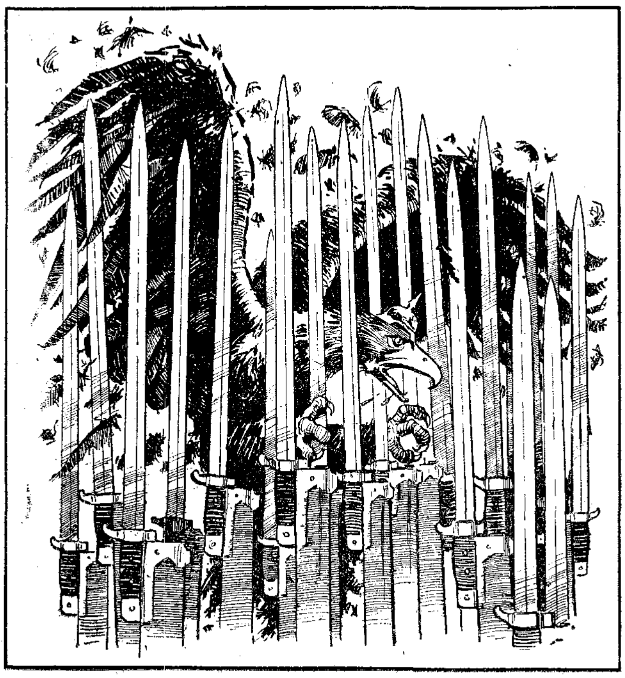
"This aspect—revealed by the world-war—namely, that Europe has enormous collective interests demanding the upkeep of great military and naval forces, has not been sufficiently appreciated hitherto. Europe would be in danger of losing the preëminence in the economic life of the world which she has gradually built up for centuries.

Having proved to his own satisfaction that a League of Nations would not work, Professor Lotz pleads for a United States of Europe — which would be acceptable to Germany, provided that Berlin were the Federal capital. He asks:

> "What is the upshot of these reflections?
>
> "Are they right, then, who denounce every step toward a League of Nations as pernicious? If they can supply the Central Powers with an indemnity which will release them from their financial burden for decades to come, well and good. Otherwise there is only one way of escape which would be even less sympathetic to the majority than an international league, namely, a political organization of those whose interests are collectively at stake, let us call it the United States of Europe.
>
> "We have many examples of industrial competitors who fought each other to the knife, but entered into a coalition when they realized that neither of them was strong enough to beat the other and outside influences threatened to annihilate both. The result of a similar coalition would be a universal disarmament of European nations as against each other, with retention of a powerful united Army and Navy, eventually under the leadership of a small neutral state, as the hegemony of one of the Great Powers would lead to jealousy on the part of the others. It is doubtful whether the time has come for the ripening of such a project, or is likely to come soon; possibly it is nearer than we think.
>
> "If we had succeeded in keeping America out of the war, the common interests of Europe threatened by a strong neutral America might have led sooner to a European coalition. Now it is an open question whether America will not suffer in the future quite as much as we ourselves. It is hardly the time yet to think out the details of a future defensive coalition of the warring parties, but it would be equally unwise to reject the thought completely."

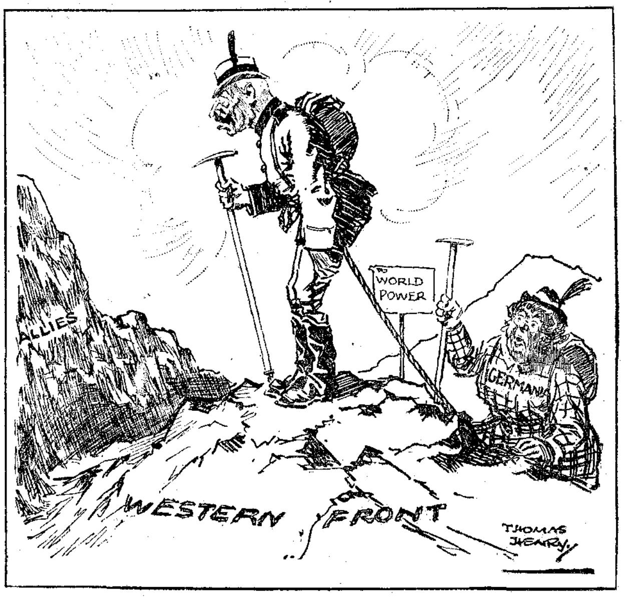
While one section of the German press enjoys itself by sending out these "trial balloons," another section sees quite clearly that there is nothing in all these fine schemes. The Berlin *Vossische Zeitung* says:

> "'The road to hell is paved with good intentions,' says an old proverb. Of good intentions we have shown no lack. But the road that we are treading leads to the permanent division of Europe into two systems of alliance, armed to the teeth, directed against each other, and waiting to spring upon each other; it leads to increased rivalry of armaments between the system of the Central Powers on the one hand and the system of the Western Powers on the other; and it leads also, not only to economic war, but to a war of arms, new wars in which our children will have to defend what we have just extorted from the conquered East and what we propose to extort from the conquered West. The road that we are treading leads not to a new order of the universe, which a few months ago we so temptingly displayed before the admiring gaze of the world as our goal, but to a peace that will be hell."



CAGED.

—*Passing Show* (London).



THE CLIMBERS.

PANTING GERMANIA—"Look here, William, if we haven't got to the top this time, I shall collapse!"

—*Cassell's Saturday Journal* (London).

"Homo," the well-informed Swiss correspondent of the Socialist Paris *Humanité* tells us which particular "road to hell" Germany has chosen. "Homo" makes it clear that the Hun has not yet learned his lesson. He writes:

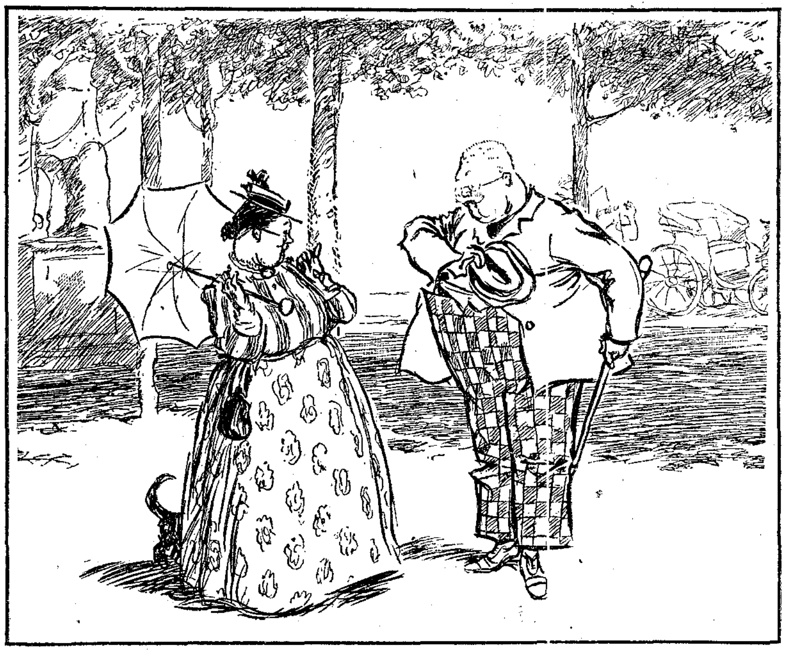
> "The German authorities have just issued a confidential circular which denotes the true state of mind of the rulers, tho they are still striving, as last year, to hoodwink the public opinion of the world by informing the Pope that disarmament, the Society of Nations, etc., are to be found in their program. Indeed, preparations are already being made for the next war.
>
> "The official circular, which is sent out from the Imperial offices, is addrest to the men and women 'who have voluntarily and gratuitously placed themselves at the disposal of charitable services since and during this war.' Each circular is accompanied by a question form which must be returned to the authorities. The principal question is: 'Are you prepared to engage yourself from now for the same service for the next war?'"

WHAT GERMANY FIGHTS FOR—Germany is not fighting for world dominion, not because she was "attacked"—as we have so often been assured—but she is fighting for a philosophical principle. The Kaiser tells us that the war is "a struggle between two different views of life"—the Kaiser's word for it is *Weltanschauung*—the Teutonic versus the Anglo-Saxon. Oddly enough, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* is not grateful to the Kaiser for making the issue clear. It writes:

> "The German people were not told on August 4, 1914, that they were going out to fight against the Anglo-Saxon view of life until it had been unconditionally conquered. If this had been stated, even in the most veiled form, the unity of will of the German nation would have been torn to pieces on the very first day. Further, it must be said that there is something very revolting in attributing German views of life to two whole nations. We dispute that the people should be expected to interpret the limitless misery of this war in such a manner.
>
> "It is astounding, also, that the Emperor should pick out the English from all his enemies as specially despicable in their views of life. He has been often enough to England, and has not seldom given free expression to his sympathies with English life. It is not for such ideas that the German nation is willing to bleed, and its leaders must not allow it to do so."

IN BERLIN TO-DAY

THE GAY AND FESTIVE BERLINER is not finding life in the Prussian capital to-day the bed of roses that it was before the war. The beautiful blossoms have vanished and all that remains is an uncomfortable collection of thorny stalks. Our hearts are touched by the disconsolate description the Berlin *Lokal Anzeiger* publishes under the heading, "Our Internal Anxieties," but we are perhaps unchristian enough to feel that, after all, the Berliner is getting just what he deserves, and, remembering Belgium, the wells of our sympathy dry up. The *Lokal Anzeiger* writes:



ALWAYS GALLANT!

GALLANT BERLINER—"Alas, noble lady, the bow to which you are entitled I cannot perform, my linoleum trousers not permitting."

[People in the towns are having to resort to garments made of window-shades, curtains, etc. Such is the shortage of clothing material in Germany.—*Vide Daily Press.*]

—*Punch* (London).

"The spirit of our time has so many aspects that it is not easily described. Unscrupulous profiteering and utmost patriotic economy, devoted self-sacrifice and brutal egoism run side by side. At the front, where the efforts and privations demanded are greatest and death's orgies the most appalling, we find the most cheerful and also the most disciplined of spirits. We at home have our beds, and live in security on slender but sufficient rations, yet—what dissatisfaction, what peculiar moods, crystallizing into opinions, we meet with! Why is this?

"The root of the evil lies in the numberless rules and regulations, fines, and punishments, which put unbearable pressure upon us and suffocate our sense of personal liberty and personal possession. So many foolish things are forced upon us that we feel deprest from sheer defenselessness, and this depression spreads and shows itself where greater national questions are at stake."

Shoes and clothes, we learn, are almost impossible to obtain, and we can imagine how *chic* the graceful German *Hausfrau* looks to-day attired in a charming creation made from the parlor curtains:

"There is, first of all, the famous clothes-regulation, which will probably end in wardrobe-requisition, altho we have been assured that we shall not come to that. But so far, whenever we have had these assurances, the opposite has happened! We were told that whoever gave a suit voluntarily would be exempt from wardrobe-requisition. We gave our suits, and received in return a printed notice that the suit would count in our favor in case of wardrobe-requisition. In ordinary life these methods are called by their proper name; they do not serve to strengthen our confidence in officials who are allowed to invent and carry them out.

"Another heavy infringement of private life would be the further extension of the commandeering of metal. Who will give compensation for the original value of decorative and art-metal articles? These, like suits of clothes, have ten times their original value to-day. It amounts to a pure confiscation of private property, which will be resented all the more as metal, paid for by public money, is lying about abundantly in the streets and public places in the shape of monuments and decorations of public buildings. These might with advantage be used up first."

While the Berliner is long on patriotic gush about "our heroes at the front," he seems, according to the *Lokal Anzeiger* to be mighty short on welcome when one of these "heroes" is sent to him as a guest:

"Compulsory billeting is further an ingenious method of solving the housing difficulty. Unfortunately there will presently not be as many people to be housed as before the war; in addition to our fallen heroes we must take into account that in the country the mortality has also increased. Dwellings have not decreased, as we have not had the enemy in our country;—the sole exception, the wound in East Prussia, is rapidly being closed. It is therefore merely a question of overcrowding in certain places. Is compulsory billeting to last until bricks and mortar, iron, and cement can be used again in sufficient quantities for building purposes; that means five or ten years. The better organization of this stream of people and government barracks on the outskirts of the big towns would be a more suitable means."

Add to all this the scarcity of food, and life in Berlin certainly does present a dreary picture:

"Then, again, take the maximum prices; we are once more witnessing the beneficial influence of these on vegetables. Vegetables have disappeared. Ordinary mortals knew this beforehand, but the authorities have not yet seen through this little joke, altho we have had four years of war. Perhaps they might try, for a change, not to fix maximum prices, and see what happens. If the harvest is good, the markets will be overstocked, and prices will regulate themselves.

"Talking of food, we will not leave unrecorded the edifying acuteness of a certain lawyer. Profiteering is notoriously forbidden and punished. This hypermoral man has had the happy idea that not only the tradesman, but also the customer, who buys too dearly should be punished. He argues that if no one would pay excessive prices for fear of punishment, profiteering would stop. It is not a bad argument, only it is not sound, because there is no longer any fear of punishment. We do not fear the whole world in arms against us; why should we fear a law which takes no account of the greatest of all human needs? Necessity knows no law!"

LABOR RESTLESS IN AUSTRIA—From the *Berliner Tageblatt* we learn that labor in Austria is out of hand, and the Vienna correspondent of the Berlin organ warns the Austrian Government to tread warily. He writes:

"While the Government has the greatest difficulty in restraining the outburst of national passion in the north and south, the Imperial Conference of German Social Democratic Workers of Austria deliberated for two days on the situation and the feeling among the working classes. The result of the deliberation is contained in an appeal to German workers in Austria, which has now been issued.

"The conference, the appeal says, confirms the view that the workers are in a state of the greatest excitement, and it warns the Government against the effects which would inevitably be produced by the excited feeling of the masses unless the workers are convinced that the Central Powers would not prolong the war for any Imperialistic aims, unless everything is done to collect and equally to distribute foodstuffs, unless the Government forthwith summons Parliament and takes all steps in accordance with its solemn promise to settle labor conditions in war-industries on the basis of civil law, and unless the Government meets the social and political demands of the workers.

"The conference exhorts the workers not to strike, but to hold themselves ready for a more favorable hour."

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

SHALL WE WEAR COTTON?

THE RECENT DISCUSSION regarding the propriety of using wool-yarn for knitting, some phases of which have been set forth in THE LITERARY DIGEST, has familiarized readers with the possibility of a wool famine. That such a famine approaches closely, and that what he calls "the end of the wool era" is at hand, is asserted by G. C. Burroughs, author of "Twenty Centuries of Fashion Evolution," in *The Clothing Designer and Manufacturer* (New York, July and August). He also demonstrates, at least to his own satisfaction, that no cotton famine is either probable or possible, and he states his belief that this, or some other substitute, must soon take the place of wool in most of our clothing. We are entering, he says, on "a new period of evolution in the use of garment materials." Among other possible textile materials than cotton Mr. Burroughs mentions paper, nettle-fiber, and shoddy, but he concludes that the use of high-grade cotton offers at present the best solution of the problem forced upon us by the wool shortage that he believes to be imminent. He writes:

MR. G. C. BURROUGHS,

Who believes that "the end of the wool era" is at hand, and that cotton will have to play a larger part than ever before in the clothing problem.

"It will be interesting to consider in what respects cotton can be made, either in whole or part, either as the basic fabric of garment-making material alone, or in combination with wool or other textiles, to supply the want which the admitted shortage of wool has occasioned.

"Cotton and wool differ chiefly, and of course materially, in the fact that one is a vegetable, the other an animal, fiber. Cotton does not possess the heat-retaining property of wool; it is practically non-elastic—that is, it can not be stretched or shrunk by the application of heat and moisture, the property which gives wool one of its most valuable specific virtues. It is highly inflammable, tho it can be rendered practically non-inflammable by chemical treatment; while wool simply smolders or burns to a cinder without noticeable flame, the principal evidence of ignition being an unpleasant odor not unlike burning bone—a simple means, by the way, to tell whether the cloth is composed of cotton or wool being thus afforded. Cotton also has poorer wear-resisting qualities, it is less durable and far more easily torn than wool.

"Herein, to mention no other differences, would seem to be serious, if not fatal, objections to the general adoption of cotton cloth as a substitute for woolens in the tailoring industry.

"But it has to be remembered first of all that modern conditions have changed many old-time institutions and ideals, in no direction probably more than in regard to what were formerly considered necessities and luxuries—and clothing has a definite relation to both. Living and working in steam-heated apartments and offices; traveling in artificially heated conveyances; these and numerous other present-day means of escaping or mollifying the bite of the wintry blast or the nip of the frost have made ultra-warm clothing even in winter-time often more an encumbrance than a necessity; certainly much less a necessity than it was in the more natural tho harsher conditions under which previous generations lived.

"It may also be said that the non-elasticity of cotton is not necessarily a disqualification, the difference between old-time methods and new ones of cutting and making garments having modified in large measure the importance of stretching and shrinking the cloth to any desired shape or form. Then, too, altho the cotton-fiber may not be stretchable nor shrinkable, the fabric made from it may be so woven as to possess all the elasticity and resilience likely to be found really necessary. Besides, and here we come to one of the key-note factors of the problem, cotton and its more flexible rival-textile can be so blended and worked in combination that there is no appreciable difference in this respect from the all-wool piece of cloth, provided the stretching is only tested in one direction, length or width—according to whether it is cotton warp and woolen weft—or *vice versa*. A piece of cloth so made may be shrunk an inch in half a yard in length while retaining absolutely its original width. It is when cotton and wool are mixed in the making in both warp and weft—or in warp or weft—that the tailor's *bête noire*, cockling, occurs."

We are also reminded that what the author calls "super-cotton," that is, cotton of so high a grade that its durability approximates that of wool, not only is possible but actually exists. Fabrics of cotton made in special ways and bearing trade-names such as "gabardine," "cravenette," and "palm beach" are already in wide use for outer garments, and the possibility of other combinations of the sort, adaptable to other conditions of wear, can hardly be denied. Special conditions, in fact, may serve to bring out unsuspected qualities of excellence. Says the writer:

"The present war has brought into vogue a considerable number of new and more or less expressive words, 'cooties' being one of the most frequently quoted as an example of trench vernacular. At first thought there would seem to be little, if any, connection between 'cooties' and clothing, still less between the relative clothing value of cotton and wool. It is, however, a fact that when the gallant but ill-fated Captain Scott was personally supervising the outfit of his antarctic expedition, he insisted that no wool should be used in the making of the garments or sleeping-bags to be used by the members of his party. Previous experience with Shackleton's expedition had taught him that woolen clothing worn under conditions in some respects not unlike those of the trenches acted as an incubator for what are now known as 'cooties'—then called by a shorter and less affectionate name. Whether this fact has been brought to the attention of the Sartorial Bureau of the War Department or not I have no means of knowing; but the incident is worthy of passing mention in this connection.

"The clothing outfit of the Scott expedition—and whatever may have been the fate of the expedition, the clothing proved in every way satisfactory—was made of the very finest cotton, sea-island yarn for both warp and weft, spun and woven as tightly and closely as possible, the result being a fabric that was wonderfully durable, water-proof, shrinkless, and—most important of all for the purpose for which it was intended—thoroughly wind-proof."

Mr. Burroughs's final conclusion is that altho the wool the world is likely to produce in future years will be welcomed and treated as the aristocrat of the textile family and used with the same appreciation as formerly, yet continued development in the garment-making industry will make it inevitable that animal textiles must be supplemented to a continually increasing extent by materials of vegetable origin. He goes on:

"At the present time cotton, either alone or used in combination with wool, offers not only ample sources of supply, but also possesses properties of its own which to a large extent compensate for those it lacks in comparison with wool, and which make it possible under proper scientific treatment for it to be used successfully as a satisfactory substitute.

"The general conclusion will be that we are entering upon a new period of evolution in the use of garment-making materials rather than about to witness any abrupt or radical change. The clothing manufacturer, having come into his kingdom, will see to it that, straw or no straw, the bricks will be made, even tho at-present-unthought-of substitutes have to be found. In the old days, when all tailoring was individual tailoring, this would probably have been impossible."

SAVING THE "U"-BOAT'S VICTIMS

IS IT POSSIBLE TO RECOVER any considerable number of the vessels and cargoes that have been sent to the bottom by the Kaiser's submarines? The fact that a special department of the British Admiralty has been established and equipped for this purpose makes an affirmative answer easy. During the last three years over 400 ships have been recovered by this Salvage Department, according to a writer in the London *Times*. It should be noted, however, that most of these have been sunk in less than twenty fathoms. Salvage operations, the writer tells us, can hardly be carried on in deeper water than this, and hence the hopes of raising such vessels as the *Lusitania*, sunk in deep water, are futile, despite the persistence with which they have been held out by some writers in the lay press. Our quotations from the *Times* article are from extracts printed in the New York *Tribune* (July 21). We read:

"Until the autumn of the year 1915 the work of salvage was mainly confined to war-ships, but the magnitude of losses of merchant ships from submarine attacks made it necessary for the Admiralty to extend its salvage operations to merchant ships. The process of expansion is still going on. There are a considerable number of salvage vessels at work in home waters, in the Mediterranean, and on other trade-routes where vessels are liable to submarine attacks, while a policy of coordination of salvage operations has been carried out with the Allied Governments and a Joint Salvage Council called into existence.

"It can be readily understood that a great deal of salvage work has been carried out under extremely hazardous conditions; yet operations that would not have been attempted in prewar days have been undertaken, and in the majority of cases carried out successfully with the smallest percentage of loss. Sea conditions are a constant enemy of the Salvage Department. Work which has taken many days to carry out may sometimes be swept away by a single heavy sea. One of the greatest difficulties has, however, arisen from the accumulation of gas in the holds of sunken vessels owing to the decomposition of vegetable and animal matter. Men engaged in the work have sometimes lost their lives. In one particular case four men were overcome by gas. Special trouble has arisen from the gas given off by grain, which develops sulfureted hydrogen, causing partial blindness and violent sickness. It is stated, however, that a discovery which has been made during the war has the effect of rendering these gases innocuous, and it is now possible to carry on the work freely as soon as the presence of the gases has been detected and the rotting cargoes sprayed with the special preparation of which the antidote consists.

"The extent of the work done may be gathered from the statement that from October, 1915, down to the end of May, 1918, a total of 407 ships, most of them of considerable tonnage, have been salved by the Admiralty Department. During the present year nearly 150 ships have passed through the hands of the department, an achievement which is a testimony of the increased efficiency of the work arising from the exploitation of new methods, the larger number of men employed, and as the outcome of experience—not, as might perhaps be imagined, from any increased success of the enemy in the war on merchant shipping. The figures mentioned refer, it should be added, entirely to home waters, and take no account of the excellent results which have attended salvage operations in other seas.

"One or two examples may be quoted of the kind of work which has been undertaken by the salvage department in the lifting of vessels of sizes and weights which until now would have been deemed impossible. It was formerly considered that the limit in weight for lifting from depth was 1,600 tons, but this figure has been considerably exceeded with the use of wire ropes during the last three years. A case in point was that of a large government collier, partly filled, which was sunk by collision in twelve fathoms of water, blocking a most important channel and anchorage. . . . . . .

"The weight of the ship, including the mud which had accumulated, was calculated at 3,500 tons, but it was found possible to reduce this weight to about 2,800 tons by emptying the ballast tanks and forepeak. An inspection by divers showed that the vessel had sunk into the mud past the turn of the bilge, and the prospects were not at the outset encouraging. They were further diminished by the fact that another vessel of deep draft coming up the channel had grounded on the upper works of the collier, crushing down all deck erections flush with the deck. After considerable difficulty sixteen 9-inch wire ropes, having a guaranteed breaking strain of 250 tons, were got under the collier and attached to the lifting craft.

"When everything had been prepared the water was emptied from the ballast tanks and the forepeak by compress air and the first lift successfully accomplished. Calculations showed that the load lifted was 2,750 tons, and the four lifting vessels engaged in the work carried the ship a distance of over one mile inshore, clear of the anchorage. As a result of further lifting operations the vessel was gradually moved until her decks were almost dry at low water. The final stage of the work was to send divers down to patch the damage roughly and to pump out the water and float the vessel."

Another vessel recovered had been torpedoed while carrying a cargo, mainly of foodstuffs, valued at £3,000,000. An attempt to beach her was only partly successful, and at low water the shelter deck was just awash. It was decided to use submersible motor-pumps, which can be lowered from the decks of the salvage steamer to any position under water and worked by electricity. Says the writer:

"The damage in this particular instance was of somewhat extensive character, the plating having been destroyed over an area forty feet long by twenty-eight feet deep. Measures were taken to drain off the water from some of the holds into the stoke-hold and engine-room, and the forward 'tween-deck hatches having been closed up and made watertight, the motor-pumps were placed in the stoke-hold and set to work.

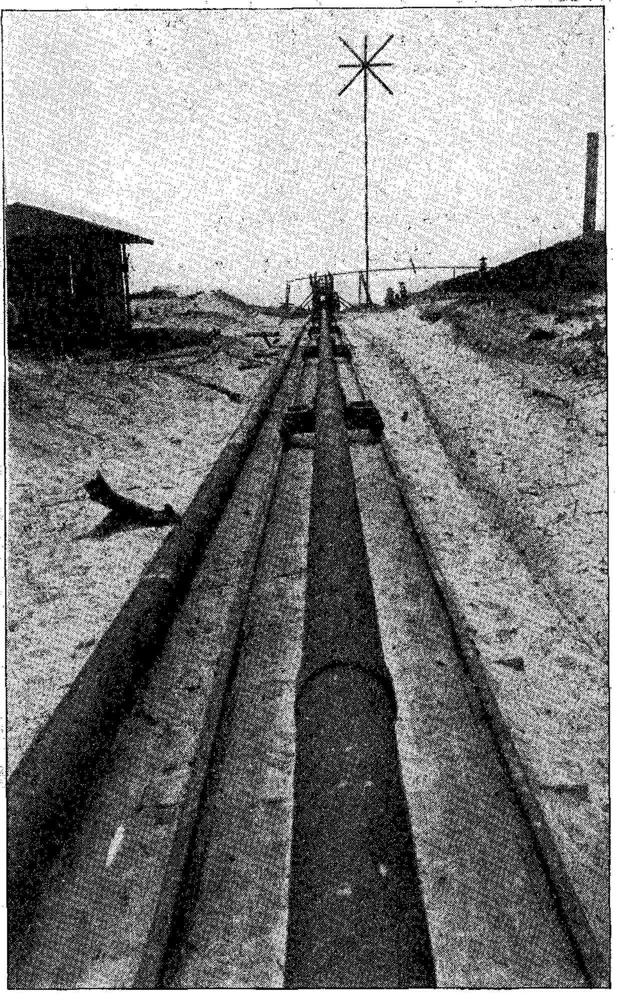
"It was then possible to pump out the stoke-hold, engine-room, and some of the after-holds. A considerable quantity of cargo was next discharged and pumping operations were put in hand in the forward shelter-deck. This still left the lower holds full of water, but the ship had been lightened to an extent which enabled her to be put into a better position on the beach, and some thousands of tons of cargo having been discharged, she was floated off and put into dry-dock.

"The Admiralty Salvage Department is not only responsible for war-salvage, but controls the operations of all private companies, and, in association with shipping insurance interests and Lloyd's, undertakes the work arising out of marine casualties in all parts of the world. Ship-salvage methods may not have been revolutionized, but they have been developed to a higher degree of efficiency than was considered possible even by those engaged in the business."

FIRE-PROOF WIRE LATH—A novel fire-proof lathing is described in *The Engineering News-Record* (New York, August 15). It consists of a rectangular mesh of light wires with a terra-cotta covering baked on, and is said to have found extensive application in New York City. We read:

"The cross-shaped terra-cotta tablets which are baked on to the wires at their junction are not continuous, so that the lath can be put up in rolls for shipment, the wires bending at the junctions of the terra-cotta tablets. The terra-cotta, however, does stiffen the wire very much, and makes it easy to form a flat surface for plastering. The porous terra-cotta forms a bond with mortar, obviating the necessity for forcing the mortar through, to form a key at the back; another advantage is that no furring strips are required. The stiffness of the lath is such that in some office-buildings in New York City it was stretched tight from ceiling to floor and plastering was applied directly to both sides, forming a two-inch solid partition, and the construction was approved by the New York Building Department after fire tests. Another use of this material is to form a plastering surface on which a finishing coat may be applied to concrete walls. By placing the wire lath against the inside of the forms before the concrete is poured, the lath is left embedded in and firmly attached to the concrete, and furnishes a rough terra-cotta surface of sufficient bond for plastering. This lath has been used extensively in this way in the stations of the new subways in New York City. It is also being used in the construction of the new Pennsylvania Hotel. Another use to which this material has been put is the fire-proofing of large electric cables. A layer of the lath is wrapt around the cable, wired in place, and plastered."

UNDERSEA PIPE-LINES FOR OIL



Illustrations by courtesy of "The Oil Trade Journal," New York.

READY TO GO TO SEA.

This photograph shows a pipe-line at Agua Dulce, Mexico, laid on trucks and rails preparatory to being dragged out to sea by tugs. The picture below shows the next stage in the process.

TANK-STEAMERS are loaded with oil on the Mexican coast by means of undersea pipe-lines, sometimes over a mile long. The record is broken by two lines each two and one-half miles long, recently installed about seventy miles south of Tampico. This method of loading is made necessary by the character of the coast in the vicinity of the oil-fields. There are no harbors deep enough to accommodate tank-vessels, and the water alongshore is shallow for a mile or more out to sea. The oil-pipes lie on the sea-bottom and connection is made with the tank-ship at the outer end by means of flexible metal hose. The line is fully connected on shore and is then towed out to sea by a tug. The method of accomplishing this is described by a writer in *The Oil Trade Journal* (New York, July), in an article on the exceptionally long lines just laid below Tampico, as noted above. We read:

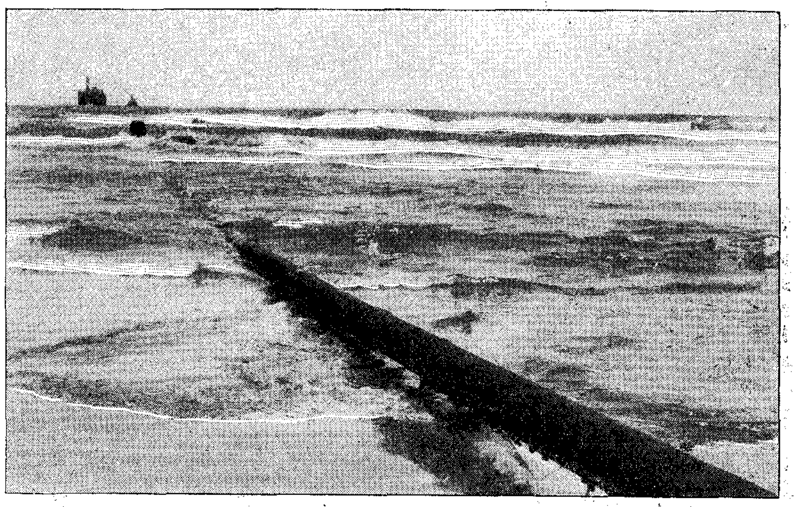
"On May 24 the Texas Company of Mexico completed the installation of two eight-inch undersea pipe-lines, each about two and one-half miles long, for loading vessels at its Agua Dulce terminal, which is located on the Gulf Coast of Mexico, directly opposite Lobos Island and about seventy miles south of Tampico. Agua Dulce is the terminus of the Texas Company's ten-inch pipe-line from the Tepetate field, which is about twenty miles inland.

"As shown by the accompanying photograph, each line of pipe was connected up on shore and placed on small trucks which operated on a carefully alined track. The tank-steamer *Herbert L. Pratt* (which, on her return to the United States, struck a mine set afloat by a Hun murder-boat) was chartered to assist the Texas Company's tug *Pan-American* in the pulling operation. The weather being favorable, both vessels were able to approach within about one mile of the beach, and a small line was taken ashore by means of a motor-driven life-boat. The hawser, twelve inches in circumference, was then pulled ashore by means of a steam-winch mounted on the beach.

"Beacons on the shore guided the vessels in taking their positions and pulling the lines in the direction desired, and a simple signaling system, operated at the shore end of the line, controlled the starting, stopping, and speed of the vessels.

"The time consumed in the actual pulling of one of the two-and-one-half-mile strings of eight-inch-pipe was exactly twenty-six minutes. While pulling the other line the hawser became fouled and parted in what seemed to be some kind of old wreckage beneath the water-level and some distance outside the surf. A new hawser was attached and the line finally landed in the berth desired on the bed of the Gulf.

"None of the half dozen subsea lines previously installed along the east coast of Mexico by other oil companies extend further than 6,000 feet from shore, and some of those who had had experience in pulling them express the opinion that, due to the exceptional length of the Texas Company's lines, it might be found impossible to pull them, or even to set them in motion. . . . . . .



THE PIPE-LINE BEING TOWED INTO POSITION.

This eight-inch line now delivers oil to tankers lying two and one-half miles offshore.

"The Mexican Eagle Oil Company, Limited, was the first company to adopt the system of loading tank-vessels off the Mexican coast by means of sea pipe-lines. There are no harbors with sufficient depth of water to accommodate tank-steamers along the coast south of Tampico and east of the oil-fields known as the southern districts. . . . As a consequence the plan was devised by laying pipe-lines on the bed of the Gulf and using flexible metallic hose at the sea end for loading vessels at anchor in deep water offshore. The lines of the Mexican Eagle and Penn Mex Fuel companies extend from points near the mouth of the Tuxpam River.

"The Island Oil and Transport Company has a sea-line from its Palo Blanco terminal. . . . The Cortez Oil Corporation is also installing a sea-line in the same locality.

"Immediately after assisting in the work of pulling the Texas Company's lines out to sea, the tanker *Herbert L. Pratt* loaded a cargo of oil off Tuxpam and while *en route* to Philadelphia was disabled by a mine, set afloat by one of the Kaiser's pirate submarines off the Delaware Capes on June 3. The vessel was salved and proceeded to port under her own steam."

REPLANTING THE WAR-FORESTS

ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND are preparing to replant forests which have been cut to provide war-supplies. They are not waiting until the war is over, but are doing it now. Never before, says a writer in *The Hardwood Record* (Chicago, August 10), have those countries been so bare of timber. Hunting-ranges and sporting-grounds have been sacrificed to supply munition-factories at home and armies abroad. These forests were neither large nor many, but they were sufficient to tide over the time of peril. The replanting will involve certain changes. Says the paper just named:

"The cutting is not yet all done, but plans for planting new forests are under way. The old forests were primarily ornamental and incidentally useful, but those which are now being deliberately provided for will be primarily useful and incidentally ornamental. This will conform to the spirit of the times after the war. Forests will no longer be planted and protected for the benefit of a few hunters and gentlemen of leisure, but will be made and maintained for the use of the people as a whole.

"In the United States we are not in so much need of tree-planting as they are in the British Isles. We have so much timber left that in most cases we can not miss what the war has taken. We could fight on for twenty years and still have plenty of most kinds.

"But there are two kinds of timber which the war-demand has greatly depleted, and they are kinds of much importance, locust and black walnut.

"These were not abundant when the war began, and the demand has been extraordinarily heavy. The supply is now smaller than it ever was in the past. Would it not be a good policy to do as they are now doing across the sea, take immediate measures for planting walnut and black locust? If these woods shall never again be needed in war, as we all hope they shall not be, they can be used in the industries of peace.

"The Government owns lands where locust and walnut will grow to perfection. The Forest Service has charge of such areas in the Appalachian region, in West Virginia, Virginia, North Carolina, and elsewhere. Why would it not be a good business proposition for the Forest Service to plant these lands in walnut and locust, not experimented lots and plots here and there, but by thousands and tens of thousands of acres? Experiments are not necessary. The land lies in the natural range of these trees, and there is no question that they will grow. Even if there is never another war the investment would be a good one. Walnut and locust logs and lumber will always sell for good prices. The Government has the land, it has the men in the Forest Service who can do it, they have the knowledge and experience which guarantee success, and the only thing needed is the money and the order to go ahead. The expense would be moderate in comparison with what is now being paid for lumber for war-work."

BIRDS AS PLANT- AND TREE-PRESERVERS—It is asserted by L. W. Brownell in *The Guide to Nature* (Sound Beach, Conn., August) that were it not for the birds this world would very shortly be entirely bereft of its vegetation. It is almost certain, he says, that man alone without the aid of the birds could not wage a winning war against the immense armies of vegetation-destroying insects. This enthusiastic champion of man's allies of the air goes on to say:

"Even with the aid of the birds the insects frequently gain the upper hand and cause tremendous loss to the agriculturist, as is evidenced by the reports of Dr. Marlatt, of the United States Deyartment of Agriculture. In 1904 he made extensive and most careful investigation and estimated that the loss to agriculturists, and consequently to the world, for that year from insect depredations reached the grand total of seven hundred and ninety-five millions of dollars. This seems almost incredible, but it was thought to be a conservative estimate and the losses have increased rather than decreased since then. Many of my readers may think that by my statement I am exaggerating the importance of the birds as to their value to mankind, but now let us see what the birds actually accomplish as insect-destroyers. The young of the majority of our birds are fed upon insects and nothing else for the first few weeks after they are hatched and many are insect-eaters all their lives. The young are voracious eaters and are fed by their parents on an average of every five or six minutes during the day, and their day begins at daylight and does not end until dark. At each visit of the old birds they bring from one to a dozen insects and this does not take into consideration those that they eat in the meantime. Thus it will be seen that a single family of birds will consume several hundred insects in a day. In fact, it has been estimated by careful observation that a family of young birds will destroy from five to twelve hundred insects daily.

"Besides the actual insects themselves, many birds destroy great masses of insect eggs, often reaching into the thousands in a day. When we think of the really great army of birds that are being reared, and incidentally fed, at the same time throughout the country we can gain some idea of the stupendous number of insects that are daily destroyed by them. These facts, taken in conjunction with those concerning the destruction done by the insects in spite of the birds, will serve to show us what would inevitably happen if we did not have the birds to hold the insects in check. To offset the good that they do, a few birds on the farm may eat a few cherries or berries, but can we not well afford to pay this small price for the inestimable services which they perform for us?"

THE ELECTRICAL FAR WEST

THAT THE REGION west of the Rockies, having but one-sixteenth the population of the United States, has already developed one-third its total hydroelectric power, is the assertion of an editorial writer in *The Journal of Electricity* (San Francisco). Moreover, the Commonwealth Edison Company of Chicago has been tumbled from its proud eminence of the greatest electric-power generator by the Central California system, which, we are assured by the same authority, now holds the record in this respect. Most of the far West's electric power, we are reminded, comes from indestructible water-powers in the mountains, and is not dependent on the caprices of mine-proprietors or operators, or even on the continuance of the coal-supply itself. So long as rain descends and water runs downward, these great hydroelectric sources of power will remain available. Says the writer:

"In view of the giant interconnections that have been taking place during recent months, it is interesting to note that the West has again established a world's record in power service. Hitherto the Commonwealth Edison Company of Chicago has surpassed any other system of power distribution when steam-generated power in addition to hydroelectric power was taken into consideration. To-day, however, the combined system in central California, under one management, now overtops all other systems in the world.

"Thus the combined output of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, the Great Western Power Company, and the Sierra and San Francisco Power Company, now under one management, shows a total during 1917 of 1,500,408,765 kilowatt-hours, while the total output of the Commonwealth Edison Company amounted to but 1,488,080,000 kilowatt-hours.

"To have reached the vast total of a billion and one-half in kilowatt-hour consumption is indeed a record to be proud of, when we contemplate the vast industrial and agricultural activity that is as a consequence brought to life in one giant network of interconnection. And finally, when we consider that the major portion of this work is derived from indestructible water-powers in the mountains, once again the potential possibilities of the West when fully developed, representing ten times the present development, are seen to be so great as almost to stagger the imagination.

"While this vast region west of the Rocky Mountains has but one-sixteenth the population of the United States, already within its confines there has been developed one-third of the total hydroelectric power now in operation in the United States. Nearly a billion dollars is represented in invested capital. Its people are trained in the uses of the method electrical to a greater degree than any other district in the world. Indeed, the average per capita consumption of electrical energy is five times that of the remaining portion of the country.

"Great optimism is felt in the future power possibilities of the West, for within its confines are located over seventy per cent. of the possible water-power of the nation."

SAVING FOOD BY KILLING ANIMALS

A GOOD DEAL of our meat and grain goes into the systems of "evil beasts," as Scripture calls them—wolves, bears, and wildcats of all sorts, not to mention such small fry as woodchucks, gophers, rabbits, and rats. By killing off these we are increasing the food-production of the country—not that most of them are edible, but because we no longer have to keep them alive in idleness by feeding them things that ought to be nourishing human beings. The author of an article in *The Weekly News Letter* of the United States Department of Agriculture (Washington) tells us that in States where the raising of live stock is an important industry, hunters are now being employed, under the advice and with the cooperation of the Department, to seek out and kill noxious animals and so conserve the food-supply for those who should get it. We read in *The News Letter:*

"One cold day last March a hunter of the Biological Survey, United States Department of Agriculture, traveling the rugged country of Arizona, picked up the trail of a mountain-lion. He got his gun ready and spurred his horse, but nightfall found him still on the hunt. He followed the next day and the next, and on the third day of his pursuit he had found proof of how much damage a mountain-lion can do. Nine head of cattle, freshly killed, and evidently the work of the mountain-lion, were scattered along the trail. But on the evening of the third day the hunter caught up with the lion, and one more of the predatory animals that, along with injurious rodents, annually take more than $300,000,000 worth of foodstuffs from Uncle Sam, bit the dust.

"This was one of many instances in a fight that goes on throughout the year between Uncle Sam's forces and predatory animals in Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Texas, and the States west to the Pacific coast. On an average three hundred hunters, including State cooperative workers, are engaged constantly. Not only does the killing of predatory animals mean food saved, but it means money for the Treasury of the United States. In the present fiscal year more than $79,000 has been realized by the Government from sales of furs of animals killed by the Federal hunters. This sum, compared with $8,614.08 received in 1916 from this source, shows the progress of organization of the work.

"The annual estimated loss of $300,000,000 in meat, grain, and other foodstuffs and wool comes not alone from wolves, coyotes, mountain-lions, bobcats, and stock-killing bears, but from such noxious rodents as ground squirrels, prairie-dogs, pocket-gophers, jack-rabbits, mice, and rats. Against the bigger animals traps and guns are used. Poisoning is the principal weapon against the rodents. It is believed that before many years the losses will be largely eliminated.

"It is estimated that on the average each wolf in a year destroys $1,000 worth of live stock, each coyote $50, each mountain-lion $500, and each bobcat $50 worth. After personal investigation the president of the New Mexico Agricultural College reported that predatory animals annually destroy three per cent. of the cattle in Mexico, the loss being about 34,350 head, and kill also about 165,000 head of sheep. A wolf recently killed at Nutt, New Mexico, by a department hunter was reported by stock-owners of that vicinity to have killed in the preceding six months 150 head of cattle worth not less than $5,000. The danger and destructiveness of such animals have been greatly increased by the prevalence of rabies among them in several States.

"Because of the results secured in protecting and saving live stock, State live-stock associations and individual ranchmen are cooperating with the bureau by providing increasingly large sums of money to employ hunters to work under direction of the inspector in immediate charge.

"Whole fields of wheat are frequently destroyed by ground-squirrels and prairie-dogs, and the cuttings of these animals along the borders of fields greatly reduce the grain harvest. Many millions of acres of rich farming land are infested by these pests, which have found grain-raising operations favorable to their increase. Systematic poisoning campaigns for their destruction have been organized and already they have had great results. Against the rats and mice a nation-wide educational campaign, which tells of their destructiveness, their disease-carrying habits, and methods of destroying them, has been launched."

NEW WORDS FOR NEW THINGS

THINGS MUST HAVE NAMES; and when new devices, methods, compounds, and creations appear at the rate of thousands a year, it is hardly wonderful that our dictionaries are becoming stuffed to repletion. The art of naming all these new things is by no means an easy one, we are reminded by an editorial writer in *The Scientific American* (New York, August 3). Neither is it carried on with any system. One person has a liking for Greek names; another for Latin; a third links together long compounds in the vernacular, German-fashion. Others again use their imaginations, and evolve names merely by striking together letters. It is safe to say, the writer thinks, that not one technical man in a thousand feels any special responsibility toward the terminology of his science or art. New terms are introduced every day with no regard to the analogies of the language and no thought of the confusion of ideas to which they will inevitably lead. In fact, there is no end to the attempts of terminologists to interfere arbitrarily with the normal development of the vocabulary. He goes on:

"It is not long since the United States National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics (unless misquoted in the daily press) was telling us that we must on no account call a female aviator an 'aviatrix,' on the ground that the term 'aviator' is applicable to both sexes. If this pronouncement was really uttered by the committee it was an amazing piece of fatuity. Everybody who uses English with discretion knows, without being told so by an official committee, that it is quite proper to call a woman an aviator, or a singer, or a traitor, or what-not, unless you wish especially to indicate her sex, and then, as a matter of course, you call her an aviatrix, or a songstress, or a traitress.

"The art of terminizing is not an easy one. The author of a recent American medical dictionary explains in his preface that he has spelled the Greek words in his etymologies in English characters because a deplorably large number of medical men in this country are unable to read Greek. This state of affairs has undoubtedly, as the author points out, led to the introduction of many barbarous technical terms, but there is another side to the story. The only reason for using Greek in manufacturing scientific terms is that Greek derivatives are generally well adapted for international use. Unfortunately, however, the language of Aristotle and Hippocrates is utterly inadequate to the needs of the twentieth-century science. The most accomplished terminologist is often at his wits' end to find a Greek word bearing at least some distant relation to the idea which he wishes to express in the coinage of a new term, while the careless or ignorant terminologist produces pretentious Greek derivatives that are inconsistent with both the classical tongue and the analogies of the modern scientific vocabulary. On the other hand, some highly felicitous scientific terms have been coined without recourse to Greek. The word 'gas' is a famous example.

"The most expert makers of Greek derivatives are probably to be found among the French, but the Gallic temperament sometimes leads to terminological extravagances. The growth of the technical vocabulary is not necessarily the result of the progress of knowledge. Some years ago an enterprising Frenchman undertook to supply the science of medicine with a complete list of the 'phobias,' most of which had previously led an anonymous existence. Here are some fragments:

"Aichmophobia, a fear of sharp points. Agoraphobia, a fear of open places. Claustrophobia, a fear of enclosed spaces. Monophobia, a fear of being left alone. Zoophobia, a fear of animals (with a separate 'phobia' for each kind of animal). Pathophobia, a fear of disease, and so on *ad lib.*.

"Of course there is no conceivable end to this list. The author triumphantly caps the climax with phobophobia, a fear of having a fear, and we are thankful that he stops there. He might have gone on to phobophobophobia, a fear of being afflicted with phobophobia; phobosiderodromophobia, a fear of having a fear of railways—in fact, the vistas that disclose themselves are infinity raised to the *n*th power.

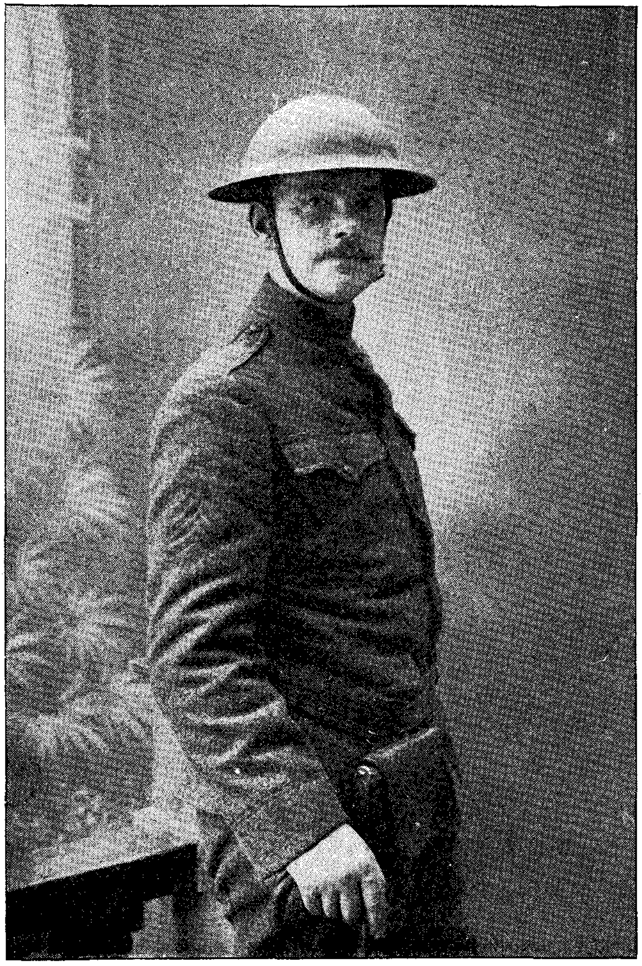
"The amazing sequel to this story is that all the words coined by our French benefactor are now duly incorporated in American medical dictionaries—a fact calculated to produce violent symptoms of 'iatricolexicophobia' [fear of medical dictionaries] on the part of the average mortal."

LETTERS - AND - ART

JOYCE KILMER

THE DEATH OF JOYCE KILMER, "the first of our well-known poets to fall since America entered the war," as the New York *Sun* remarks, "brings us up sharply again to a realization of the price that the peoples of the earth are paying." The price as well as the pride is peculiarly felt by THE LITERARY DIGEST, since our department of *Current Poetry* was under his direction for a number of years previous to his departure for France. Our readers who have taken pleasure in his work, tho, from the anonymity employed on this journal they have been unaware of his identity, will feel with us "the price" as one of our own household. We gladly share with them the grateful thanks for the kind words written of him. Fallen on the Western Front, this "poet, enthusiast, warrior, patriot," says the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "has met the fate he went half-way to face." "The Gael's warm blood ran in his veins, the Gael's vivid imagination thrilled him, yet in what he wrote and what he did there was the evidence of Saxon restraint, sanity, almost coldness of purpose." His poem on the sinking of the *Lusitania* was read and quoted on many sides; but, as continues *The Eagle*, "stirring lines of his should never move other men to do what he shrank from." This truth is also witnessed by the Newark *News*, which claims him in patriotic fellowship:

> No worthier grave
> To hold the bodies of the brave
> Than this place of pain and pride
> Where they nobly fought and nobly died.



SERGEANT KILMER.

"Fallen on the Western Front, this poet, enthusiast, warrior, patriot, has met the fate he went half-way to face."

"So Kilmer spake, and speaks not for himself alone, but for every one of his companions in America's vast army of crusaders who is called upon to make the supreme sacrifice in the war for liberty. This native Jerseyman, born in New Brunswick thirty-two years ago next December, was, as his poem of grim indictment written on the sinking of the *Lusitania* shows, among the first Americans to be moved to the depths of their being by Germany's challenge to humanity and to civilization. Giving up his journalistic and literary career in New York, he enlisted as a private seventeen days after the declaration of war by the United States on Germany, and accompanied the Rainbow Division in one of the earliest American contingents sailing for France. His promotion to a sergeantry indicated his aptitude for the new field that he entered. Reports have told that he was in the thick of the Marne fighting from the day that the Allied offensive began till August 1, when he received his mortal wound.

"Kilmer left wife and children at the imperative call of duty for the privilege of translating into action his firm convictions as to right and wrong. American letters, the loser by his death because now there is one less exponent of the best in thought that can be given at this time, is, however, the gainer because another light has come to shine fixedly in its firmament. With the English poet, Rupert Brooke, who met his end at Gallipoli, and that other American poet, Alan Seeger, who, like Kilmer, gave up his life on the soil of France, Kilmer's memory will remain an inspiration in the consecration of talent to the highest service no matter what sacrifice may be involved."

An appreciative tribute from a friend, Mr. Christopher Morley, appears in the Philadelphia *Evening Ledger*. Mr. Morley surmises that no two lines would have given Joyce Kilmer "more honest" pride than the two, could he have seen them, that appeared in a double-column front-page of the Sunday *Ledger:*

JOYCE KILMER, POET
IS KILLED IN ACTION

He died as he lived, says Mr. Morley—"in action."

"He found life intensely amusing, unspeakably interesting; his energy was unlimited, his courage stout. He attacked life at all points, rapidly gathered its complexities about him, and the more intricate it became the more zestful he found it. Nothing bewildered him, nothing terrified. By the time he was thirty he had attained an almost unique position in literary circles. He lectured on poetry, he interviewed famous men of letters, he was poet, editor, essayist, critic, anthologist. He was endlessly active, full of delightful mirth and a thousand schemes for outwitting the devil of necessity that hunts all brain-workers. Nothing could quench him.

"He could turn out 'copy' in any emergency. When he was run down by a train in New Jersey, he continued dictating from his bed in the hospital, and his weekly article for the New York *Times* reached the printer on schedule.

"But beneath this whirling activity which amused and amazed his friends there lay a deeper and quieter vein which was rich in its own passion. It is not becoming to prate of what lies in other men's souls; we all have our secrecies and sanctuaries, rarely acknowledged even to ourselves. But no one can read Joyce Kilmer's poems without grasping his vigorous idealism, his keen sense of beauty, his devout and simple religion, his clutch on the preciousness of common things. He loved the precarious bustle on Grub Street; he was of that adventurous, buoyant stuff that rejects humdrum security and a pelfed and padded life. He always insisted that America is the very shrine and fountain of poetry, and this country (which is indeed pathetically eager to take poets to its bosom) stirred his vivid imagination. The romance of the commuter's train and the suburban street, of the delicatessen shop, and the circus, and the snowman in the yard—these were the familiar themes where he was rich and felicitous. Many a commuter will remember his beautiful poem 'The 12:45,' bespeaking the thrill we have all felt in the shabby midnight train that takes us home, yearning and weary, to the well-beloved hearth:

> What love commands, the train fulfils.
> And beautiful upon the hills
> Are these our feet of burnished steel.
> Subtly and certainly, I feel
> That Glen Rock welcomes us to her.
> And silent Ridgewood seems to stir
> And smile, because she knows the train
> Has brought her children back again.
> We carry people home—and so
> God speeds us, wheresoe'er we go.
> The midnight train is slow and old,
> But of it let this thing be told,
> To its high honor be it said,
> It carries weary folk to bed.

"To a man such as this, whose whole fervent and busy adventure was lit within by the lamplight and firelight of domestic passion, the war, with its broken homes and defiled sanctities, came as a personal affront. Both to his hunger for the glamour of such a colossal drama and to his sense of what was most worshipful in human life the call was irresistible. Counsels of prudence and comfort were as nothing; the heart-shaking poetry of this nation's entry into an utterly unselfish war burned away all barriers. His life had been a fury of writing, but those who thought he had entered the war merely to make journalism about it were mistaken. Only a few weeks ago he wrote:

"'To tell the truth, I am not interested in writing nowadays, except in so far as writing is the expression of something beautiful. And I see daily and nightly the expression of beauty in action instead of words, and I find it more satisfactory. I am a sergeant in the regimental intelligence section—the most fascinating work possible—more thrills in it than in any other branch, except, possibly, aviation. Wonderful life! But I don't know what I'll be able to do in civilian life—unless I become a fireman!'"

Mr. Morley also sees him as saved from too serious a self-estimate by his sense of humor. Loving life and not death, yet withal loving the honor of mankind more:

"As journalist and lecturer Kilmer was copious and enthusiastic rather than deep. He found—a good deal to his own secret mirth—women's clubs and poetry societies sitting earnestly at his feet, expectant to hear ultimate truth on deep matters. His humor prompted him to give them the ultimate truth they craved. If his critical judgments were not always heavily documented or long pondered, they were entertaining and pleasantly put. The earnest world of literary societies and blue-hosed salons lay about his feet; he flashed in it merrily, chuckling inwardly as he found hundreds of worthy people hanging breathless on his words. A kind of Kilmer cult grew apace; he had his followers and his devotees. I mention these things because he would have been the first to chuckle over them. I do not think he would want to be remembered as having taken all that sort of thing too seriously. It was all a delicious game—part of the grand joke of living. Sometimes, among his friends, he would begin to pontificate in his platform manner. Then he would recall himself, and his characteristic grin would flood his face.

"As a journalist, I say, he was copious; but as a poet his song was always prompted by a genuine gush of emotion. 'A poet is only a glorified reporter,' he used to say; he took as his favorite assignment the happier precincts of the human heart. As he said of Belloc, a true poet will never write to order—not even to his own order. He sang because he heard life singing all about him. His three little books of poems have always been dear to lovers of honest simplicity. And now their words will be lit henceforward by an inner and tender brightness—the memory of a gallant boy who flung himself finely against the walls of life. Where they breached he broke through and waved his sword laughing. Where they hurled him back he turned away, laughing still.

"Let us spare his memory the glib and customary dishonesty that says 'He died as he would have wished to.' No man wishes to die—at least, no poet does. To part with the exhilarating bustle and tumult, the blueness of the sky, the sunlight that tingles on well-known street corners, the plumber's bills and the editor's checks, the mirths of fellowship and the joys of homecoming when lamps are lit—all this is too close a fiber to be stript easily from the naked heart. But the poet must go where the greatest songs are singing. Perhaps he finds, after all, that life and death are part of the same rime."

Alexander Woolcott's tribute in the New York *Times*, written from France, will be found on page 42.

ORDERING A GERMAN NATIONAL HYMN

THE SONGS WHICH GERMANY so freely sang in 1914 have given little satisfaction of late; certainly nothing satisfies Germany as a national anthem, least of all the song she took from England more than a hundred years ago. The Government, it seems, has issued orders for a new national anthem, and, according to the London *Times*, "has detailed an army, or, at any rate, three battalions of rimsters and tone-setters to work up the material. But the experts have up to the present condemned the products as unsuitable. However the Kaiser may see the future, it can't be expected that tho he may make his poets march, he could make them sing. *The Times* finds Germany's plight rather amusing and intimates that while in the present juncture of affairs she can not be blamed for discarding the tune of "God Save the King," it is really a judgment upon her, for she needn't have stolen it to begin with. But Germany seems to have had a long career of stealing, even her patriotic songs.

"One would have thought the most musical country in the world would have disdained to steal from one they called '*Das Land ohne Musik*,' or that the most omniscient would have known that there are some things you can not steal. For national anthems are not as other songs. They are verse and tone as they stand, after the personal enthusiasm that created them has been enriched by the aspirations and ennobled by the sufferings of a multitude. Things like these say to us:

> Be you the men you've been,
> Get you the sons your fathers got,
> And God will save the Queen.

"The theft was committed in 1793. The rulers of Prussia, Saxony, and other states, in need of a rallying cry against the ideas of the Revolution, hurriedly adopted our tune for '*Heil dir im Siegerkranz.*' The words of this were also stolen, having been written by a native of Flensburg in honor of Christian VII. of Denmark. The best verse is the second—to the effect that 'nor horse nor trooper can safeguard the steep heights where princes dwell; their throne is based on their subjects' love, whence, like a cliff, it fronts the storm.' But this is no match for our second verse, whose economy and deadliness of aim were not reached at a first attempt, and which we have stoutly resisted all proposals to alter. Three years later Haydn, moved thereto partly by his visits to England, partly no doubt by the Prussian example, wrote the 'Emperor's Hymn,' which became the Austrian anthem. Half a century later the Germans stole this too, for '*Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles*,' the words of which by V. Fallersleben are considerably superior to those of '*Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser*.' In these two the Austrian ideals of 'kindliness, honesty, and candor' contrast with the Prussian of 'unity, right, and freedom.'

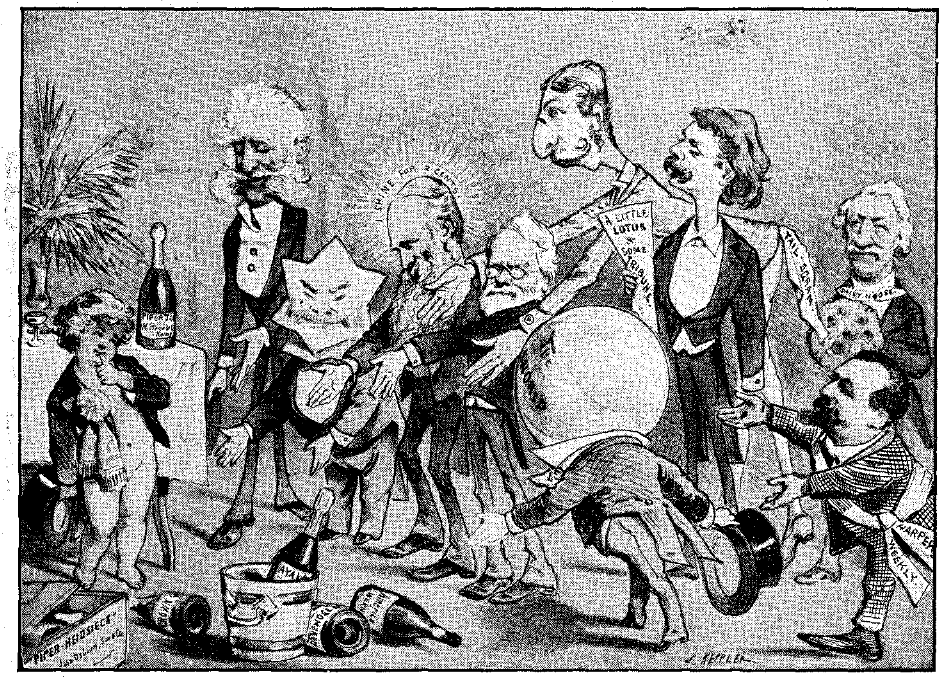
"The Germans have never had war-poets to equal Uhland, Körner, and Arndt. Uhland is still a revered name, tho he had much to say of honor and the plighted word, of the sanctity of treaties and the moderation of desire. The battle-songs of Körner, the clean fighter, have lived partly by Weber's tunes. Arndt, the most prolific in this kind, is famous for his '*Was ist das Deutschen Vaterland?*' and his answer to this question—'wherever the German tongue is heard, and *wo Gott im Himmel Lieder singt*' [where God in heaven sings songs] (presumably German ones).

"There are about a hundred of such songs, and they are needed; for the fact is the Germans have been using up their patriotic songs rather quickly of late years. '*Schleswig-Holstein Meerumschlungen*,' an old favorite, has dropt out since the events of '48 and '64 have put a new complexion on matters. '*Ich bin ein Preusse*,' with the assertion, to Neithardt's truculent tune, 'Come rain, come shine, I am and mean to be a Prussian,' has been somewhat in abeyance since it became unnecessary to accentuate causes of friction. '*Die Wacht am Rhein*' was the national song of 1870, but, when the point was no longer in dispute, was relegated to the secondary position of 'Rule, Britannia.' On the whole, Arndt's song, edited, say, in Hamburg and set by the composer of the first phrase of '*Ein Heldenleben*,' seems to offer as good a chance as any of meeting present requirements.

"Since 1914 patriotic poetry occupied itself at first in finding rimes to 'hate'; but after a year or so it tired of this, and declined upon the less exciting but more necessary task of reconciling war and religion. In this task it divided naturally into Catholic and Lutheran, and therewith roughly into poetical and philosophical. In 1916 the Socialists began to make themselves heard, and were in full blast by the beginning of the next year. As to the tunes, there is a complaint that the schools have ceased and the munition-workers have not yet begun to sing, and a hope has been exprest that the men's voice choirs will not be permanently ousted by the *Tingeltangels.*"

THE ECLIPSE OF "PUCK"

IN SPITE OF THE WAR-SONG which bids us "Smile, Smile, Smile," one of the oldest of our professional agencies of the smile has ceased to function. But then it is being said that *Puck* had practically done so long ago, and if it had a mission it was to beguile the tedium of a barber-shop. "It had so long been fading from view," says the New York *Evening Post,* "that the news of its death will cause to many surprize that it had not already ceased to exist." *The Evening Sun* recalls a time "when its passing would have left a large vacancy, but its fatal illness has been a process of slow dissolution since the death of the man who once made it a power and a delight." This, of course, was H. C. Bunner, who became its editor in the late seventies and continued so for twenty years. After Bunner's death, says *The Evening Sun,* "the paper had occasional periods of revivification and now and then flashed into brilliancy, but it never regained the place it held in the 80's and the early 90's." The New York *World* calls the roll of the names who guided *Puck* in the earlier day or gave it distinction:



IN *PUCK'S* EARLY DAYS.

Figures of the New York newspaper world—Bennett, Sr., of *The Herald;* Raymond, of *The Times;* Dana, of *The Sun;* Bennett, Jr., of *The Telegram;* Reid, of *The Tribune;* Wood, of *The Daily News;* Nast, of *Harper's Weekly,* paying New Year's tribute to *Puck.*

—Keppler in *Puck.*

"Perhaps few persons remember that *Puck* was started in St. Louis and in the German language. Its shift to New York and into English came in 1877. Sidney Rosenfeld, afterward distinguished as playwright and librettist, led the list of its editors here. After him came H. C. Bunner, whose 'Short Sixes' and other tales survive as American classics. Harvey Leon Wilson succeeded Mr. Bunner. Among the contributors to the paper in its heyday were Brander Matthews, R. K. Munkittrick, Bill Nye, Eugene Field, John Kendrick Bangs, and other gentlemen whose pens spelled popularity and bright humor.

"Joseph Keppler, who was one of the founders and the principal cartoonist of *Puck,* left the impress of power as well as vivid colors on his every page. Gillam's cartoon of Blaine as 'The Tattooed Man,' in 1884, remains unsurpassed in political satire for its biting force.

"*Puck* had no real rival in its best days. Falling from its fine estate, it left no successor. America, despite its keen sense of fun and its plenitude of fun-makers in word and drawing, seems strangely unable to place its humor in an enduring and separate periodical form—in form to match the English *Punch* or any of the great satiric papers of the Continent."

The Evening Post avers that Keppler's power was due to Bunner, "who continually suggested subjects for Keppler's cartoons," and whose work "at once went off sadly after Bunner's death." *The Post* takes up the matter of the "moralizing on the ups and downs of humor in this country, and in other lands, the changes in taste, in the matter of jokes and funny pictures, with the lapse of years," and dwells on our lack of "organization" in comparison with other countries:

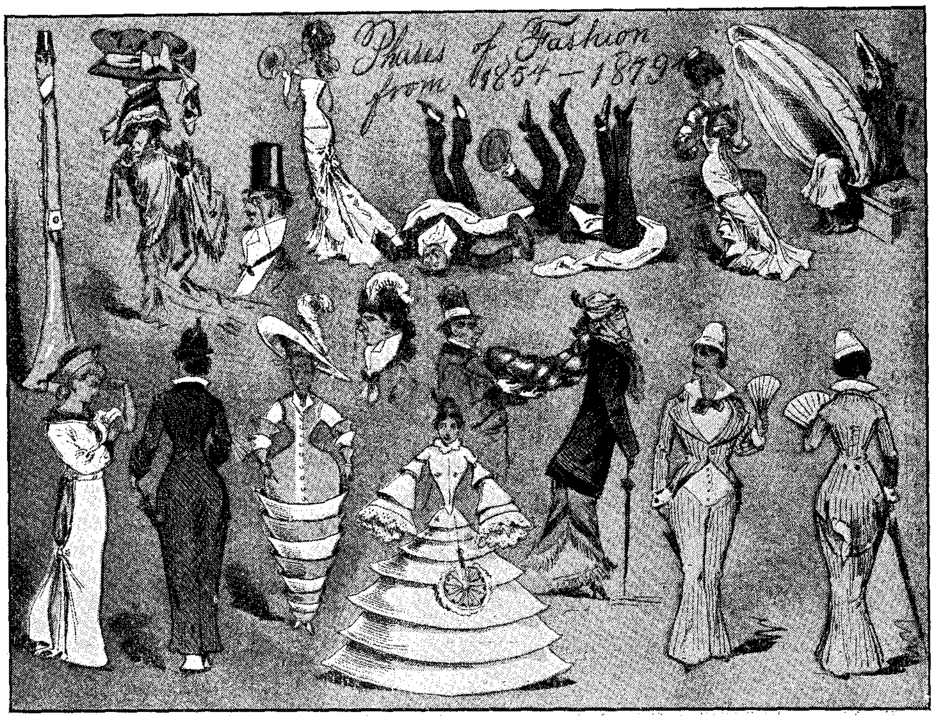
"No one could have read the *Fliegende Blätter,* in its best days before the war, without seeing that it was representative of German humor because it drew upon all Germany for its artists and wits. Something of the same thing is true of *Punch.* Its management may be a good deal of a close corporation, but its range of contributors is wide. It keeps its door open for talent. Moreover, it must all the while be reaching out for the best matter available for its purposes. Take one item. *Punch* has a weakness for pouncing upon misprints. It is not a very high order of wit to make merry over accidents of the types, tho some of them are undeniably amusing. The humor of blunder sometimes surpasses the humor of set purpose. *Punch,* as we say, makes a specialty of these typographical errors, but the point is that they are furnished to it from all parts of the earth where English is misprinted. You will find one from Melbourne cheek by jowl with one from Kalamazoo. This argues a sort of drag-net organization such as we doubt if any American periodical of the same order has ever attempted.

"There is no accounting for taste in humor. It varies from generation to generation. It varies even in a single individual. Where are the jokes of his youth? To think that he once laughed at them now almost makes him writhe. But, then, there are his children. He has the consolation of seeing them explode at the old jests which have come to seem to him abjectly feeble and empty. He discovers that, to his innocent prattlers, he himself appears a mighty humorist in his table-talk! It is a quiet lesson to him in the way times change, and we change with them. The child is not the father of the man in the matter of humorous appreciation. At least, if he is, it is a reflection on the man for not putting away childish things.

"Endless are the definitions of humor, its shading off from wit, the nature of its appeal. But none of them really satisfy. No nice little formulas or prescriptions will guarantee a jest's success. It is as vain to furnish humor unless there be a sense to perceive it as it is to supply a reason when there is no understanding to give it due weight. Nothing is more precarious—more dangerous—than to recommend a new book of humor. When you expect a laugh you may get only an amazed stare. A lady once suggested 'Alice in Wonderland' to a steady-going matron. The volume was soon returned with thanks and with the explanation that what was wanted was something 'light,' not all those puzzles. Unquestionably, there are fashions in humor. The true reason for *Puck's* demise is that it went out of fashion. How to keep in it and up with it—that is the question which the humorists themselves are not able to answer. They only know that they come and go."

A PARSON'S LONELY DAUGHTER

NOTHING COULD BE MUCH FURTHER from a seat of war than the parsonage at Haworth; but it sheltered a group of souls who found life itself a good deal of a battle. The centenary of one of them, Emily Brontë, falling on August 20, tempts readers to reflect that even now the dramas of civil life must not go unregarded. Tho but one novel and a few poems stand to her credit, she has earned by them Clement Shorter's tribute as "the most striking genius nineteenth-century womanhood has furnished us." The general public and the critics are two seemingly irreconcilable quantities and gives Mr. Roy Temple House the chance to say in *The Nation* (New York) that "for all the enthusiasm she has excited among critics and poets, her solitary novel, 'Wuthering Heights,' is nearly forgotten by the general public, while the 'Jane Eyre' of her sister Charlotte is still, on the whole, widely read." If "Wuthering Heights" isn't so good a story as "Jane Eyre," Mr. House thinks it, at least, a "titanic and extraordinarily gripping thing that would repay even the frankly hedonistic seeker after thrills." Perhaps the Haworth parsonage itself is as gripping as a story as any of the novels that came out of it, and the anniversary gives Mr. House an excuse to revert to it:



PUCK AS A SATIRIST OF FASHION.
From a cartoon of the early days.

"Of the remarkable Brontë trio, modest country parson's daughters with Bohemian and fearless talents, Emily was by all odds the most audacious and unexpected. Of literary ambition of the ordinary sort she must have had little. From an early age she wrote poems for her own private satisfaction; her elder sister, Charlotte, found some of them by accident, and with some difficulty persuaded her to publish them in a volume which contained contributions from the other two. Critics of to-day are unanimous in according high merit to Emily's verses, while those of Charlotte and Anne are forgotten. Then, a little later, if we are to accept Charlotte's account, Emily set about her novel, largely because her sisters were at the same work. The completed manuscript went the weary rounds of the publishers for a year and a half, but was finally accepted by the notorious Newby, who brought it out in a three-volume edition with Anne's mediocre 'Agnes Gray,' and also took advantage of the success of Charlotte's 'Jane Eyre,' which had appeared two or three months before, to deceive the public into believing that the three Brontës were one. The reception of 'Wuthering Heights' was not cordial.

"A critic writing in *The North American Rewiew* conceived of the author as 'a man of uncommon talents, but dogged, brutal, and morose'; and when it became known that the author was not a man, but a clergyman's young daughter, the situation was not notably improved, for the story was not a decorous piece of work to come from a pious young Anglican maid. But Emily was by this time so absorbed in the care of her dissipated dying brother and in Charlotte's plans for her new novel, 'Shirley,' that she had practically stopt writing. Nothing except a short poem or two seems to have been composed after 'Wuthering Heights.' The best-known of all her verses, the frequently quoted 'Last Lines,' was found in her desk by her sister after her death.

"The three novel-writing sisters had a scapegrace drug-fiend of a brother, whose misdeeds probably formed the clue on which Emily wound the skein of this amazing story; it has enough kinship with the old Irish romances to recall the starting-point of the Rev. Patrick Brontë, Emily's father, and the legend of the wild Irish cousin who landed on the larger island armed with a shillalah, bent on the demolition of the critic who had traduced a novel of Charlotte's; but when all is said and done, 'Wuthering Heights' is as near spontaneous generation as anything in literature. Emily Brontë disliked French soberness, and is known to have read the German romanticists with pleasure; she had no experimental knowledge of life, and is described as of a mystic temperament; yet her book bristles with straight-from-the-shoulder realism, not to say naturalism. Thoroughly typical and characteristic is the passage where the neglected brat Hareton Earnshaw insists on drinking his share of milk from the common vessel:

"'I expostulated, and desired that he should have his in a mug; affirming that I could not taste the liquid treated so dirtily. . . . Meanwhile, the infant ruffian continued sucking; and glowered at me defyingly, as he slavered into the jug. . . . . . .'"

A kinship with Zola or with the Hauptmann of "The Weavers" is what Mr. House finds in her, tho her nearer contemporaries, Tieck and Hoffmann, might have been expected to influence her. But their "sloppy chaos" was none of hers.

"Her work is free from the coarse frankness of modern scientific fiction because she was the daughter of an English clergyman. It lacks documentation, because she was very young and a recluse; but the spirit of the student and of the observer is here. Note these striking examples: 'A sky too dappled and hazy to threaten rain'; 'he breathed as fast as a cat'; 'I have to remind myself to breathe—almost to remind my heart to beat'; 'a lusty damsel,' having just subdued a brace of savage dogs, stood 'heaving like a sea after a high wind'; 'are you acquainted with the mood of mind in which, if you were seated alone, and the cat licking its kitten on the rug before you, you would watch the operation so intently that puss's neglect of one ear would put you seriously out of temper?' And the half-crazed father striving in exquisite anguish to force his son's love: 'Kiss me, Hareton! Damn thee, kiss me! By God, as if I could rear such a monster!' Madame Duclaux thinks that the book is a study of heredity. May Sinclair successfully disproves this assertion, but fails to remark that it is a valuable treatise on environment.

"But withal, here is a soul absolutely virgin. Miss Sinclair indignantly denies that Emily Brontë ever had a sweetheart, and her poem about the angel-lover who visits her at night is scarcely even presumptive evidence. Emily had no friends but her sister Anne, and Charlotte records that she refused to mingle with the country people of the neighborhood, conversing about them but never with them. How, under these circumstances, she knew all the things she did is one of the mysteries."

RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE

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HOW LONDON MEETS THE WAR ON HER CHILDREN.

Miss Margaret McMillan, C. B. E., is here conducting a drill for the toddling children, who are led to a "smugglers' cave," which is protected by sand-bags. "Military advantage" is claimed by the Germans when a raid numbers such as these among its victims.

GERMANY'S WAR ON THE CHILDREN

MANY OF US MAY HAVE THOUGHT that we could learn no new horror of the Hun. His ruthlessness in the path of his military purposes has become proverbial; but when we read that the Allied soldiers now pushing back the invader find in the towns where the Germans have been that "the children are in a state of terror," we have a new light in which to view prospective peace appeals. Last week this department reproduced a letter from Mrs. Atherton warning us that we should encounter "the German woman's voice among us speaking in behalf of the 'poor little children of suffering Germany,' saying, 'Listen, all you mothers, to the wails of those starving little ones, dying by inches, when peace with a conquered country could save millions of them!'" Another woman begs us listen to the wails that have been ringing for four years, and all because the German has seen only a future for his own little children. The little children of the recovered territory are "too young to realize that the French are their deliverers; a uniform to them is merely a symbol of cruelty. . . . Sometimes it takes weeks to disabuse them of the idea that all soldiers must be alike." These are words of Mrs. Joseph Lindon Smith, wife of the mural painter and daughter of Major George Haven Putnam, publisher and author. Mrs. Smith is representing the Franco-American Committee for the Care of Children from the Front, and she tells in the New York *Times* of the "cynical treatment" of the unfortunate people who fall into German hands, more particularly the children:

"Go through village after village and you find them looking as if giant feet had trampled them down, as if huge scissors had ripped open the fields. The faces of the people you meet look empty. It is as if their souls had been trampled down with their homes. The devastation is everywhere; it almost begins to seem like the normal state, it is so general. Come back to America and motor through our peaceful villages, and you find yourself marveling not to see them in ruins. . . . . . .

"One of the devastated towns I visited was Chauny, a town of 11,000 inhabitants before the war. It was a glass-manufacturing place. No fighting took place there, but the retreating enemy mined the town. There was a roar, a rumble, a cloud of dust, and Chauny was no more. Of the inhabitants the Germans carried off with them 8,000—man power, slaves! I walked through the débris that had been Chauny. In one wrecked home I saw a child's crib hanging in space. I wondered what had happened to the baby that had been in that crib. In another wrecked home I saw an opened prayer-book on a little shelf beside a window. Was some girl reading it perchance when dragged away into captivity? . . . . . .

"I am sure that the American people do not fully realize the extent of the need to relieve—of which our society necessarily can do only a comparatively small part. It can not be thoroughly realized without being on the ground. The number of children needing assistance, a number constantly on the increase, has now reached the stupendous total of 600,000. That is a conservative estimate. Of these the French Government is caring for about 400,000. The rest of the work must be done by Americans.

"France is dotted with a multitude of homes in which the mother, with the head of the family at the front, perhaps dead, is struggling to care for her children and keep the wolf from the door. These mothers toil early and late. Some of them have little patches of ground which they make shift to cultivate. Poverty lurks side by side with them constantly. They try to keep the family together—to keep their children with them. Only under dire necessity will they consent to part with them. . . . . .

"The first thing we do when we take charge of a refugee child is to give it a tag, a tag which the child must constantly wear, just as a soldier must always wear his identification medal. The tag bears the child's name and the name of the place from which the child last came. Sometimes in the confusion it is difficult to get everything just right, but so thoroughly have the civilian and military authorities cooperated to assist in identifying these little waifs that our committee, which has taken over the care of 2,800 such children since the war began, has been able to identify all but forty of them, and these were from villages in which the enemy deliberately destroyed the civilian records, apparently with the sole purpose of preventing French families from being reunited."

The society which looks after this class of French children arose out of the efforts of the American lawyer, Mr. Frederic R. Coudert, who, happening to be in Paris in 1914, hastened to the districts into which the terrified people were flowing to be of such assistance as he could. We read:

"He found a condition of utter, dire confusion—families torn from their hearthstones with inconceivable suddenness and forced into flight without a chance for planning or preparation. The father might be here, the mother there, the children widely scattered. The countryside was thronged with frantic refugees.

"The plight of the terrified children appealed with particular force to Mr. Coudert. He gathered them together as they came along in the crush, one here, another there; washed them, fed them, housed them, and eventually carried them off to Paris, where permanent plans could be made for their welfare.

"That was the genesis of a work that has grown into large proportions, the caring for the refugee waifs from the stricken region of France. It is a work in which a number of organizations are engaged, but perhaps none more intensively than that which, to translate its French title with more or less freedom into English, is known as the Franco-American Committee for the Care of Children from the Front. This organization is the direct outgrowth of that early pilgrimage made by Mr. Coudert."

Nothing has stiffened the backs of our American soldiers at the front like the evidence their own eyes have furnished of the sufferings of little children:

"I could tell you hundreds of stories of children being separated from their parents. For instance, there is the case of two little boys who with their mother were visiting an aunt on the Belgian border when the war broke out. The mother went back home to see what had happened to the remaining five children of her family. Neither she nor the five children were ever heard of again. The aunt disappeared during a bombardment, and these boys, left alone in the world, came to our society. They have never received any information from their relatives.

"The children from the devastated districts of Belgium and France come to us in a condition which the word pitiable does not begin to describe. The cruelty to the children has most affected our American soldiers over there. I have talked with American soldiers who could not restrain their tears as they looked at little children in our charge and saw what the Germans had done to them. And they did not try to restrain their tears. Their emotion was too deep.

"'Oh,' cried one of our boys with whom I talked, a boy from a Western farm, 'you'd think they'd take some one of their size!'

"The wrongs done to the children have steeled the hearts of the Americans, with their Allies, for vengeance—or, rather, retribution. There is a day of reckoning ahead.

"Everywhere the American soldiers are stationed they make friends with the children immediately. And the children, the ice once broken, are not backward. They see in these soldiers their friends, their deliverers. Most of the Belgian boys who have come to us lived in the trenches with the British Tommies for months. They had to live in the trenches to be safe from the shells that fell in an almost incessant shower upon the countryside. They have picked up a lot of English and sing what they consider the British national anthem. What they sing is 'Tipperary.'

"While on a visit to a colony of Belgian girls I was told that they had learned a song to sing in honor of my coming. 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' of course, I concluded. Altho they could not be expected to understand more than perhaps a few words of what I might say, I made them a little speech, in which I told them how glad I would be to hear the national anthem of America sung so far from home. The song they sang was 'Jack and Jill.'. . . . . .

"One little five-year-old boy who, hidden away in a cellar, had endured months of the nerve-shattering bombardment of Reims came to us a wreck. But after six months or so he seemed to be normal again. One day the colony at which he was being cared for happened to be within the area of a German air-raid. Bombs fell all around the place. Our little chap did not seem frightened, only indignant, intensely indignant, so indignant that he burst into a passion of tears.

"'Little citizen of France,' said one of the nurses, 'why do you cry?'

"'I'm afraid I'll be changed again, now,' he wailed, 'and then God will lose track of me.'

"Another little lad was indignant from another point of view—indignant and grieved.

"'I didn't think the Germans would dare come where the Americans were!' he cried. . . . . . .

"In one of our colonies were fifty Belgian boys so crusht by suffering that they were always silent, like aged, broken men. They never indulged in any boyish play, they never talked, they never made any noise at all. They were so silent that a Frenchwoman who lived next door came over one day to see what was wrong—she couldn't believe there were fifty boys in the place, for she never heard any noise! It was incredible, said *madame.* That was not the way of boys. Within three months she made another visit, this time to protest that the boys made such an infernal noise that it was not within human endurance to stand it! So much for what degree of restoration can be effected.

"Often for weeks after children have arrived at a colony it is out of the question to have an open fire. The sight is too heartrending to the newcomers. It recalls to them with all the vividness of recent experience their burning home or their burning church. But soon they forget. Youth is resilient.

"We had one little girl who for six weeks after coming to us did not speak a word. The doctor who examined her said she was normal, but was suffering from fright because of the horrors she had been obliged to witness. He predicted a recovery—and it came. One day she reached out timidly, seized the hand of the nurse, and murmured: 'You can not be a German! You are kind!'

"We have records of boys of fourteen or over who have sat for weeks twirling their thumbs, inert from horror, speechless, yet in two months they will have so recovered as to be able to start to learn a trade. We have had about sixty arrive in this abnormal condition, yet only two have had to be given over to the care of alienists as permanently abnormal."

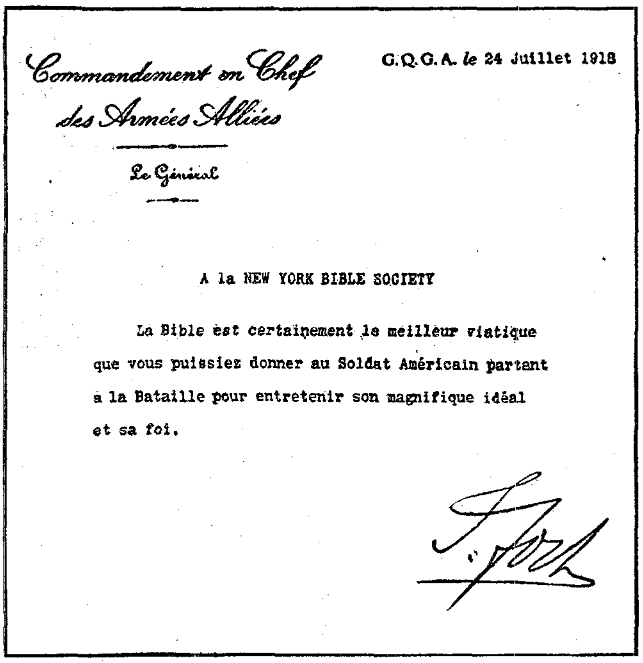
THE FUTURE THEOLOGICAL STUDENT

When THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARIES open in the fall they will be almost empty of students. This prospect was the most startling one confronting the delegates from American and Canadian seminaries who met at Cambridge during mid-August to consider problems arising from the war. It was also the most immediate, but it only led on to a view of conditions which it is felt must follow upon the ending of hostilities. To meet the first of these it was proposed to make "a more concerted and definite endeavor to recruit men for the ministry, not only in the colleges but in the preparatory schools, and especially now in the camps at home and abroad." Another proposal was to "cooperate with the plans of the General War-time Commission of the Churches in the matter of providing theological instruction for men in camps and at the Front, enabling them in unoccupied hours to continue their studies and thus to complete their preparation after the war without great loss of time." Some of the teachers at the conference exprest their willingness to be sent on such an errand. The motive behind the assembling of this conference was elaborated in the opening address by President Lowell, of Harvard, whose words are reported by Dean Hodges for *The Churchman* (New York):

"Every great war gives rise to serious moral and religious conditions. Along with that spiritual exaltation which appears in so many letters from the Front, and which promises so much for the future, there will be inevitable counterbalancing difficulties. This is the warning of history, which reminds us that the Napoleonic wars were followed by an ambition to get rich, one of whose ugly manifestations was the factory system, and that our Civil War, which brought forward so many men who were willing to die for their country, brought forward also a discouraging number of men who proposed to make as much out of their country as they could, and who went into politics for that purpose. This present war will have two perilous consequences.

It will be followed by a period of material occupation, in which the people of all the belligerent lands will employ their energies chiefly in building up that which has been broken down; and by a period of emotional reaction, a descent from the heights of our moral enthusiasm, in which our swept and garnished chamber may be invaded by seven devils worse than the first. These are consequences which must be met by the endeavors of religion. They are moral and spiritual evils which need moral and spiritual remedies. These remedies must be prescribed in the classrooms of theological schools, and administered by the men who have been thus instructed."

The conference, according to Dean Hodges, writing also in *The Christian Register* (Boston), was "modest in its estimate of its own importance, and seemed hardly to realize that it was writing a new paragraph in the history of religion"—



Commandement en Chef
des Armées Alliées

Le Général

G.Q.G.A. le 24 Juillet 1918

A la NEW YORK BIBLE SOCIETY

La Bible est certainement le meilleur viatique que vous puissiez donner au Soldat Américain partant à la Bataille pour entretenir son magnifique idéal et sa foi.

F Foch

TEXT OF MARSHAL FOCH'S LETTER.

A translation will be found in the article on "Turning to the Bible."

"It is a fact, however, that no such meeting has been held before in any land or time. The convening of such a company, and the happy accomplishment of a three-days' session with no disturbance of the peace, is a significant event. The brethren represented differences which their forebears held to be profane and intolerable. The conscience of a former generation restrained a Presbyterian from sitting in the same assembly with a Unitarian, and forbade an Episcopalian to say his prayers beside a Baptist, but on the last day of the conference they all joined devoutly and fraternally in the service of the Holy Communion.

"Nothing in the meeting was more remarkable, admirable, and prophetic than this brotherly spirit. And there is probably no contribution of the conference to the present situation so useful and valuable as this. For difference became division in the former time, not so much on account of lack of agreement as on account of lack of courtesy on the one side or on the other; what was missing was friendliness and sympathetic understanding. Where these are present, as in this conference, all things are possible."

The "new thing" about this conference to President W. D. Mackenzie, of the Hartford Theological Seminary, is that "most of the men attended with the approval, and many by appointment, of their respective faculties; and that they met with the desire not to talk so much as to do something":

"That 'something' was, no doubt, vague and undefined when they met; but was found early in the course of the conference. The members present found that they could unite, and felt that their constituencies would support them in providing for the needs of those soldiers of all denominations who are looking, or may soon be looking, toward the Christian ministry as their life-work. Here was something which at once appealed to all. They felt that, whether the way is clear at present or not, a way must be found to give to these men the same help which the Government has decided to offer through certain agencies to those who are looking toward other vocations. The Continuation Committee, which was appointed (*à la* the Edinburgh Conference) to investigate and act upon this matter, has authority also to call the conference together again when it sees the fit occasion. In view of this great decision, the members of the conference felt that once more the Spirit of God was bringing good out of evil, a great blessing to the churches of North America out of the darkness of the war."

The findings of the conference included one warning against a possible let-down of the qualifications of future candidates for the ministry. This section embraces the following:

"The conference recognizes that after the war there will be many men looking to the ministry whose experience in the national service will have given them great advantages of training and character.

"It recommends that the theological schools take special measures to meet special cases, but desires to impress both on them and on those responsible for the acceptances of candidates that in the interests of an effective ministry in the generation after the war great care should be exercised in maintaining a high standard of qualifications for the ministry."

A good deal of sympathetic applause, it is said, followed the assertion of Dean Fenn that the fundamental need of the Christian minister, no matter what may be his particular occupation, is theological, for,

"The difficulties which the minister will meet, the questions which he must answer, are at bottom questions and difficulties whose solution is in a right knowledge of the Christian religion. The practical work of the student while in the school is an intrusion and a distraction unless it is a revelation of human nature and of the Christian way to deal with it."

TURNING TO THE BIBLE

THE "BEST PREPARATION that you can give to an American soldier going into battle to sustain his magnificent ideal and his faith" is "certainly the Bible." This message the American Bible Society receives from Marshal Foch in appreciation of the quarter of a million copies of the Scriptures distributed among soldiers abroad. Besides these, the Society is supplying thousands of copies every week to men in the embarkation-camps just before they sail for the other side. *The Congregationalist* (Boston) sees the war as having brought about a remarkable revival of interest in the Bible:

"This would be true if we take into account only those who are studying the Bible to find in its prophecies something about the war. Compared with the study being done week by week by thousands of young men training for the Army and Navy, the narrow study of prophecy is a negligible matter. The call for the Bible since we entered the war has taxed the resources of our printers. The American Bible Society granted last summer to the Y. M. C. A. for the soldiers a million Testaments. It had no stock at hand for this grant, which required ninety tons of paper. A New England firm furnished the needed amount; a New York printery worked night and day for months on the job, and the Testaments were ready for distribution the middle of May. The British Bible Society issued nearly 10,000,000 Bibles in 1917–18, and sent 3,000,000 of them to China. This Society is now 114 years of age and is still in its youth, and in spite of the war keeps up its work in Berlin, Vienna, and other cities of the Central Powers. It is reported that when the British entered Jerusalem a few months ago they found the depot of the Society safe, with 30,000 Bibles on hand. Typical of the Bible classes for our men in the service are those held at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station north of Chicago. Ministers and laymen in large numbers have taken great interest in this work. On a recent Sunday there were over seventy classes, taught mostly by laymen, and double this number could have been formed if there had been teachers. The work is going forward with so much interest that it is expected that 20,000 Jackies will be in the classes at the station by September 1. The laymen are rising nobly to this opportunity and are themselves receiving great good from the service. One of them said recently, 'We are learning more than the boys.'"

FUEL-PROBLEMS-IN-WAR-TIME

Prepared for THE LITERARY DIGEST *by the* UNITED STATES FUEL ADMINISTRATION.

HOW YOUR WARM-AIR FURNACE CAN HELP WIN THE WAR

Copyrighted by Harris & Ewing.

DR. H. A. GARFIELD,
United States Fuel Administrator.

YOUR firing-line is at your furnace door. Every householder must be the master of his own house-heating furnace this winter if the nation's supply of coal is to be stretched to cover the enormous war-demand for fuel.

Hundreds of thousands of patriotic miners in the dark depths of the earth are struggling with the stubborn rock to bring forth the coal which must build ships and move them, make steel, shells, guns, and all the myriad materials which are vitally needed by our soldiers and the soldiers of the Allied nations. A stream of coal is coming from the mines which exceeds all expectations. But fast as the coal production grows, the capacity of the ravening maw of war-activities grows faster. War-industries which in April were allotted coal in great quantities are now calling for additional millions of tons. The miner is doing his part. You must do yours.

THE IMPORTANCE OF PERSONAL ATTENTION—Is your home heated with a warm-air furnace? If it is, study this article. Then study your furnace. Do not leave it to a servant or an itinerant odd-job man. No more pressing patriotic duty confronts you than to brave the terrors of your cellar, and to put your own intelligence to work saving coal in the operation of your furnace. Remember if you save only eighty pounds of coal you have saved enough to make another three-inch shell to carry the message of democracy to the arrogant hosts of Prussianism.

If you have a steam or hot-water heating plant, watch this page. Here will be presented instructions to cover your particular case.

Your first duty is to find out why you are not getting the proper heat from your furnace. You may think you are getting a high efficiency, but investigate anyway. You will be astonished. Do not blame the coal nor the landlord, nor the type of furnace nor the fireman until you have actually determined which of these is at fault.

PARTICULAR ITEMS FOR ATTENTION—The first item to consider is the smoke-pipe. It should fit snugly into the chimney and should be thoroughly cleaned and have no holes that will leak air. When the smoke-pipes from more than one heater enter the same chimney, each should have a separate chimney-flue. If your draft seems to be poor, remember that the chimney must extend above the highest point of the roof of your house and higher than any other adjoining building within a radius of seventy-five feet.

Heater flues should be thoroughly cleaned of all soot. In many cases the furnace or the coal is blamed for poor heat when the fault is directly due to the neglect of the householder in failing to clean his heater flues.

With the chimney, smoke-pipe, and heater flue in good order, the next thing to be examined is the heater itself. In many cases the consumer supposes that poor results are due to an undersized heater too small for the house it is to heat. While in some cases this is a legitimate reason, it is natural to assume that most heaters are installed large enough for their work, provided they are properly fired. With the average heater the trouble is usually local.

You should examine the heating circulation through the pipes. Be sure there are no obstructions which would prevent a full flow of warm air to carry the heat from the plant to the rooms above it. One very important fact in connection with the warm-air furnace is the cold-air register. This should be so located on the living-room floor that it will receive the air from all the rooms to be heated. Frequently the cold-air register is found in some hall or vestibule that is usually closed off from the rest of the house. Opening of all doors will increase circulation and help the even distribution of heat throughout the house.

WATCH THE COLD-AIR FLUES—The important point of proper circulation should be carefully studied by each consumer in connection with his own warm-air furnace. To ascertain whether or not the amount of cold air entering the furnace is of sufficient volume to provide all the warm air required for the house, all that is needed is a tape-measure and about fifteen minutes' work. Measure the area of all the warm-air pipes leaving the furnace, then measure the area of the cold-air duct entering the furnace. *The cold-air duct should in every case be equal to at least one-half of the total area of all the warm-air pipes that leave the top of the furnace.* In other words, when the cold air enters the furnace and is heated, it will expand sufficiently to double its volume when heated to the proper temperature for comfort in the house. If you have not sufficient volume in your cold-air duct to get the proper amount of cold air, have the cold-air duct increased in size. This duct should enter the base of the furnace so that its top edge is below the bottom of the grates. It must be below the grates, because otherwise the heat from the firepot will be a direct obstruction to the flow of cold air.

Be sure that your cold-air duct is equipped with a proper damper. In severe weather this damper can be closed or partially closed, thus effecting a considerable coal-saving. Most consumers have paid little or no attention to the question of how the supply of air which is heated is obtained. In many cases the cold air ducts are found full of dirt and bricks and cellar refuse. Have them cleaned and put into proper condition.

The registers opening into the rooms should not have rugs or pieces of furniture placed over them which will obstruct the flow of air. Give the registers an opportunity to heat your house even if it is necessary to sacrifice, somewhat, the harmony of arrangement of rugs and furniture. The hot-air pipes leading away from the top of the furnace should have as much upward pitch as it is possible to give them. They should have as few bends as possible. In other words, they must reach the rooms by the shortest route. It is always well to have all such pipes thoroughly wrapt with two-ply asbestos. Place your hand on the outside casing of your heater. This casing should always be sufficiently cool so that you can place your hand on it at all times. If it is hot, there is poor heating circulation, which must be corrected.

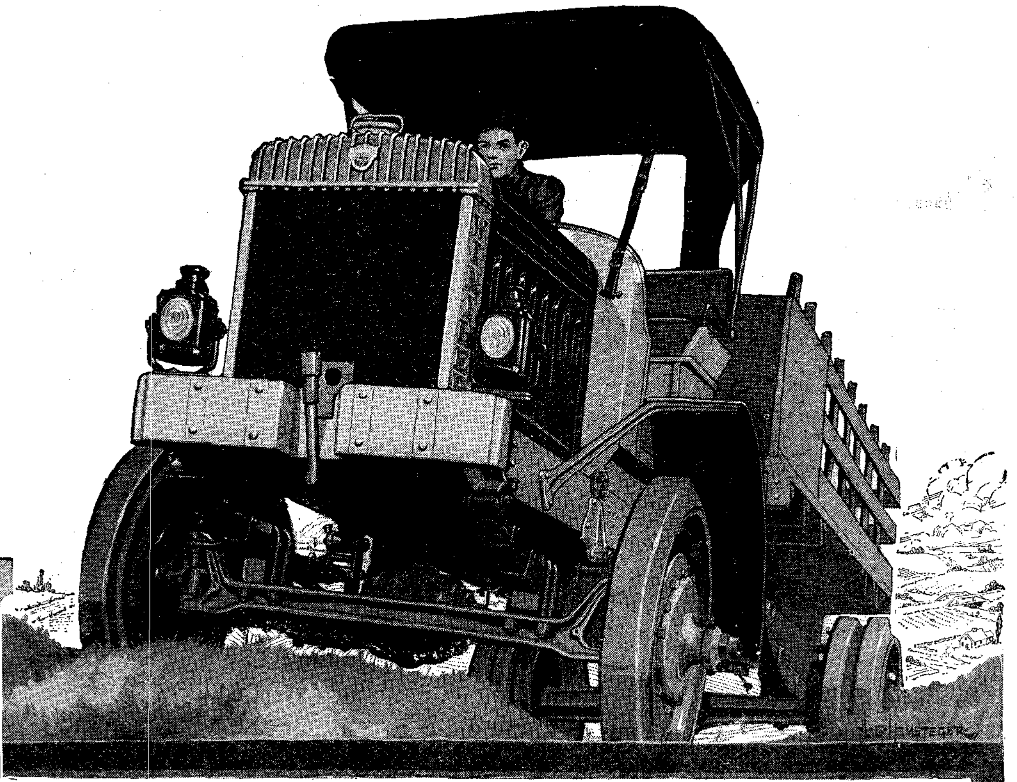
Briefly summarized, then, these are matters of importance in operating the hot-air furnace:

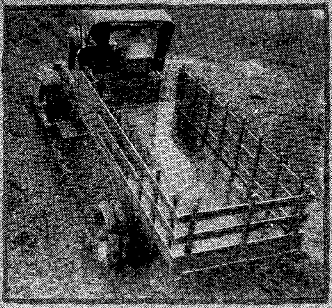
1. Examine the smoke-pipe.
2. Clean the heater flue.
3. Examine the heating circulation and make sure there are no obstructions.
4. Measure the area of the hot-air pipes leaving the top of the furnace, then measure the cold-air duct, and be sure that the area of the cold-air duct is at least one-half the area of the hot-air pipes. In other words, you can not get sufficient heat in your house unless you are supplying air to the furnace to be heated.

The United States Fuel Administration asks each householder having a warm-air furnace installed in his home to go down into the cellar and ascertain through his own investigation exactly the condition of his heating plant. Then try these few simple remedies.

WORMLESS

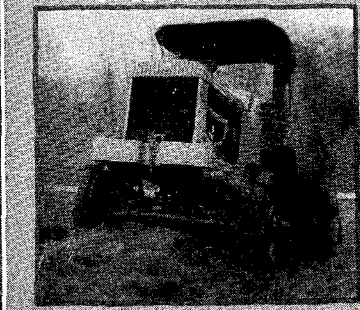
WINTHER MOTOR TRUCKS
WINTHROP HARBOR, ILL.




THE START

HALF WAY UP

STILL COMING UP


OVER THE TOP

THESE photographs were taken in a test by our advertising agents, the Charles H. Fuller Company of Chicago, without any of our representatives being present. The grade of this hill was 57 per cent—the "Road" a mere track up the side of a ravine.

Go Over the Top with Winther 4 Wheel Drive

TODAY we introduce to you the new series of Winther Four Wheel Drive units, a complete line from one and one-half to seven tons.

It is fitting that it has been left to Martin Winther to combine the time proven standard principles of Winther construction with the four wheel drive idea in a truck which will, we believe, out-pull and out-perform any motor truck heretofore produced. No engineer in America has done more to develop the Four Wheel Drive idea—the culmination of his years of experience—in this new series of Winther Trucks for commercial use.

There are no adequate terms to describe the performance of Winther Four Wheel Drive. *Winther, driving on all four wheels, with interlocking differentials, will take its load where motor trucks have never before gone.* We know of no service which a motor truck might be called upon to render which Winther Four Wheel Drive will not meet successfully.

The Rural Express

For the first time also Four Wheel Drive Motor Trucks are available for farm use. The 1½-ton Winther Trucks have been produced with the especial thought of giving the American farmer a motor truck—a real utility wagon—of unheard-of efficiency at a price he can afford to pay. The same spirit and confidence which has prompted every farmer to purchase a binder and other modern equipment calls him now to motorize his hauling. We believe every farmer in America will be interested in a motor truck which will, with economy, go anywhere a team can pull a wagon. No longer need you fit your needs to the truck—there is a Winther Four Wheel Drive to fit every need.

To Distributors of Motor Cars Motor Trucks and Tractors

We have a proposition pertaining to distribution which is deserving of your immediate consideration with a complete line of heavy duty trucks in both four wheel drive and rear driven. Every need of both city and country can be met with a Winther.

To the farmer, Winther means that he gets his produce to market at top prices, it means a saving in time and money and the man power needed "over there." To the city user and the manufacturer with the **long haul** problem Winther means new economy and new efficiency in motor truck use.

We shall be glad to tell both user and seller about Winther Trucks, to send you at once full details of Winther Four Wheel Drive.

Winther Four Wheel Drive

Model 438, 1½ tons capacity
Model 448, 2 tons capacity
Model 468, 3 tons capacity
Model 488, 4 tons capacity
Model 4108, 5 tons capacity
Model 4128, 6 tons capacity
Model 4148, 7 tons capacity

Winther Rear Drive Trucks

Model 38, 1½ tons capacity
Model 48, 2 tons capacity
Model 68, 3 tons capacity
Model 88, 4 tons capacity
Model 108, 5 tons capacity
Model 128, 6 tons capacity
Model 148, 7 tons capacity

WINTHER MOTOR TRUCK CO.
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CURRENT - POETRY

FROM the London *New Age* we take some interesting examples of Japanese poetry. Mr. R. B. Marriott Watson has done the translations and Mr. Clifford Bax has done the versification. As Mr. Watson puts it, "I have torn the souls of the poems from their Eastern bodies and thrown them to Mr. Bax to clothe in English." Of Japanese poetry Mr. Watson writes:

"Japanese poetry, like all Japanese art, is built on suggestion. The language itself, subtle, ambiguous, lends itself to fine nuances of meaning. If a poem in Japanese says all that is to be said—describes a thing fully—gives a detailed description or account of anything, then the poem is not 'Japanese.' This, of course renders it difficult of translation.

"There are various forms of Japanese poetry, all purely metrical, rime being unknown. One of the commonest forms, and the most attractive, is the Hokku, the short poem of three lines only, the first of five syllables, the second of seven, and the third of five again. Thus:

Furu ike ya
Kawasu tobi komu
Mizu no oto.

"A little picture poem of a hot summer day roughly rendered into English as:

An old pond
A frog jumps in
The sound of water.

"The following poems are of all periods—some from the Hyakunin Zsshin, that famous old anthology of Japanese poetry, and some, as will be seen, quite modern. They are also of all types, or of a sufficient number of types, at any rate, to be fairly representative."

Turning to the poems, we are given eighteen examples, and Mr. Watson adds an illuminating word or two of comment here and there.

1

The first fall of snow . . .
The footprint of dogs . . .
The flower of the plum.

" (A 'picture' poem of the Hokku form. The next is also of the same variety.)

2

The first fall of snow . . .
The barrel-collector
There in his rags—
He too is a man.

3

The tortoise, holding back his head,
Who neither sees nor hears
Nor covets aught within the world outside,
Lives for ten thousand years.

4

The Waters of the Mountain that shall mingle
with the Sea's
Must for a little while endure the Shadows of the
Trees.

5

The moor-hens on the water
Seem without any labor to float by.
Their travail is beneath the placid water.
Like the moor-hens am I.

" (Composed by a celebrated Daimio to indicate to his friends the numerous troubles of statecraft which he endured despite his outward calm.)

6

In Spring before the leaves unclose
All the young plants are green.
It is the later Autumn shows
How multi-colored were the flowers within.

" (A philosophical poem pointing out the compensations of age.)

7

The little sparrow that hops and flutters,
Picking up food in the garden, knows not—
How should it know?—of the eagle's eyry.

" (This is a very well-known philosophical simile, of which there are many both in China and Japan, expressing the same thought: 'As well talk to a grasshopper of winter as to a pedagog of Tao, for what should it know, the creature of but a season, of the ice and snow?' (Chang Tzu) and 'What does the well-frog (*i.e.*, the frog that lives in a well) know of the boundless ocean?')

8

See, how across the plain
The oxen go,
Unheeding, imperturbable, and slow,
Through the sharp summer rain!

9

On Kamakura hill
An ancient pine-tree standing very still. . . .
No noise, but here and there
A thin and sultry humming of cicadas in the air.

10

Full moon: and in the house
The koto sweetly played . . .
Ah, that I could but peep at her,
The music-making maid.

11

At hoary, many-historied Oitcho
The small cicadas, chattering as they go,
Still tell the hero-stories which they told
There in the times of old.

"(The following poem was written on visiting an ancient famous battle-field.)

12

Of all the noble dream, the lofty thought,
For which the Samurai once lived and fought,
How much remains? Alas,
Only the summer grass!

13

Tho strange are all the faces here
In the old village where I spent my prime,
Still have the flowers at least
The perfume of that time.

"(A mother has lost her child, and the recurring season with its characteristic children's amusements stirs in her the memory of her lost boy.)

14

Last year, too,
The children chased the dragon-flies.
Little, unforgotten boy,
Where now are you?

15

What loveliness they make—
Unlaboring, unaware—
The water-mirrored moon,
The moon-reflecting lake!

16

Stepping out of my humble cottage
Lonely of heart, I beheld around me
Everywhere the autumnal twilight.

17

Wandering among the maple-leaves, I hear
The cry of mountain-deer. . . .
Ah, the sweet wo of autumn, the beautiful
waning year!

"(Another poem of the Hokku type.)

18

Coming late, I found the spot
Where they brought him—dead.
It was a little time ago,
And tears were shed.
It was a little time ago . . .
The weepers have forgot.

"(Written by the son of the late General Nogi on visiting the grave of an old comrade in arms killed in the Russo-Japanese War.)

Crossing the Yellow Sea, we come from Japan to China, which has a wealth of poetical literature which is only now beginning to be known to the Western student. Arthur Waley has translated a series of characteristic examples for the Chicago *Poetry.* The first is by an anonymous author of the first century B.C.

SHANG YA

Shang Ya!
I want to be your friend
Forever and ever without break or decay.
When the hills are all flat
And the rivers are all dry,
When it lightnings and thunders in winter,
When it rains and snows in summer,
When Heaven and Earth mingle—
Not till then will I part from you.

Next we have an example from the sixth century A.D. from the pen of T'ang Seng-ch'i:

ON FINDING A HAIRPIN IN A DISUSED WELL

Once a girl was gathering flowers,
Gathering flowers at the well-side.
The flowers she plucked she put in her hair
And she looked at herself in the well-water.
Long she looked and couldn't stop,
Laughing and laughing at her own beauty,
Till one of her golden pins fell out
And there in the well it has lain ever since.
Its peacock-feathers are turned to mud,
But the golden shaft is as bright as new.
The person who wore it is dead and gone;
What was the use of the thing lasting?

If the sentiments exprest by Wang Chi in this poem are his own, then they had a very modern brand of materialist even in the seventh century.

WHAT SHOULD A MAN WANT?

Tell me now, what should a man want
But to sit alone sipping his cup of wine?
I should like to have visitors come to discuss
philosophy
And not to have tax-collectors coming to collect
taxes;
My three sons married into good families,
My five daughters provided with steady husbands;
Then I could jog through a happy five-score years,
Craving no Cloud-ascent, no Resurrection.

About the same period as Wang Chi lived Ch'en Tzu-ang, who was as confirmed a mystic as Wang Chi was a rationalist. Here is one of his poems:

IN A JADE CUP

Business men boast of their skill and cunning
But in philosophy they are like little children.
Bragging to each other of successful depredations,
They forget to consider the ultimate fate of the
body.
What should they know of the Master of Dark
Truth
Who saw the wide world in a jade cup,
By illumined conception got clear of Heaven and
Earth,
On the chariot of Mutation entered the Gate of
Immutability?

We wait 400 years for another example and Su Shi gives us this gem of cynicism:

ON THE BIRTH OF A SON

Families when a child is born
Hope it will turn out intelligent.
I, through intelligence
Having wrecked my whole life,
Only hope that the baby will prove
Ignorant and stupid.
Then he'll be happy all his days
And grow into a Cabinet Minister.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

HOW JOYCE KILMER DIED, AND WHERE HE LIES IN FRANCE

SERGT.-MAJOR LEMIST ESLER, who served side by side with Joyce Kilmer in the Marne advance, and found Kilmer's body, tells in the New York *Times* how the poet met his death. The end, as Sergeant Esler reveals it, was worthy of the life, and of the first American man of letters killed under the American flag in the war against Germany.

We quote from *The Times:*

"Joyce Kilmer met his end in the heroic performance of his duty," said Sergeant Esler. "During the Marne advance the First Battalion of the old 69th Regiment, to which we were both attached, penetrated a village which the Germans had evacuated. The night before Joyce Kilmer was killed we were in full occupation of the town, and early next morning our battalion was directed to go on and pick up contact with the enemy again.

"Being attached to the Intelligence Department, it was the duty of Kilmer to precede the battalion and discover the possible location of enemy guns and enemy units. The last time I saw him alive was on that morning, after he had crept forth alone into No Man's Land, and had come back on a brief errand into the village. He was full of enthusiasm and eager to rush back into the woods, where he and others had suddenly discovered enemy machine guns.

"A party of us moved out with him—the battalion slowly following. Then the commander sent forth a patrol with Kilmer in the lead to establish the exact location of the machine guns which were bunched in the woods. I lost sight of Kilmer, and a couple of hours later the battalion advanced into the woods to clear the spot of the enemy. In the course of this advance I suddenly caught sight of Kilmer lying on his stomach on a bit of sloping ground, his eyes just peering over the top of what appeared to be a natural trench. Several of us ran toward him, thinking he was alive and merely lying there with his attention fixt on the enemy.

"We called to him, but received no answer. Then I ran up and turned him on his back, only to find that he was dead with a bullet through his brain. What had happened was obvious. He had crawled ahead of his patrol to scent out the guns and had reached this ridge of ground behind which he held himself concealed from the German gunners until, no longer able to resist the temptation, he stuck his head over the ridge to get a better view of the enemy. In that position the bullet found him.

"It is not a rule to bury enlisted men with officers. But Kilmer had won so much admiration and respect, not only from the enlisted men in his company but also from the officers, that the commander of the regiment authorized that his grave be dug on the spot and that he be buried next to the grave of a heroic lieutenant who had just lost his life. Thus was a tribute paid to him, altho Kilmer himself, in the great love that he bore for his fellow enlisted men, undoubtedly would have considered it as great an honor to lie at the side of a buck private as at the side of an officer.

"Joyce Kilmer left an impression upon his comrades," Sergeant Esler said, "which can never be erased. On our arrival in France, he was constantly on the lookout for something to do. The Front was his goal, and one could see that he would never be happy until he was right on the firing-line doing his duty with the men who were in the thick of it. At first he was attached to the Regimental Adjutant's Office, doing statistical work. But he fretted under the task.

"He bent all his efforts toward being transferred, and he finally had himself moved to the Intelligence Department. It was in that department that he was elevated to the rank of sergeant. I was supply sergeant at the time, and Joyce Kilmer was a perfect trial to me. He would always be doing more than his orders called for—that is, getting much nearer to the enemy's positions than any officer would ever be inclined to send him. Night after night he would lie out in No Man's Land, crawling through barbed wires, in an effort to locate enemy positions and enemy guns, and tearing his clothes to shreds. On the following day he would come to me for a new uniform."

Alexander Woollcott, formerly dramatic critic of the New York *Times*, now a sergeant attached to *The Stars and Stripes*, the newspaper of the American Expeditionary Force, writes to a member of the *Times'* staff of Kilmer's burial, and last resting-place beside the river Ourcq in France:

"I want to report to you and to other friends of his on the ninth floor that, three days after the tide of battle had moved on toward the Vesle, I made my way across the sloping meadow just above the Ourcq and, in the name of all of us of *The Times* family, placed a spray of cypress on Joyce Kilmer's grave. Grantland Rice and I searched till we found it. He lies buried beside Lieut. Oliver Ames at the edge of a little copse that is known as the Wood of the Burned Bridge, so close to the purling Ourcq that, standing by the graveside, you could throw a pebble into its waters. Straight to the north, perhaps ten minutes' walk up the unforgetable hill, lies what is left of Seringes, the tragic, half-obliterated village that Yankee troops captured the night before Kilmer was killed.

"He was killed at the height of the great battle, killed in the climax of what I suppose was the mightiest week his regiment had ever known. Two days before, at the dawn of a misty Sunday, they had made a most gallant and irresistible charge across the river and up the hill, charging in the face of machine-gun fire that was withering, charging to all the wild battle-cries they knew, from 'Guts and bayonets, boys!' to 'Heaven, Hell, or Hoboken before Christmas!' Then followed the five-day fight for the mastery of the heights, and it was in that fight that Kilmer fell.

"He was at the very front and he was there not because he had to be but because he wanted to be. He had been working as a sergeant in the regimental intelligence section, working under the regimental intelligence officer, who thought the world of him. It was work that gave his excellent mind plenty to do and he loved it. He had relished so much the chance for service it gave him during the first days of the offensive in Champagne that, later, when his regiment was crouching for the attack across the Ourcq and he found his own battalion would not be in the lead, he asked and received permission to offer his services to the battalion that would be in the lead.

"So it happened that he was close to the Major's elbow when the battalion-adjutant was killed and, in the emergency of the battle, without commission or appointment, he was serving as a sort of aid to the battalion commander, when a machine-gun bullet dropt him. That commander is one of those who feel that there are times when the temper of the line and the pitch of the battle call for the major's presence at the very front; that, no matter what the books and the orthodox tacticians may say, there are times when the old man must be seen in front of his troops. Where the Major went, Kilmer went too, and it was thus he was killed.

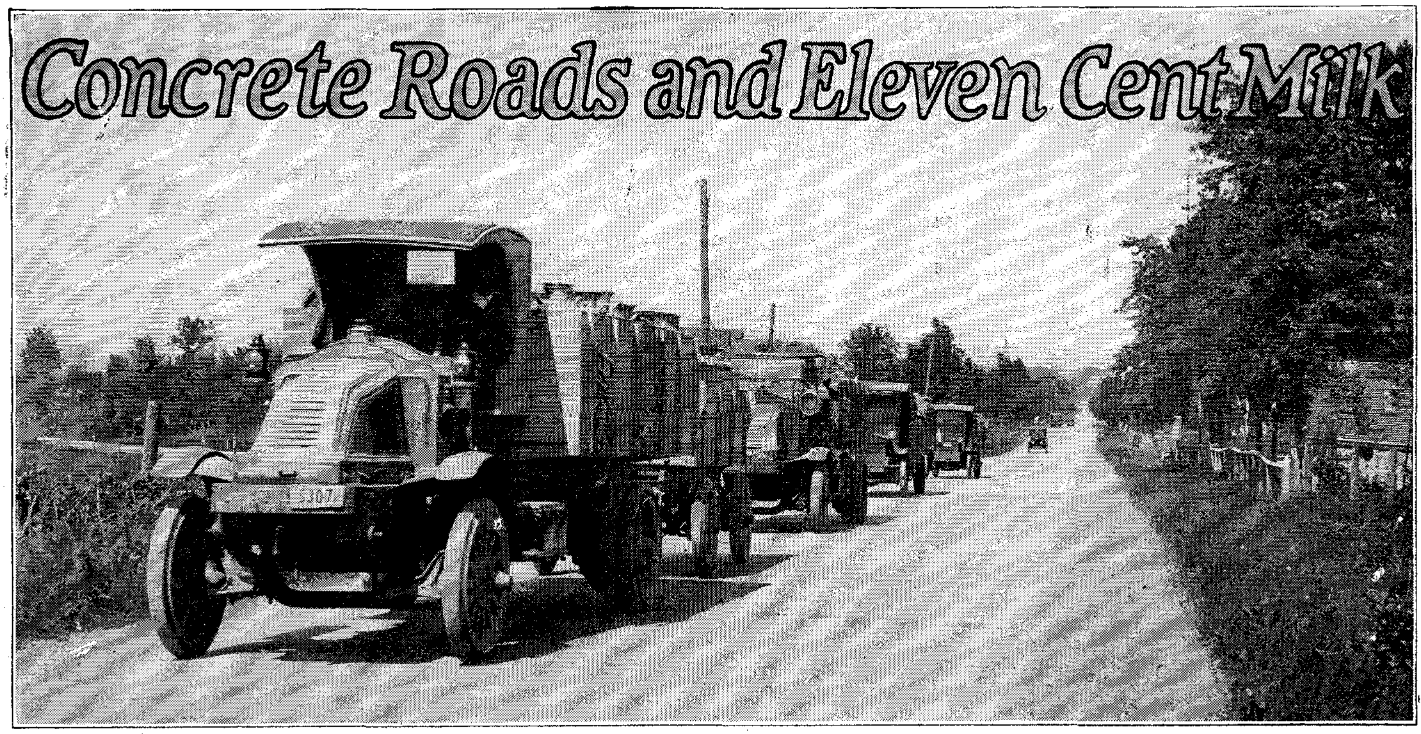
"I wish I could find words adequate to tell you how deep and genuine was the regiment's sense of loss in his death. I was with them in the woods the day they came out of the line to catch their breaths, and the news of Kilmer's death greeted me at every turn. The captain under whom he had been serving for several months, the major at whose side he fell, stray cooks, doughboys, runners—all shook their heads sorrowfully and talked among themselves of what a good soldier he had been and what an infinite pity it was that the bullet had had to single him out. And in such days as these there are no platitudes of polite regret. When men, good men and close pals, are falling about you by hundreds, when every man in the regiment has come out of the fight the poorer for the loss of not one but many friends, there is no time to say pretty things about a man just because he exists no longer. Death is too common to distinguish any one. So the glowing praise and admiration I heard for Joyce was real—every word of it. I should be proud if any one ever talked of me as I heard dozens talk of him.

"I gathered that his stock among men of all ranks had been climbing steadily from the first days when many of them, including myself, felt that he was out of his own element in a rip-roaring regiment. As the regiment's laureate, they all knew him and they knew, too, that he was at work on a history of the regiment. He had become quite an institution, with his arms always full of maps as they used to be full of minor poetry, and his mouth always full of that imperishable pipe.

"They all knew his verse. I never get over my surprize at finding that all soldiers read verse, and most of them write it. Most of them carry a little notebook in which they set down their own couplets and also copy off any poem that has touched or amused them.

"I found any number of men who had only to fish about in their tattered blouses to bring out the copy of a poem Kilmer wrote in memory of some of their number who were killed by a shell in March. I made my own copy from the grimy pages of one proffered diary, and I put it in for you to see, tho it occurs to me it may have

Concrete Roads and Eleven Cent Milk



Concrete pavement on Janesville Road, Milwaukee Co., Wisconsin.

In Milwaukee, milk costs **11 cents a quart.** In most cities it is 13 cents or more. This means a saving in the annual milk bill of a city of 450,000 people, consuming 185,000 quarts a day, of over $1,000,000.

There are three reasons for 11 cent milk in Milwaukee:

(1) ***Well organized distribution;*** (2) ***Ample milk supply;*** (3) ***LOW COST OF HAULING.***

All three are **a natural sequence of an excellent system of 129 miles of concrete highways** leading to the city. Only a small portion of the milk supply comes in by rail. Most of it is hauled over concrete roads. Not only have these roads materially lowered the cost of hauling milk to market, but they have also materially extended the source of supply. Plenty of milk is made available at a low price to the consumer.

Read this statement recently made by G. R. Rice, Genl. Mgr. Milwaukee Milk Producers' Assn.:

"There was a time when 15 cans of milk made a good load for a team of horses, and it was impossible to run trucks. Now milk is being hauled by truck, and the load runs from 50 to 100 cans. It comes in daily without trouble after once getting on the concrete roads.

The output of milk may not have been affected by the cement roads, but the cost of getting it in is much less and the time of delivery is shortened; consequently the milk arrives in much better condition, and the loss from souring is much less."

Also this by John Le Feber, Pres. Gridley Dairy Co., the largest milk concern in Milwaukee:

"Formerly milk was drawn in by horse and wagon. Now it comes by motor truck, which would be impossible over the old dirt roads.

I can not say exactly how much less per can the price is than in former years. Considering the enormous increase in all hauling costs, it is at least 25 per cent. Milk hauled by team used to get in from two to three hours later than it does now by truck, on a 20-mile haul. This in itself is an enormous saving. In hot summer months and in cold winter weather, it is much better preserved by quick delivery.

Where one man formerly with two horses (which had to be changed every other day) hauled about 40 cans a day, now a two-ton truck will haul about 100 eight-gallon cans, making two trips instead of one.

Concrete roads have encouraged the farmer to produce more milk; it is easier for him to haul his feed, of which he usually has to buy a lot outside.

I can not see a larger benefit to the State of Wisconsin than in continuing the wonderful work it has already done in concreting its roads."

HOW MUCH OF YOUR MILK BILL IS FOR BAD ROADS?

Our New Bulletin, 61, will interest you. Write our nearest District Office for your copy.

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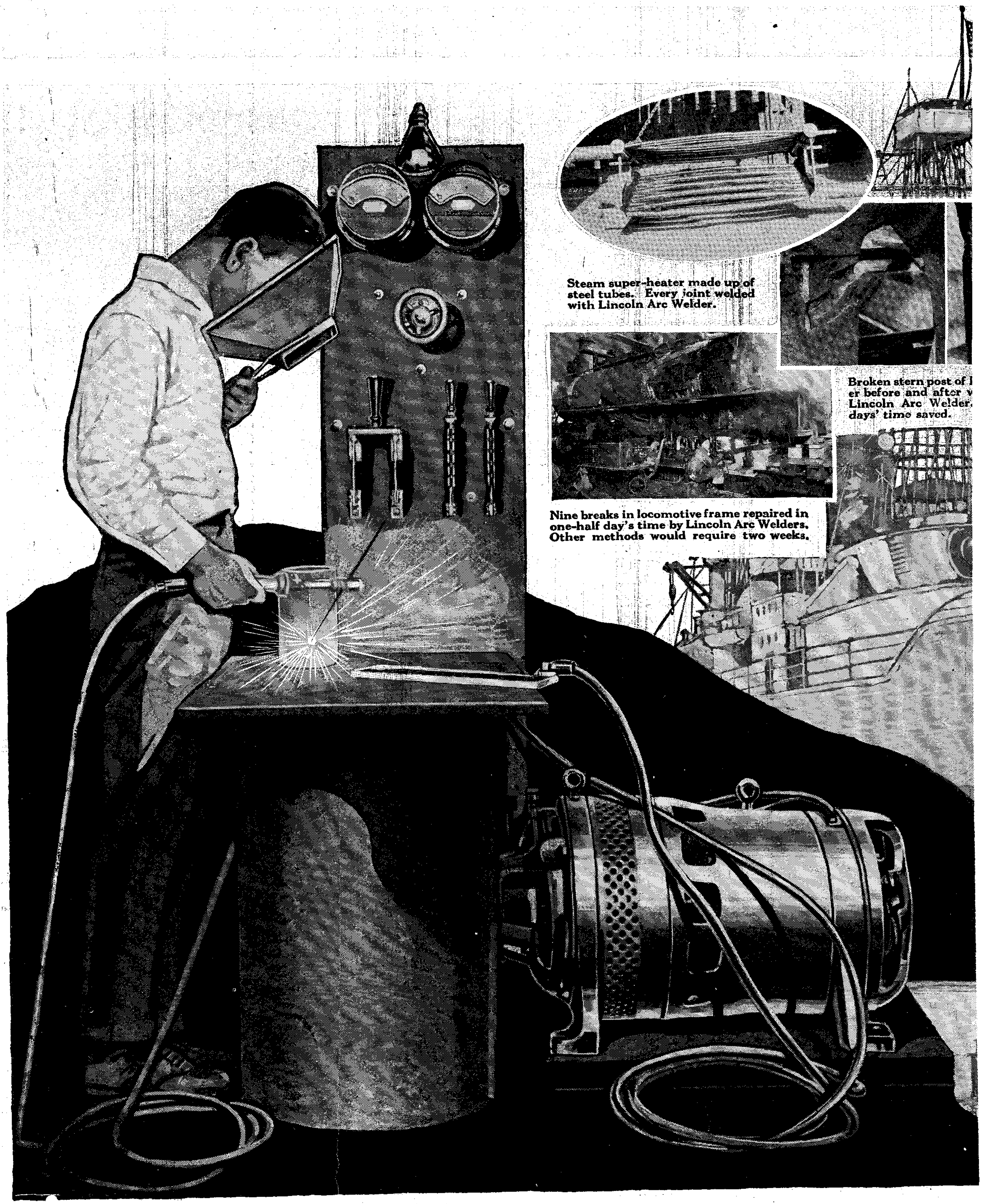
CONCRETE FOR PERMANENCE

LINCOLN



Steam super-heater made up of steel tubes. Every joint welded with Lincoln Arc Welder.

Nine breaks in locomotive frame repaired in one-half day's time by Lincoln Arc Welders. Other methods would require two weeks.

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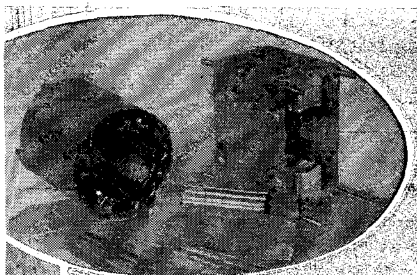
Lincoln Arc Welder.
days' time saved.

WELDER



Welding parts of airplane magneto with Lincoln Arc Welder instead of riveting. Faster and gives more efficient magneto.

Correcting defects in cast steel army truck wheels. Lincoln Arc Welders increased output 20 per cent.

Faster Work with Iron and Steel

The safety of America—the fate of the world—depend on more work and faster work with iron and steel. At every vital point in America's war program, this work is being speeded by the use of electric arc welding.

Steel output is being increased by rapid and effective repairs to the rolling mills made with the Lincoln Arc Welder.

Ships are being launched faster because arc welding is replacing slow, awkward and expensive riveting. Railroads are carrying more supplies and troops because Lincoln Arc Welders perform in one day locomotive repairs that used to take a week or more.

Motor trucks, airplanes, cannon, shells, are all being turned out in mounting numbers because the Lincoln Arc Welder corrects the slightly defective castings and forgings that would otherwise be scrapped and made over.

At the very battle-front, a battery of fifty-three Lincoln Arc Welders will soon be in use for making immediate repairs to damaged equipment.

If you do any work where iron and steel pieces must be joined or where breakage, defects or wear must be repaired, it is your duty to the nation to get the facts about electric arc welding.

Write on your business letterhead and we will send you 72-page illustrated data book on Arc Welding.

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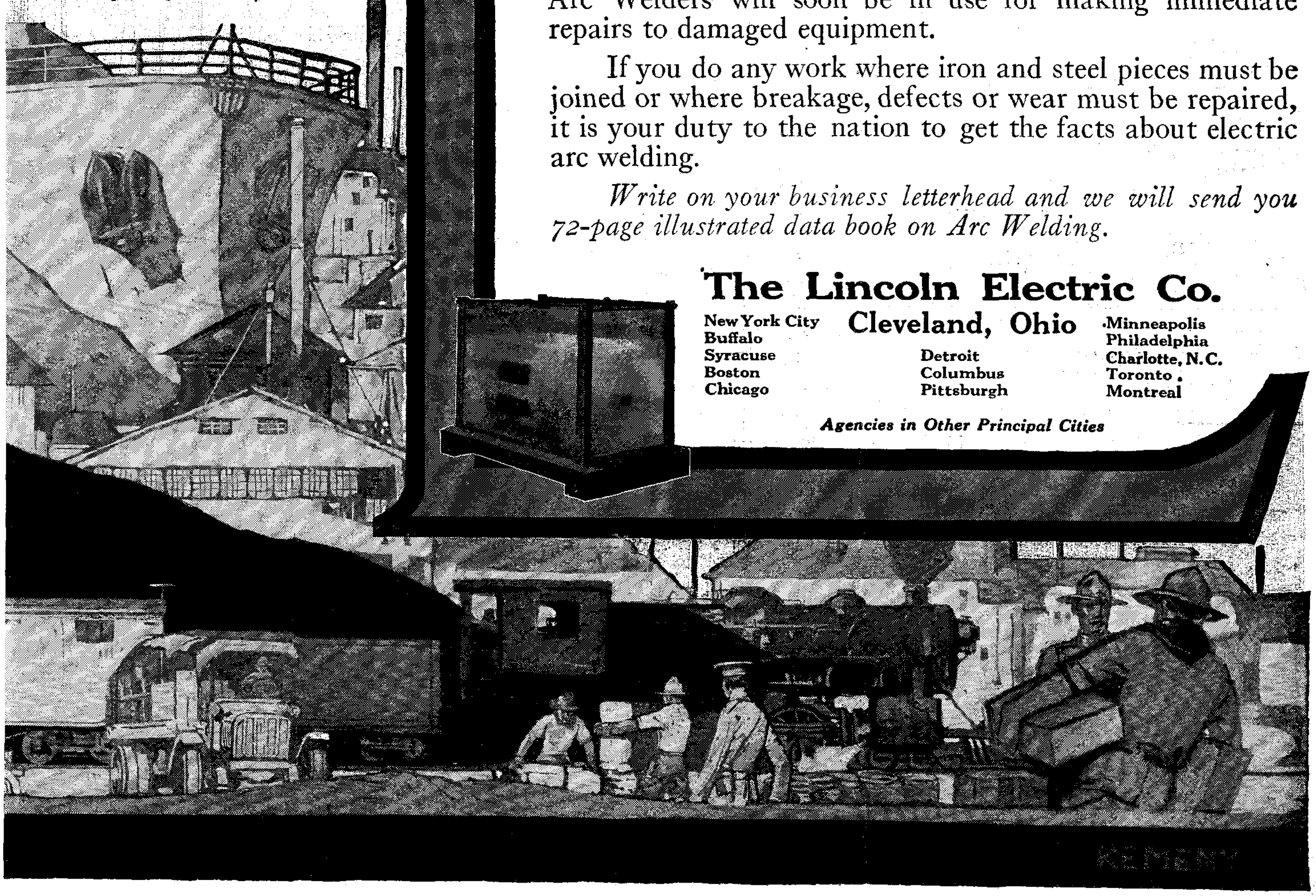

been published in the States long since. You will see that there is a refrain which calls for bugle notes, and I am told that at the funeral services, where the lines were first read, the desperately sad notes of 'Taps' sounded faintly from a distant grove when the refrain invoked them. The lines were read by Joyce's own beloved Father Duffy, and those who were there told me the tears streamed down the face of every boy in the regiment. They just blubbered.

"I have put aside among my papers a detailed, small-scale map which shows the Ourcq battle-field and has Kilmer's grave marked on it. Some day, when I may forward such a document, I will send it to you and you can send it to Mrs. Kilmer, if you think it would please her to have it.

"I wish I could reconstruct for you that rain-swept battle-field as I saw it. After we had turned our backs on the pitiful ruins of Seringes, there was nothing to remind us of war save the boom of the cannon heard faintly from the direction of the Vesle and there on the horizon the sentinel balloons swaying ever so slightly in the wind. You must remember that all this countryside had been quite outside the blasting path of the armies only ten weeks before, so that only its villages and the forests that have received a concentration from the big guns are really deeply scarred. This is not the bleak, blasted heath of such a veteran front as the Chemin des Dames, but rather such a fair, rolling country as our own Berkshires, with fields still golden with unharvested wheat. For Kilmer's grave I might have gathered poppies from the field or an armful of Queen Anne's lace, but as I picked my way through the unspeakably foul and battered streets of Seringes, it occurred to me to crawl over the shell-wrecked churchyard wall and get a branch from the cypress there.

"Then, when I found the grave, I say I need not have brought anything, so eloquent was the grave itself of affection in the making of it. The sod was so trim, the green cross of sod across its surface shaped and patted with such painstaking care. It was marked, of course, by a wooden cross, and on this was written 'Sergeant Joyce Kilmer.' Then, after his company and regiment were inscribed, there was just the line, 'Killed in Action—July 30, 1918.'

"That's all there is to my story, and I have sat up late to write it because, while I myself did not know Kilmer well, I know there were many in the shop who knew him well and that they will want to know."

The poem by Kilmer mentioned by Mr. Woollcott is in the September number of *Scribner's Magazine*, and is as follows:

ROUGE BOUQUET

In a wood they call the Rouge Bouquet
There is a new-made grave to-day,
Built by never a spade nor pick
Yet covered with earth ten meters thick.
There lie many fighting men,
  Dead in their youthful prime,
Never to laugh nor love again
  Nor taste the Summertime.
For Death came flying through the air
And stopt his flight at the dugout stair,
Touched his prey and left them there,
  Clay to clay.
He hid their bodies stealthily
In the soil of the land they fought to free
  And fled away.
Now over the grave, abrupt and clear
  Three volleys ring;
And perhaps their brave young spirits hear
  The bugle sing:
"Go to sleep!
Go to sleep!
Slumber well where the shell screamed and fell.
Let your rifles rest on the muddy floor,
You will not need them any more.
Danger's past;
Now at last,
Go to sleep!"

There is on earth no worthier grave
To hold the bodies of the brave
Than this place of pain and pride
Where they nobly fought and nobly died.
Never fear but in the skies
  Saints and angels stand
Smiling with their holy eyes
  On this new-come band.
St. Michael's sword darts through the air
And touches the aureole on his hair
As he sees them stand saluting there,
  His stalwart sons;
And Patrick, Brigid, Columkill
Rejoice that in veins of warriors still
  The Gael's blood runs.
And up to Heaven's doorway floats,
  From the wood called Rouge Bouquet,
A delicate cloud of bugle notes
  That softly say:
"Farewell!
Farewell!
Comrades true, born anew, peace to you!
Your souls shall be where the heroes are
And your memory shine like the morning star.
Brave and dear,
Shield us here.
Farewell!"

THE WILD ADVENTURE OF THE CZECHO-SLOVAK RETREAT THROUGH RUSSIA

ROMANCE, which consists mainly in the accomplishment of impossible things, has seldom been better served than in the retreat of the Czecho-Slovaks through Russia. Before the Allies finally decided to come to their assistance, the fantastic army of former prisoners of war had pretty well succeeded in carrying out a retreat as difficult as that historic withdrawal from Moscow, which is ranked as the outstanding failure of Napoleon. How the Czecho-Slovaks, in rebellion against their own tyrannical Government no less than against the Germanized Bolsheviki, managed to get arms and supplies, how they managed to march thousands of miles through a passively or actively hostile country, constitutes one of the seven wonders of the war.

Captain Vladimir S. Hurban, an officer in that part of the Czecho-Slovak force which managed to reach Vladivostok, lately arrived in Washington to make a report to Professor Marsaryk, commander-in-chief of the Czecho-Slovak Army and President of the National Council. His story of the retreat is published by the New York *Globe*. It begins with the formation of the army, surely one of the most remarkable armies in history. Captain Hurban says:

"Our army in Russia was organized from Czecho and Slovak prisoners of war under almost insurmountable difficulties. We were cooperating with the Russian Army, and since the summer of 1917 were practically the only army on the Russian front capable of any military action in the proper sense of the word. In July, 1917, during the first revolutionary offensive under Kerensky it was only our army that really attacked and advanced.

"When the Bolshevik *Soviet* Government signed the peace treaty at the beginning of March, our army, about 50,000 men, was in the Ukraine, near Kief. The former Ukrainian Government, to escape the Bolsheviki, threw themselves into the arms of the Germans and called for German help. When the German and Austrian armies began their advance into the Ukraine the position of our army was almost desperate. We were in a state which had concluded peace, into which, however, the Germans were advancing and occupying large territories without resistance. The Red Guards of the *Soviets* did not represent any real military power.

"The Germans advanced against us in overwhelming numbers and there was danger that we would be surrounded. Emperor Charles sent us a special envoy with the promise that if we would disarm we would be amnestied and our lands would receive autonomy. We answered that we would not negotiate with the Austrian Emperor.

"As we could not hold a front, we began a retreat to the east. Already then in agreement with the Allies (our army had been proclaimed a part of the Czecho-Slovak Army on the Western Front, and thus allied with the French Army) it was decided to transport our army over Siberia and America to France. We began the difficult retreat from Kief. The Germans in overwhelming force were trying to prevent our escape. About a hundred miles behind us they seized the important railroad junction at Bachmac, which we were obliged to pass in our trains on our retreat to the east.

"When we arrived at Bachmac the Germans were waiting for us. There began a battle lasting four days, in which they were badly defeated, and which enabled us to get our trains through. The commander of the German detachment offered us a forty-eight hours' truce, which we accepted, for our duty was to leave the Ukraine; but the truce was canceled by the German chief commander, Linsingen, but too late; our trains had already got away. We lost altogether about 600 men, while we buried 2,000 Germans in one day."

But this successful parting encounter with the Germans, which assured their escape from the Ukraine, was the beginning rather than the end of their troubles. Trouble soon developed with the Bolsheviki, concerning whom Captain Hurban remarks:

"We refrained from meddling with Russian internal affairs, and we tried to come to an agreement with the Bolshevik Government with respect to our departure or passage through Russia. But already signs were visible that the Bolsheviki—either under German influence or because we then represented the only real power in Russia—would try to put obstacles in our way. It would have sufficed to order one of our regiments (our army was then, in March, near Moscow) to take Moscow, and in half a day there would have been no Bolshevik Government. Altho we could not sympathize with the Bolshevik Government, we, as guests, refrained from all action against it, and remained absolutely loyal to it.

"To prove indisputably our loyalty we turned over to the Bolsheviki everything, all our arms, with the exception of a few rifles, which we kept for our, so to say, personal safety (ten rifles for each 100 men). The equipment we turned over to the Bolsheviki, including arms, horses, auto-

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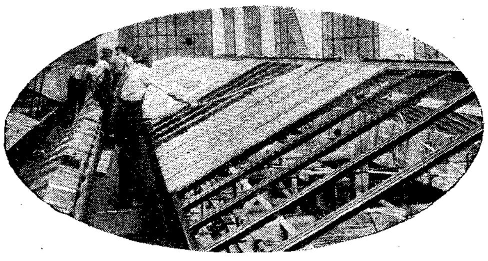

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Booklet 112 describes Aspromet Glazing and its application to industrial plants and public institutions throughout the country. Write for a copy.

Aspromet APM Company
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mobiles, airplanes, etc., was worth more than 1,000,000,000 rubles, and it was legally in our possession, for we took it away from the Germans, to whom it had been abandoned by the fleeing Bolsheviki. This transfer of the equipment was, of course, preceded by an agreement made between us and the Moscow Government, by which we were guaranteed unmolested passage through Siberia, to which the Government pledged to give its unconditional support.

"The Germans were uneasy about our movement. To-day we have documentary evidence of the fact that in March the Germans considered our progress as a naive adventure, which soon would end in failure. When they saw, however, that the 'impossibility,' as they called it, was becoming a reality, they began to do their best to frustrate our efforts, and organized an army against us. As I had said, the Bolsheviki, tho not exceptionally friendly to us, restrained so far from all direct action against us. Their only desire in that respect, to which they devoted much money, was to persuade our volunteers to join their Red Guard. We did practically nothing to oppose it, but we knew our men. Our people are too well educated politically in every other way to be carried away by methods of Lenine and Trotzky.

"More dangerous was the work of German agents who, under the mask of internationalism, found their way into the *Soviets*. In every *Soviet* there was a German who exercized a great influence over all its members.

"Soon there came the news that the German and Magyar prisoners of war were organizing in Siberia and were being armed by the Bolsheviki under the pretense that they were going to fight against 'world imperialism.' We have proved now that the Germans were planning to provoke our conflict with the Bolsheviki and to destroy us piecemeal with the aid of the armed prisoners of war.

"Under such circumstances we began our pilgrimage east. I was in the first train (there were then eighty trains of us), which was to prepare the way. Notwithstanding the fact that we kept our word, that we surrendered all arms with the exception of the few necessary, our progress was hindered, and unending negotiations had to be repeated in every seat of a local *Soviet*. After fifty-seven days of such tiresome travel our first train arrived in Vladivostok, where we were enthusiastically received by the Allied units stationed there."

Then began a series of interferences on the part of the Bolsheviki, evidently under pressure by German influences. The dangers and inconveniences to which the retreating troops were subjected can no longer be laid to accident or ignorance, declares Captain Hurban. He makes specific accusations:

"The trains were stopt at different stations so that they finally were separated by a distance of over fifty miles from one another. Provoking incidents of all kinds were the order of the day. The arming of the German and Magyar prisoners was begun on a large scale. One of the orders of Tchitcherin, the Bolshevik Foreign Minister, reads: 'Dispatch all German and Magyar prisoners out of Siberia; stop the Czecho-Slovaks.' Three members of our National Council who were sent to Moscow for an explanation of the stopping of our trains were arrested. At the same time our trains were attacked in different stations by the *Soviet* troops, formed mostly of German and Magyar prisoners.

"I will recall the Irkutsk incident. Our train—about 400 men, armed with ten rifles and twenty hand-grenades—was surrounded by a few thousand Red Guards armed with machine guns and cannon. Their commander gave our men ten minutes to surrender their arms or be shot. According to their habit, ours began negotiations. Suddenly there was heard the German command '*Schiessen!*' and the Red Guards began firing at the train. Our men jumped off the train and in five minutes all the machine guns were in their possession, the Russian Bolsheviki disarmed, and all the Germans and Magyars done away with.

The Siberian Government, which resides in Irkutsk and which, as it appeared later, ordered this attack, can thank only the intervention of the American and French consuls that it was not destroyed by our rightly embittered volunteers.

"To what extremes our loyalty was carried is shown by the fact that, altho prefidiously attacked, and altho we disarmed the Red Guard in Irkutsk, we still began new negotiations, with the result that we surrendered all our arms on the condition that all German and Magyar prisoners would be disarmed and disbanded and that we would be allowed to proceed unmolested. The Siberian Government guaranteed us unmolested passage, and, taught by bitter experience that it was dangerous to attack even unarmed Czecho-Slovaks, let us proceed to Vladivostok. True, this concerned only the trains in the vicinity of Irkutsk; the trains west of Irkutsk were, under the orders of Moscow, attacked in the same manner, but always with the same result; everywhere the Bolsheviki were disarmed.

"The arrest of the members of our National Council took place immediately before these treacherous attacks. Then thousands of armed Germans and Magyars in the vicinity of Omsk, Krasnoyarsk, and Chita forced our army between Volga and Irkutsk to take the Siberian administration into their hands (toward the end of June). But even at this stage we were trying to enter into negotiations with Moscow. But Moscow—*i.e.*, Lenine and Trotzky—proclaimed us murderers and began mobilization against us. Under these circumstances our troops were forced to take possession of the bridges over the Volga.

"I must mention the fact that our defense which, as said, was necessitated by treacherous attacks and everywhere resulted in the disarmament of the Bolsheviki, was joyfully greeted by the majority of the Russian population. Anti-Bolsheviki took advantage of the situation and overthrew the *Soviets*. We did not interfere with their internal affairs, even after the open conflict. We only disarmed those who attacked us, to make repetition of attacks impossible.

"The Germans were trying to spread rumors that our volunteers committed brutalities during these battles. That is not true. The facts are Russian Bolsheviki, taken by our troops, were disarmed and sent home, but the Magyars and German prisoners, taken with arms in hand, were killed. That was made known to them beforehand. The Austrians hanged all our wounded whom they captured on the Italian front, and they attacked one of our trains of wounded in Siberia. Four years of a struggle for life have taught us to be on guard.

"We did no harm to German or Magyar prisoners who did not oppose us, altho they were our enemies; we could have killed thousands and thousands of them, but we allowed them to leave Siberia in peace, if they desired to go home. When, however, they treacherously attacked us, they were of necessity made harmless. We made an official announcement that every German and Magyar caught by us with arms in hand would be given no quarter. On the contrary, we could cite many instances of unprecedented brutalities committed on our wounded by the German, and especially Magyar, prisoners.

"In Siberia there are to-day some hundred thousand German and Magyar prisoners, a great number of whom are armed. It is these men who offer considerable resistance to our army—the Russian Bolsheviki surrender after the first shot.

"The Allies, knowing the psychology of Russia to-day, and knowing the real strength of Russia, will extend their help in the proper manner. I think that our army can be of great assistance in this task; all of our boys have learned Russian in the four years of war, and know how to treat the people. They know the Russian people and Russian situation, and they desire only the good of Russia. It was the Czecho-Slovaks who were always accused of exaggerated Russophilism by the Germans and Magyars, and it is the irony of fate that we had to suffer so much in Russia. We hope and desire that our sacrifices be not offered in vain."

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT TO THE FOLKS AT HOME

A BLOOD-AND-THUNDER novelist might have told the following story with more frills and thrills, but he could hardly have made it more real. The incident has figured in cable reports, which told briefly how two colored boys from Albany, New York, had held an American outpost position against a small German army, accounting for some dozens of the enemy, and receiving therefor French and American decorations.

Corp. J. Rush Norwood, of Sylvia, Kansas, met the hero of that incident, Corp. Henry Johnson, and wrote home Johnson's account of the fight, in the colored soldier's own words.

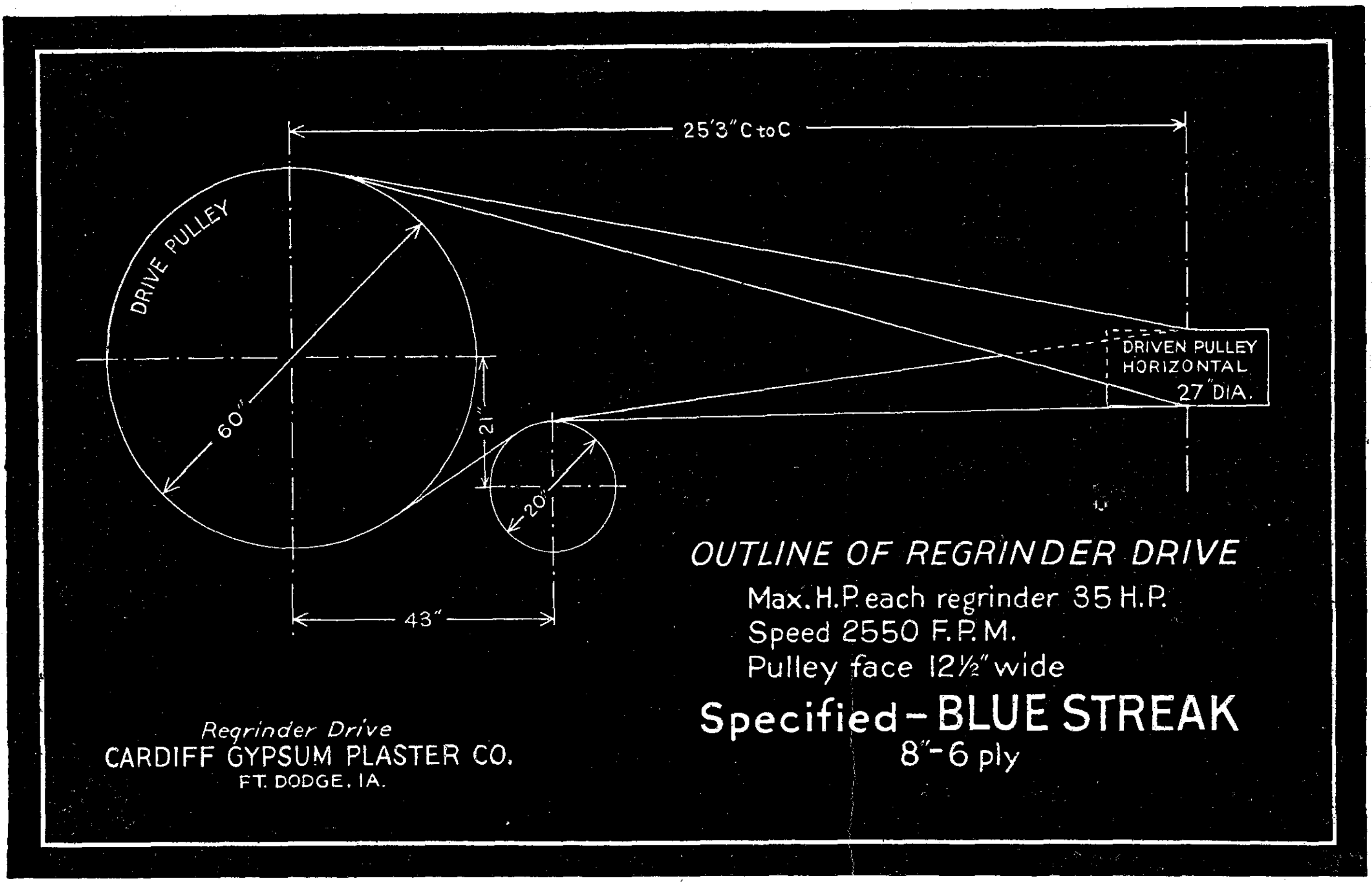
Corporal Norwood's letter appears in the Hutchinson (Kansas) *News*, from which we quote:

Corp. Henry Johnson himself, who is convalescing at a near-by base hospital, rather unexpectedly dropt in at the Field Headquarters of the Press Section here and very willingly gave a vivid and awesome story of the event. I am going to try to offer it to you as I heard it. Quite contrary to the well-known newspaper phrase, "told his story blushing and stammering as a schoolgirl," Johnson gave a rapid and vivid story, inserting all gestures of the fray.

"Yessah, ma name's Johnson. Dis is Johnson, what's left of 'im.

"Yah must a read all about Johnson and Robinson, shure yau did, it was in all de papers.

"Dere's a silver plate right dere (pointing to his left foot), yessir, right dere, they pushed a baynet through ma laig an' shot me in de right arm. Day want to send me home but Ah ain't goin' home. Ah gonna stay here till ma company goes



Copyright 1918, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

That Regrinder Drive—and the G. T. M.

The basic industries, those converting essential raw materials for commercial uses, find belts of all sorts a heavy item in costs. Whether they work with metal ores or wood, with wool or clay, with sugar cane or stone, their transmission cost is high—and there is always some one drive that fairly devours belts. The crushed stone industries—cement, crushed rock, brick and gypsum—have the belt-eating regrinder drive. The conditions surrounding it vary with the plant, but they are always destructive enough to jump production costs.

Out in Iowa the Cardiff Gypsum Plaster Company tried on it every kind of belt they could buy. None lasted long; all stretched, slipped, and required repairs that wasted the time of men and machines. One day a G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man—called on them. They asked him the price per foot of a Goodyear Belt for the regrinder. The G. T. M.—our Mr. Russel—told them that no G. T. M. sold belts that way—that if Goodyear Technical Men were only talking price lists, it would be better to send out monthly phonograph records to reel off quotations. Then he told them about the Goodyear plan of Plant Analysis, of analyzing the conditions surrounding each drive and prescribing the proper Goodyear Belt to fit. They were interested—and took him to the regrinder drive.

The G. T. M. noted that a 60-inch vertical pulley drove a horizontal one of 27 inches—that the pulley faces were 12½ inches wide—that the distance between centers was 25 feet 3 inches—that there was a 20-inch idler—that the maximum horsepower was 35—the belt speed 2550 feet per minute—and the load extremely variable. He prescribed the Goodyear Belt made for just such service—an 8-inch 6-ply Blue Streak.

The belt arrived soon and was put to work. It was amazingly successful. After two and a half years of service it was still running, and had never stretched, slipped or required attention of any sort. Other belts had given out in a few months. As soon as it had run longer than any other belt, the G.T. M. was asked to analyze every drive in the plant and prescribe the proper belt.

He did it and his prescriptions are being followed. All of them show a real saving over former installations. The experience of the Cardiff Gypsum Plaster Company with Goodyear Belts and the G. T. M. is similar to that of thousands of others in every national industry. If you have a troublesome belt devourer in your mill, factory or mine, send for a G. T. M. His service is free—for our reward comes in the increasing orders for the belts he prescribes.

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home. I'm a good a man as any of 'em. Dose Germans can't fight.

"'Twas a cloudy an rainy night and me and ma pardner was at this here outpost. Bout two in da mornin' we sees a bunch a Germans comin' at us. Ah figured maself as good a man as any of em an Ah says to ma pardner, We's going to stick right here." He says, "I'm with yah to de end." So stead of treating to our lines we cut loose grenades and fired way all our ammunishion. Robinson was wounded in da laig at de start and fell to de ground still throwing de grenades at de Huns. Two of 'em tried to carry way ma pardner on a stretcher. Ah took ma rifle, a French gun, just like dis, and hit a Dude right on de haid and broke the rifle right here.

"Ah went after de Dudes carryin' way ma pardner. Ah reached for ma bowie (trench knife), and hit one feller right in de haid. I pulled it out and bout faced all round and give it to nudder in the guts.

I took my pardner way from 'em and brought 'em back to de post. Den one of de Dudes comes at ma hollering "*Kumrad.*" *Kumrad*, you say, I'm *Kumrad* all right. Ah'll show ye *Kumrad*. Yessah, and den de Germans, what was lef of em, beat it. I bandaged ma pardner with me first-aid kit.

"Den de lootenant comes runnin' in an says, 'Johnson, what's happened?'

"I says, 'It's all over, lootenant.'

"Ah had sixteen automatics and mo stuff piled in front of ma.

"I says, 'Go out dere an count dose Dudes."

"The lootenant takes his pocket light an' looks over the ground and comes back.

"For heaven's sake, Johnson, there's twenty-four of 'em!"

"Yessah, and if dey hadn't a got ma pardner here, dey would a been a lot mo.

"The lootenant says, 'Johnson, are you hurt?'

"Ah says, 'no sah.'

"'Yes, you is,' he says, 'look, youse all bloody.'

"Oh, I says, dat's from de Dudes.

"Yessah, I figured maself as good a man as any of dem and if dey hadn't got ma pardner we'd a cleaned up."

At this point one of the listeners inquired:

"Johnson, where are you from?"

"I'm from Albany, sah."

"I'm from Albany, too," was the reply.

"Yah ought to know me. I'm Henry Johnson, the boy who used to drive a horse for Hartman's on ——— Street."

This ended the dramatic offering and Mr. Johnson was warmly congratulated by his attentive audience.

Daily as Corporal Johnson strolls the streets of the village on his convalescent limp he is stopt by both French and Americans who congratulate him and inquire as to his heroic deed. He is becoming a popular character about the place and many await the appearance of his partner, Robinson, to see the pair which scored such an extraordinary win against heavy German odds.

Some of the experiences of a Red-Cross worker near the firing-lines appear in the following letter from Mrs. Laura Forest, of Cincinnati, Ohio, published in the Cincinnati *Times-Star*. Further evidence is offered of the cold-blooded bombing of hospitals by German airplanes.

Mrs. Forest writes of her arrival at

FERTILIZER

Two big factors in modern warfare are food and munitions. The same material that helps enrich the soil of the wheat-fields of America also goes into the making of the powder that explodes a shell on the battle-fields of Flanders. This material is Sulphuric Acid—a chemical of such far-reaching importance that a shortage in the supply would seriously affect practically every industry in the land.

The New Jersey Zinc Company has been making Sulphuric Acid for many years. The same experience, equipment and manufacturing skill that govern the manufacture of its other products are behind this activity also. The Company's sources of supply, its facilities and its organization are such that it is able to supply the markets of the world with products of recognized worth.

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Epernay, in response to a hurry call for workers:

"We had no idea where Red-Cross headquarters could be, where we were expected to go, or what we were expected to do, and we decided to go to the Hôpital d'Evacuation, as probably the most unhappy place anywhere near. It was, and there we found the Red-Cross men hard at work and, with hardly an exchange of words, we joined them.

"An evacuation hospital is a collection of portable houses that can be moved, if necessary, on short notice and is supposed to operate and dress wounds so that men may be moved to hospitals farther back and out of danger of being shelled. This particular offensive, as you have read, came as a surprize and found the hospital without a working force of doctors or nurses. That night four thousand men were brought in for first attention. There were men shrieking with pain and men who shut lips tight and made not a sound. There were legless men and armless men and men whose abdomens had been shot away, and men with hardly a feature of their faces left—every kind of a wound that warfare can produce. Every inch of space had its stretcher—outside as well as inside of the building. There were men crying for water and many of these might not have it, owing to the nature of their wounds. There were boys who cried for their mothers and boys who died while you tried to comfort them. And always there was a long, long line of ambulances waiting to be unloaded. I will never forget what I saw during those nights, but I am not going to try to tell about it now—not even of the *Boche* wounded who were brought in and whom we had to serve with the rest. During the day we took three hours' sleep and were back again for another twenty hours; for, while these men had been sent on, there were just as many more, and that has been going on until to-day.

"Now, because of the German advance, the hospital is evacuated and one is established farther back. Miss Farwell, one of the girls, has gone on to that, while Miss Hooker and I, with the Red-Cross men, are still in Epernay, for there are refugees from Reims and Dormans and other places near the line that must be brought into safety and cared for.

"You have heard and read of the bombarding of Paris by long-range guns, and of the air-raids by planes at night and I was there during many attempts to terrorize the city. This past week I have seen real air-raids and real bombardments, and all that I have known of the war until now dwindles to a pin-point of unimportance. After two nights at the hospital I had just gone to bed about 1 o'clock, when there came the purring of German planes, and, immediately, the answering thunder of French cannons. The hills about Epernay are crowned with these cannons, always ready for action. Boom! and the bed under me shook! and boom, boom on all sides at once, with the different sound of bursting bombs from the planes. They were searching, those products of German efficiency, for the stretchers where boys lay quivering with pain, suffering for water, and thinking a lot about their mothers at home. The rest of the night I spent between my bedroom and the hotel *abri*, as there were five attacks before morning. Several houses were hit by the bombs and slid their stones and contents over the walks and into the streets and twenty-seven people,

Where science found the way to heal tender, spongy gums

Soft, spongy or receding gums that are tender and bleed easily are the symptoms which indicate pyorrhea—one of the most universal mouth ailments.

Pyorrhea (Riggs Disease) destroys the gum tissues and attacks the bony sockets which hold the teeth. They loosen and eventually fall out. The pus-producing bacteria from pyorrhea-affected gums often undermine the general health.

In 1908 the Pyorrhocide Clinic—the first and only institution devoted exclusively to the study of pyorrhea—was established. Dental specialists and scientific investigators, associated with the clinic, devoted their energies solely to studying the causes and effects of pyorrhea, to develop a scientific treatment, and to find means of prevention.

Years of research and clinical tests demonstrated that one of the most effective mediums for home use in the treatment and prevention of pyorrhea is Pyorrhocide Powder. As a result of the Clinic's discoveries and methods which have been given to the entire dental profession, Pyorrhocide Powder today is prescribed by thousands of leading dentists for *preventing*, as well as for *correcting*, an unhealthy condition of the gums.

Unlike dentifrices which are simply the product of a chemist's laboratory, Pyorrhocide Powder was scientifically developed and tested. It is not merely a cleanser and polisher of the highest efficiency—it is a repairer of broken down and diseased gum tissues. It tends to make soft, spongy gums firm and hard; it checks receding and heals bleeding gums; retards tartar formation—the principal cause of painful gums and pyorrhea.

If you have any symptoms of pyorrhea, do not delay the use of Pyorrhocide Powder.

Pyorrhocide Powder is quick and certain in its action. We would like to send you, without charge, a sample of Pyorrhocide Powder to try. Use it. Note how cool and soothed your gums feel—and how long that feeling lasts. This sample will give you an idea of what the *regular* use of Pyorrhocide Powder will accomplish.

Pyorrhocide Powder is economical because a dollar package contains six months' supply. For sale by all good drug stores and dental supply houses.

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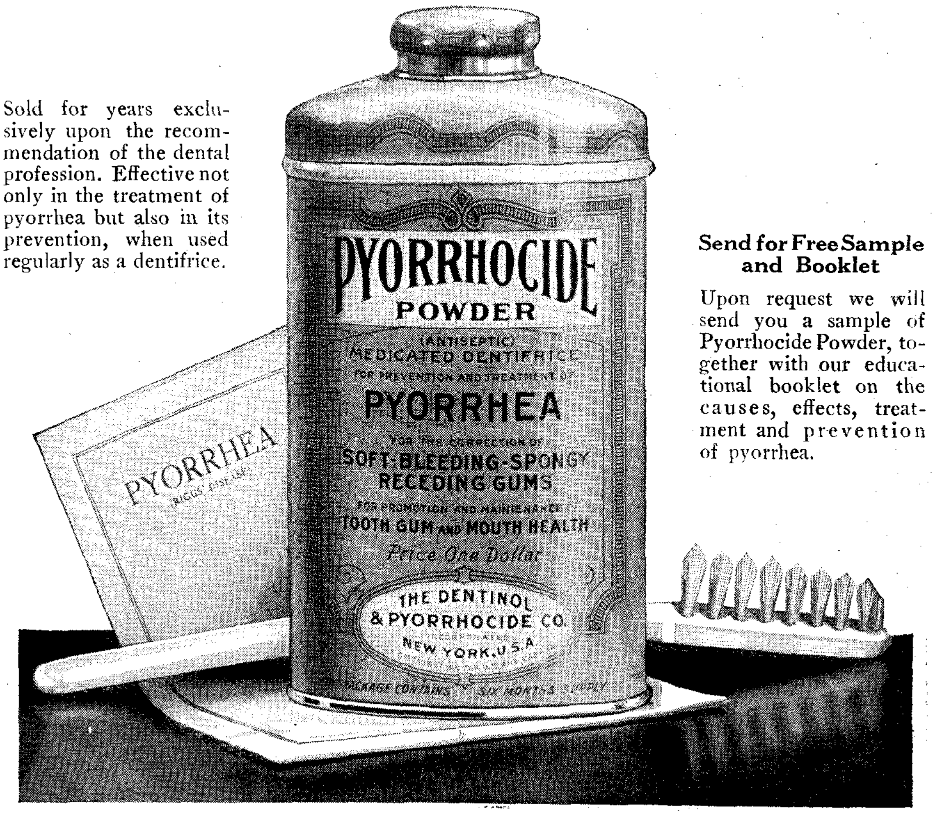
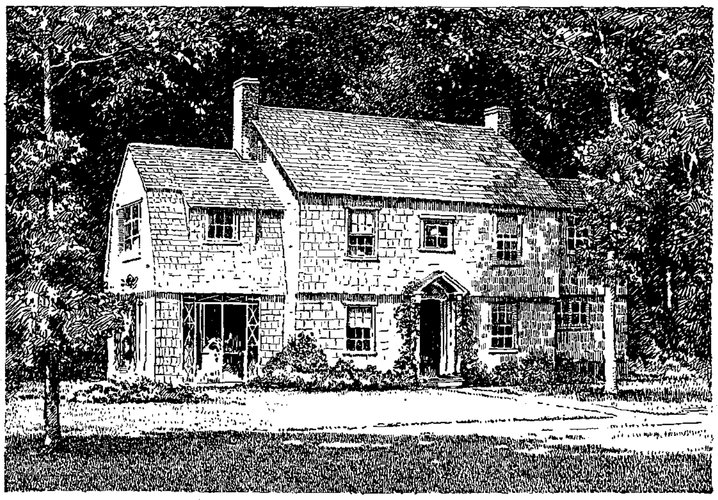


Send for Free Sample and Booklet

Upon request we will send you a sample of Pyorrhocide Powder, together with our educational booklet on the causes, effects, treatment and prevention of pyorrhea.



"*The next step in the interior finishing was the fitting in of mouldings baseboard and door frames. All of this material is of*

Arkansas Soft Pine"

(*House Beautiful* for June, page 21)

In the selection of this time-tried interior trim for the *House Beautiful* house just completed at West Newton, Mass., the builders anticipated three major home-building requirements—moderate cost—unlimited choice in stained or enameled treatment—permanent satisfaction.

You, Mr. Homebuilder, will find it well worth while to study the why and how of this choice, which is fully explained in our new folio of attractive homes. A copy, together with finished samples, will be sent on request.

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Oshkosh, Wisc.

we were told, were killed. The Germans did not find the hospital and most of the people were hidden in caves and *abris*. There were only two nights while we were in Epernay when there were no raids by airplanes.

"We had seen all of this and were to see more—the bringing down of a German plane. It was just after breakfast on Sunday when the guns announced the approach of an enemy plane and we crowded around the big doors of our hotel and watched what we thought was a successful carrying out of a dangerous move, the sudden dropping down of the plane through the area of bursting shells and out of reach of the guns. Right over the buildings he came, raking the streets with machine-gun fire—and then came a burst of joy from the throats of our people, such as is seldom heard: '*Il est tombé, il est tombé*' (he is falling)! When I found myself I was running with the men and women and children of Epernay, and with them I kept on running until the fallen plane was in sight. Wounded as the aviator was, he turned his machine gun on the crowd and fired, killing a woman and a child. And still the people ran on and found him and only the arrival of a motor with the police let him live as long as he did. He died within a few hours. The second man was buried under the machine and the crowd was well dispersed before he was brought out, badly wounded, and carried away. I never heard whether he lived or died.

"Two or three days later it was thought best to evacuate the town and we came on to Châlons-sur-Marne—a town that was badly shelled about six weeks ago but at present is quite tranquil. For the time being there is little to do. We sleep, all of us, more than is natural and wonder why we feel so absolutely good for nothing. But, like war-horses, at the sound of a gun we prick up our ears and are ready for action."

In the face of reports of the brutalizing effects of war on the souls, no less than on the bodies, of young soldiers, the following extract from a letter by Frank V. Lamson, of Marshfield, Wisconsin, one of the Armed Guard on *The Sylvan Arrow*, is important in proportion as it may be typical rather than exceptional. To one who has read many letters from soldiers, it seems that Vernon Lamson may well speak, as he says, for "thousands of other boys." He concludes his farewell letter to his mother:

> When the United States Marines get the Kaiser and the Crown Prince has to roll his own pill I will come back, and if I do not come back the man you would like to see I am badly mistaken.
>
> The past six months has made home and mother very dear and sacred to me and to thousands of other boys. God helping me, I will commit no sin that by His help I can avoid. God bless and help you folks.
>
> Do not worry about me morally or physically. If I should meet death I will die like a man for the most sacred cause our country or any other country has ever called upon mothers to give their sons to, but I am certain that I am coming back, and coming back a man. I am sure you will never regret that you signed your name to my enlistment papers last April. God bless you, mother.
>
> Your loving son,
> VERNON.

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DU PONT

Fred Hill and Roy Chase are two Chicago boys—present address, Somewhere in France—who worked for the same firm, and, until a year go, "were never known to use anything more deadly than a fountain pen." They joined different units of the marines. Not long since they found themselves lined up shoulder to shoulder to receive decorations for conspicuous bravery from the hand of General Pershing.

Corp. Fred Hill describes some recent battle-field doings, including front-line cookery, in a letter to his mother, which we quote from *The Advance Club News:*

> The war came home to me more this time than it ever has before, one reason being that I saw my first line of refugees coming up here, and it is an impressive sight. As the German advance continued these people were forced to leave their villages and most of their belongings and flee, many of them on foot, but the majority had a two-wheeled French wagon drawn by one horse. On this they piled all of their needed and desired articles and left. There was an unbroken line of them for several miles, and in some cases they were driving herds of cows and flocks of sheep ahead of them rather than to allow these to fall into German hands. This line of march is one that I will never forget, but the people themselves seemed to bear up bravely under it. The other reason is that there are new faces in the ranks where many of our best friends used to be. The long marches are over for Les Runkie, while Walter Capps and William Garrioch are now in hospitals. The latter two, as far as I could learn, are not wounded seriously and were well taken care of. My old pal, Jack Drake, also was wounded, and many other friends I had in the outfit. No one realizes better than I do how fortunate I have been, and I know that it is a surprize to me, for which I am very thankful.
>
> We always had food during our stay, and the fellows found a dandy way to warm it. A candle is cut up and put in a can and a rope put in for a wick. We were not allowed to burn twigs, as the least sign of smoke would disclose our position and be followed by a load of German "scrap iron." This candle-fire burns low and clean and we were able to fry bacon and warm beans and coffee even in the very front-line positions. One of the stunts was to fry a piece of bread in the bacon grease and then sugar it. Sounds funny, but I swear I never ate anything that I enjoyed more than our "trench doughnuts." As far as I know, our brigade has been cited twice for their work, and one by General Pershing that I saw stated that we were the only one who held the Germans and did not give way an inch. On the first day of the battle I saw Roy Chase and he was O. K. Just had a chance to say "Hello" to him and had to go on. I wish I could describe a battle-field over which an advance or retreat has been made. The shell-holes, equipment, ammunition, arms, and soldiers whose fighting is over will always be remembered by me.
>
> One instance that bears mention is the fact that in our advance we captured several *Boche* machine guns and in a short time had them turned around toward Germany and were picking off Huns with them. Humorous crowd—what? Shooting up the *Boche* with his own guns and ammunition. This was by far the most open game of warfare that we have been in yet, and it seemed much better than the trenches. For several days and nights our quarters were an abandoned creek bed or ravine. During a lull in battle we would curl up around a nice soft rock and get a few winks of sleep to keep us going for an all-night vigil. Practically our only covering was the sky, and I shouldn't wonder if I were to get lonesome on walking down an asphalt street in the city to see all of that perfectly good lodging space going to waste. I never knew what a relief it was to be able to remove my shoes and sleep. Also wash and brush my teeth. It sure is a grand and glorious feeling. There are so many little incidents which I desire to relate that it would take a week to do so. One of importance is that during the whole encounter the marines never seemed to forget their purpose here, and I know personally of several instances where they allowed the *Boche* hospital men to appear in the very open and carry on their work and never fired a shot. Likewise a fellow returned to our lines with a Hun bandage on him. He fell close to the enemy's lines and they drest his wound and turned him loose. I had plenty of opportunities to pick up souvenirs, but the idea sort of goes against the grain with me, and there is nothing belonging to a German which I desire to remind me of what I have been through.
>
> One form of wound which I can understand now is shell-shock. It seems to be an advanced stage of nervous breakdown and is caused by a "boiler" bursting very near to a man. In many cases he is not injured, but the suspense before bursting and the immense concussion are too much for him and he breaks down. June 2 was my anniversary in the marines, and it was a memorable one. We came in for a great "panning" from the *Boche* artillery for several hours and some were too close for comfort. Akers and I had several come so close over us that we could feel the ground "bounce" when they hit. A few very close ones were "duds" and did not explode. One ripped up the road about twenty feet from us and about six feet from Major Sibley, and then failed to burst. If there ever was a miracle this was it.

The following extracts are taken from a letter by Lieut. Charles W. Chapman, of Waterloo, Iowa, the first member of a United States flying squadron killed in battle. The letter was written at a time when, as he concludes, the war seemed "a permanent institution." We quote these vivid bits of description from *Curtis Service:*

> You asked me to tell something about the sensations of flying. As a source of sensations I think it is a fizzle—nothing to compare with a close game of golf or chess. I have found myself at times on the point of drowsiness when some few thousand meters in the air and have wished fervently I could go down. As for feeling thrilled because of height, it is surprizing how safe you feel strapped in a 15-meter *Nieuport* and so high that you look like a speck from the ground. The highest I have been is 5,000 meters (16,000 feet), and I got no particular sensation of height at all. The greatest sensation of height I ever got was the first time I took a machine ten meters off the ground.

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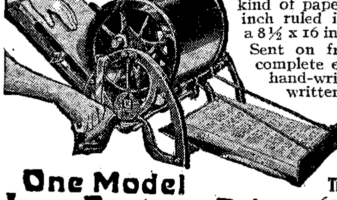

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When I felt myself pass into space and looked down at the ground, it looked as far from me as the earth must look to the angels.

However, there are some thrills, especially for a new pilot. The first time I did acrobatics I had such a series of thrills that I experienced the sensation which comes to many oceangoers, and, to paraphrase a nautical term, I fed the birds. The incident happened at Pau, down in the Pyrenees, where I was learning how to do stunts that would win me a fortune at the Cedar Valley fair. I was feeling so cocky before I went up that I told the monitor I would like to do all my acrobatics in one trip. Some one had told me this was the way to make a good impression, and as his recommendation would help me to get a *Spad* I thought it worth while. So I went up 1,500 meters and started. First I did two "Vrelles"—this sends your nose down and whirls you around on your longitudinal axis, meanwhile dropping faster than the Singer Building elevator. After that I did what I was told to do, but didn't have the least idea just what I was doing.

There are some other thrills. For instance, if you can imagine a view from three or four thousand meters of a plain cut into small cultivated patches that make it look like a patch quilt with small villages scattered here and there, with winding rivers cutting the plain, with mountains topped with snow in the distance—if you can imagine all this with the sun on it making the white villages stand out against the gray ground, making the rivers glisten so that you can see them for miles, so far, in fact, that they seem to flow right up to heaven and give the snow-capped mountains an incomparable splendor; if you can imagine this you can see what I used to see while flying at Pau every day. Sometimes you will get some very striking views while flying above the clouds—you may have seen such an effect while up in the mountains. But for real thrills, the way to get them is to fly near the ground. There you get some idea of your speed, which you lose at any height. While at Pau I used to sail up the mountain valleys and come down low over each village and have a great time watching the people run out of their houses to see what was making all the racket up above.

Things look rather bad now, but altho our newly made officers may cost us 200,000 men, we will learn, and when we learn we will be better than the Canadian troops, which have the "rep" of being the best on the English front.

There will be a lot of sorrow in the United States before this is over. Everyone here is in black. But I must say the people keep their sorrow well hidden. The people at home will have a harder time, as we are too far away to have a chance to come home on a furlough. I met a Canadian officer who came here two years ago—thought he was getting in on the last days of the war. He has never been back nor can he go back until the end. You can tell some of the soldiers who are in a hurry to come across to take their time as the war looks like a permanent institution.

Lieut. Geo. E. Wynn, of Marquette, Kan., writes of the main business on his part of the front. We are told, from time to time, that the boys at the front do not feel so bitterly about the Germans as do many "Parlor Militarists," but most

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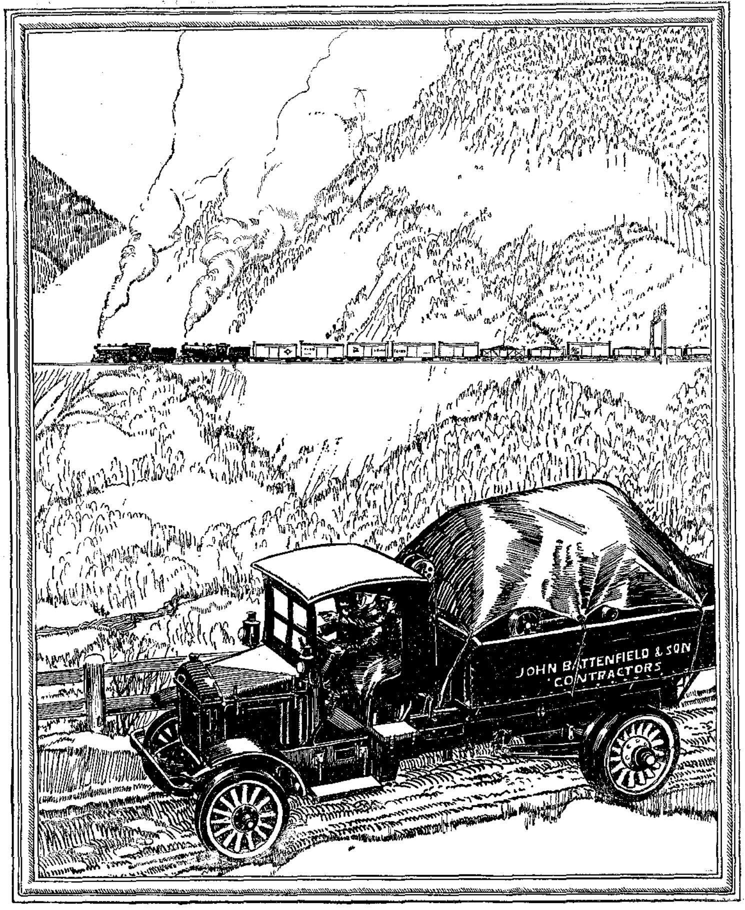

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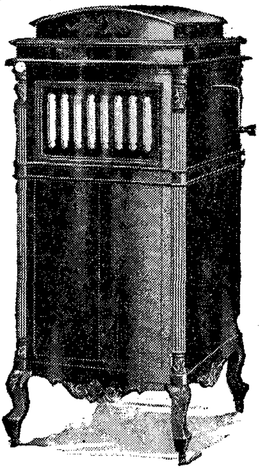

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letters from the front seem to indicate that the feeling here and there is much the same.

We quote from Lieutenant Wynn's letter in the McPherson (Kansas) *Republican:*

> Killing "square heads" is all we think about over here. We all have the fever. That is now the one aim of the war. It is not to win battles or gain ground so much as it is to kill Germans. We are taught to take no prisoners unless they can give us information of some kind. It gets to be fascinating, like hunting ducks. Open season all the year round.
>
> I suppose you people at Marquette keep one thought uppermost in mind, namely, "When will it end?" This war will end when the Huns of Germany get the supreme hell licked out of them and beg for mercy, if it takes twenty years. The vicious brutes are not fit to live in a peaceful world, let alone dominate it. If I could write down all the infernal, wanton, and beastly crimes they are guilty of I would have to write a book. Then to think they got the guts to claim to be supermen and say God wants them to force their *Kultur* on the whole world! Don't anybody back home pity them.
>
> We are in the biggest business the world ever saw, and killing a few Huns is worth more than making a million dollars. We want five million good Americans to back up the French, Italians, and British, and this blessed job will soon be over with no Huns left to tell the tale.

PERSHING'S "JINX" BIRTHDAY, AND SOMETHING ABOUT HIS BOYHOOD

FRIDAY, September 13, is the fifty-eighth birthday of Gen. John J. Pershing. Persons given to the common superstition about a date like that may immediately say, "*Absit omen*" or "Knock on wood," according to their notions of the best method for stopping a "jinx"; but, remarks the Omaha *World-Herald* in a most reasonable manner, the "jinx" in connection with that date is directed at the Kaiser. Friday, the thirteenth of September, is a date likely to be so unlucky for the Hohenzollerns that the "jinx" constitutes an additional reason for celebrating the birthday of our army leader in France.

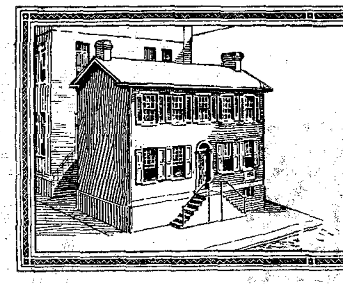
Nebraska, which considers itself particularly a Pershing State by virtue of Pershing's early residence there, is preparing to celebrate his birthday with a State-wide celebration centering at Omaha. *The World-Herald* calls for a general celebration of the day:

> A birthday-party for Pershing! What, at this time, could be more appropriate and fitting? How could we more effectively pay tribute to the genius, devotion, and patriotism of the loved and trusted commander of our expeditionary forces? How better honor the hosts of American manhood who are battling with him to make the world safe for democracy?
>
> It is fitting, too, that the movement for such a celebration should have its inception in Nebraska. Nebraskans like to think of John J. Pershing as a Nebraska man. For four years, from 1891 to 1895, General Pershing, then a first lieutenant of the Army, was commandant of the cadet

> battalion and military instructor in the University of Nebraska. He made his home in Lincoln. It was at the State university he gained his degree as Bachelor of Laws. It is Lincoln that, more than any other city, may to-day be regarded as his home. Not only the university, not only Lincoln, but all Nebraska came to honor and esteem John J. Pershing during his residence in this State, and his friends, throughout its confines, are numbered by the thousand. His progress since he left us has been followed with affectionate pride. Nebraska uttered a fervent and confident "Amen" when he was chosen by President Wilson for the high honor of commanding this Republic's fighting forces in the greatest war of all history.
>
> Let us show General Pershing, on Friday, September 13, how much Nebraska thinks of him! Let us show it to his soldiers, and to the world!
>
> There never was a soldier more deserving of honor than he. He is not only a great military leader; he is a great man. Brave, devoted, wise, modest, unselfish, firm, he is the soul of honor—a fine, clean American gentleman. Like Lincoln, he is sprung from the plain people, having been born on a humble Missouri farm. In Indian warfare, in the Philippines, and on the Mexican border he has proved his mettle. His record, since landing in France, has won universal admiration. The tremendous and unprecedented tasks of preparation and organization that were imposed upon him have been performed with marvelous skill and unflagging industry. He has inspired the fathers and mothers of his country with the confidence that their sons are in the keeping of a superb leader who loves them even as he loves the cause for which they fight. And their adoration for him is attested in every report that comes from the fighting front.
>
> It is to Pershing that we look, in the hard months that lie ahead, to carry our flag and lead our armies, our ideals, to glorious victory.
>
> *The World-Herald* calls on all the cities and towns of Nebraska to lend their active cooperation to making of Pershing's birthday-party a day that will never be forgotten. And it hopes the communities of other States, far and near, will join in the patriotic celebration.

Omaha has made preparations, including one real and one huge "property" birthday-cake. Says *The World-Herald:*

> Omaha's celebration will take the form of a military parade, including a gigantic "Pershing birthday-cake" to be built by Ak-Sar-Ben and mounted as a float. It will bear fifty-eight red, white, and blue candles, and will be gorgeously illuminated.
>
> After the pageant there will be a program, probably at the court-house square, at which time the Omaha lodge of Elks, No. 39, will present a real birthday-cake, to be baked by the best cooks in Omaha. A choice cut will be carved out of this confection and dispatched to General Pershing, after which the rest of the cake will be divided into bits and auctioned for the benefit of the Salvation Army's War Fund, whose campaign will be in full blast at that time. Exalted Ruler Charles R. Docherty, of the local Elks, has this part of the feature in charge.
>
> In response to a number of telegrams sent by *The World-Herald* to other cities and towns, it is apparent that the Pershing birthday celebration is likely to become a wide-spread affair.
>
> Kansas City, Mo., wires that a War



THIS little house, where Heinz began nearly fifty years ago, is now surrounded by huge Heinz buildings, speaking eloquently of the American housewife's appreciation of right principles in preparing foods, relishes and condiments for her table.

HEINZ

OVEN BAKED

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BAKED BEANS
WITH PORK AND TOMATO SAUCE
HEINZ
57 PURE FOOD PRODUCTS
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Foods are high in price.

A dollar doesn't go as far as it used to, but the family must have food that satisfies the appetite and nourishes the body.

Everybody likes Heinz Baked Beans—one of the most popular of the 57 Varieties—because they look good, taste good and *are* good. It was the "baking" that made baked beans a national dish. Heinz Beans are baked—baked in ovens—baked through and through.

That accounts for part of their superior flavor. They are baked in four ways to suit every taste, to please every whim or fancy.

Heinz Baked Beans with Pork and Tomato Sauce.
Heinz Baked Pork and Beans without Tomato Sauce (Boston style)
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FEDERAL
FEDERAL

Below is typical of the thousands of miles of bad highways restricting national haulage today.

Good Roads Will Triple Truck Value to Nation!

Trucks—more trucks—hundreds of thousands of motor trucks are working day and night to help the nation in this great struggle.

Every train that moves—every ship that sails—every factory that works depends on trucks for hurry-up haulage. 585,000 trucks will be in service this year—capacity to handle 5,585,000 tons daily.

An invaluable service—almost incomputible—yet seemingly impossible when you consider the horrible roads over which these trucks are many times compelled to travel.

No one can help but realize the terrible economic waste! The inefficiency! The awful handicap of this weak link in America's haulage system. The value of motor trucks to the nation—to American Industry—could easily be doubled, probably tripled, if good highways were provided.

Federal made a test. A truck, heavily loaded, going over various types of roads. The results are startling! Here are the mileages recorded:

Dirt Roads	**4.6 miles per hour**
Gravel Roads	**9.5 miles per hour**
Concrete Roads	**16.4 miles per hour**

The answer must be better highways! And they should be built immediately! You and I must be interested; therefore every citizen should lend his voice to the cause, now!

Federal Motor Truck Co.
Detroit, U. S. A.

One to Seven Ton Capacities

Return Loads Will Cut Your Costs.

FEDERAL

Savings Stamp Drive, participated in by both political parties and their complete organizations, will be used by that metropolis to celebrate the "Friday-the-Thirteenth" birthday. At the conclusion of the drive, *The World-Herald* is assured, General Pershing will be cabled the result with the addition that this has been in his honor.

Missouri, it appears, has at least an equal claim on the American General, even tho Nebraska has taken the initiative in the matter of celebrating his birthday. Pershing was born near Laclede, Missouri, and spent his boyhood there. In a timely article, the New York *Sun* tells something about his parentage, birth, and early life. Neither pull, nor politics, nor the qualities commonly summed up as "genius" put him at the head of the American forces in France, says the writer in *The Sun*, and continues:

> Advantages he had—outdoor life, farm work, plain living, good parents, and a Christian home. Even yet his old home town carries the flavor of the open country. Laclede is scarcely larger to-day and no less wholesome than it was forty years ago when its three nurseries made it at once the most important and the most agricultural town in the county.
>
> To this thriving town of the '50's came the General's father, John F. Pershing, from Westmoreland County, Pa., where his family had been honored citizens since 1749, the year chosen by John and Frederick Pershing for their pilgrimage from France to the new home of freedom in the New World. The ambitious young Pennsylvanian of the fourth generation from these early patriots came to Missouri in 1855 to take a subcontract in the building of the old Missouri Northern Railroad, from St. Louis to Macon. At the end of four years he had little of material value to show for his work; but at Montgomery City he had won a bride—Ann Thompson, a fair-haired Missouri girl with brave, sweet mouth, honest blue eyes, and a heart of gold.
>
> Coming westward from Macon at the conclusion of the railroad building, the young contractor stopt at Laclede to accept the first honest work that was offered, the foremanship of the west of Laclede section of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad. The Pershings started housekeeping in a little shanty two miles west of Laclede. It was there that their first baby, John Joseph, was born, September 13, 1860.
>
> "It was just after the outbreak of the Civil War in 1861," relates Henry C. Lomax, now Laclede's pioneer banker, "that the Pershing family came to town to live and John F. Pershing opened a general store here.
>
> "Their family and ours lived together for several months, as my father had gone to war and there was not an empty house in town for the newcomers. Later they moved into the little house in the north part of the town, the one popularly spoken of as the General's birthplace. A baby boy was born there soon after the Pershings moved into the house, but it was Jim, the second little boy, that being in January, 1862."

When the Pershing store was opened, the narrator served as a clerk, and remembers Johnny Pershing as a quiet, well-behaved little boy. The elder Pershing was a strict disciplinarian, and saw that the boys worked on the 160-acre farm, a mile from Laclede, that was included in the Pershing family possessions by the time the future soldier reached his teens.

To quote another neighbor:

> "The traits distinguishing him from many other boys, were those that characterized him as a tireless worker, indomitable in his purpose to perform every task set before him. And he never was tough; he never considered it necessary to seek questionable companions or places in order to have a good time. In the wholesouled fashion of a healthy country boy he enjoyed our neighborhood parties, our taffy-pullings, our baseball, fishing, and swimming, but he never resorted to rowdyism."
>
> Tho never quarrelsome, Pershing was abundantly able to take care of himself. His old associates proudly tell of the first term of school he taught, when he was eighteen.
>
> It was at Prairie Mound, in Chariton County. It became his duty in the course of the term to thrash a big boy, and he addrest himself to this responsibility in his usual direct and vigorous fashion. The discipline had the desired effect on the boy, but brought the boy's father rampant to humiliate the young teacher.
>
> "John was then only a boy himself, a big, strong, broad-shouldered boy, but only a boy," says Captain Henley, with whom the young teacher boarded at Prairie Mound, "while his assailant, old man Card, was a burly giant, fully six feet four, and wildly determined to lick the young teacher.
>
> "He made it plain that nothing else would appease him. John tried to present a reasonable view of the situation, but Card only grew more insolent in word and gesture.
>
> "Then it was, as my children recounted at the time, that John's usually ruddy lips whitened and his big blue eyes narrowed to steel-gray points. He stept toward the big man and his words had a cold precision that was truly ominous.
>
> "'You get out of this house and off these grounds and stay off as long as I'm teacher —or I'll kill you.'
>
> "With mumbled apologies, old man Card hastily backed out of the schoolhouse," concludes Captain Henley, "and he did not trouble the young teacher again."
>
> From other sources there is additional evidence of the sturdy fiber of John Pershing's courage and power of will.
>
> "John was no sissy, even if he was clean and well behaved," asserts Charles R. Spurgeon, who was Pershing's boyhood chum and his college roommate. "He was a manly, upstanding boy. In his classes he had his lessons, and when asked to work a problem he would step promptly to the blackboard and do it in a way that proved his heart was in the work.
>
> "It was the same at college. At Kirksville Normal, where we were classmates, John was a hard-working student. He always was thoroughly interested in his class work and was always looking forward to the succeeding years in the course and the finish.
>
> "When we came home at the end of our first term I was offered a position in a store, took it and, by heck, I'm clerking yet. John had a similar offer, but turned it down.
>
> "'I'm going back to Kirksville, anyway,' he said. 'I don't know what I'll finally do—probably be a lawyer, but just now I'm going to stick to the school.'
>
> "The next time I saw him was when he came home the time the Laclede post-

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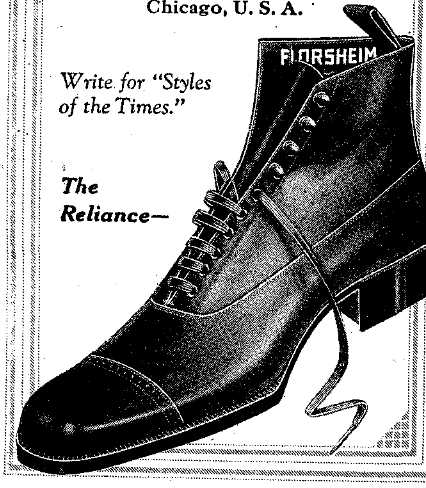

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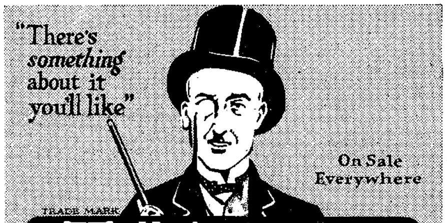
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office was robbed. His father was postmaster then, and of course the loss fell upon him personally. John came home from college and turned over the remainder of his savings to his father—gave up his college course to help the folk at home.

"It was just then that Congressman Burrows, of the old Tenth District, announced the first competitive examination for the appointment of a cadet to West Point. John heard of it, saw his chance, went to Trenton, and won the appointment fairly and squarely by the sheer merit of his work.

"After John went to West Point I saw very little of him. When he had been away two years he was given a furlough and came home for a visit. With my team we drove out to the river one Sunday afternoon, where we had gone fishing and swimming in our boyhood days.

"'Well, John,' I said, 'how do you like it by this time?'

"'The training is a good thing,' he answered, 'but as for following it as a lifework—why, I don't suppose there'll be another gun fired in a hundred years. I shall go on and finish, tho, just to get the education.'"

And this continued to be Pershing's main idea at West Point, says the narrator—to get a good general education. An incident of his entrance into school life, having to do with hazing, is related by Mr. Spurgeon:

"At that time, you know, hazing was much in vogue at West Point. The hazers even inflicted serious physical injury on several of their victims and throughout this part of the country there was widespread condemnation of the practise. But they didn't haze John Pershing, altho they attempted to do it. That much he confided to me during our quiet visit that day in the woods. I have never told it either, until to-day," added Mr. Spurgeon.

"Naturally, John was on the alert in this matter of hazing, for he suspected that he would be chosen sooner or later to undergo some sort of initiation at the hands of the hoodlums. One night three men entered his room. By the lateness of the hour he was convinced that they came on no honest errand and he instantly chose a course of action that proved his generalship.

"Without giving his uninvited guests time to say a word, he just naturally knocked the stuffing out of all three of them. That was the first and last attempt the West-Pointers made to haze John Pershing."

"I knew him simply as a quiet, studious young man," says another of his old-time friends, E. B. Allen, now Mayor of Laclede. "I never heard of any petty tricks done by John Pershing.

"The impression he made here was that John Pershing would make his mark in the world as a professional or business man. His mother and father were strict church people—he grew up a Methodist. I have known him rather intimately in all the years that have followed and I am sure that he has never forgotten his home training. Read this."

Mr. Allen opened a drawer of his desk and drew out a black-bordered note from General Pershing himself. The little missive was dated at Fort Bliss, Texas, October 20, 1915—a brief reply to letters of sympathy sent by his Laclede friends at the time Mrs. Pershing and the three little girls were burned to death at the Presidio.

"DEAR ED.—It was fine of you and other Laclede friends to remember me at a time when it takes more than mortal courage to continue. I want to bring my little boy down to Missouri some time soon.
"Much love,
"JOHN."

"'More than mortal courage to continue—'" repeated Mr. Allen soberly. "It must have taken that. You know he had a new home, just finished at Fort Bliss, all ready for his family. He had planned to go up to California after them the very next week—then the terrible news came. It is just such tests that reveal a man's character and prove his faith.

"Pershing came back to Laclede unexpectedly one day thirteen or fourteen years ago," continued Mr. Allen. "It was after he had been away a score of years and had won largely of fame, yet he had not changed toward his old friends.

"He insisted on going from house to house to visit every one of his old acquaintances that remained here. He even visited the negro men that had worked with him on the old farm and the old 'aunties' that had been employed in his mother's kitchen; went into their shanties and talked with them of old times."

Among the dearest of the old friends visited by the General on that occasion, as I learned at Laclede, was Mrs. Susan Hewett, an alert little gentlewoman of the old South, who had come with her soldier husband from the valley of the Potomac at the close of the Civil War to start anew in a land that should hold no reminders of the conflict that had swept away their home and every earthly possession. At Laclede in the late '60s Captain and Mrs. Hewett had established the old Missouri House, and had soon become well-loved members of the community and close friends of the Pershing family.

"Oh, yes," laughs Mrs. Hewett, referring to her fame as a pie-maker, "I helped in the kitchen at times and frequently gave Johnny Pershing pieces of pie. He was a clean, well-behaved boy, always polite and straightforward.

"'Hello, Mrs. Hewett,' he'd say.

"'Hello, Johnny.'

"'Say, Mrs. Hewett, can I have a piece of pie to-day?'

"'You bet you can, Johnny.'

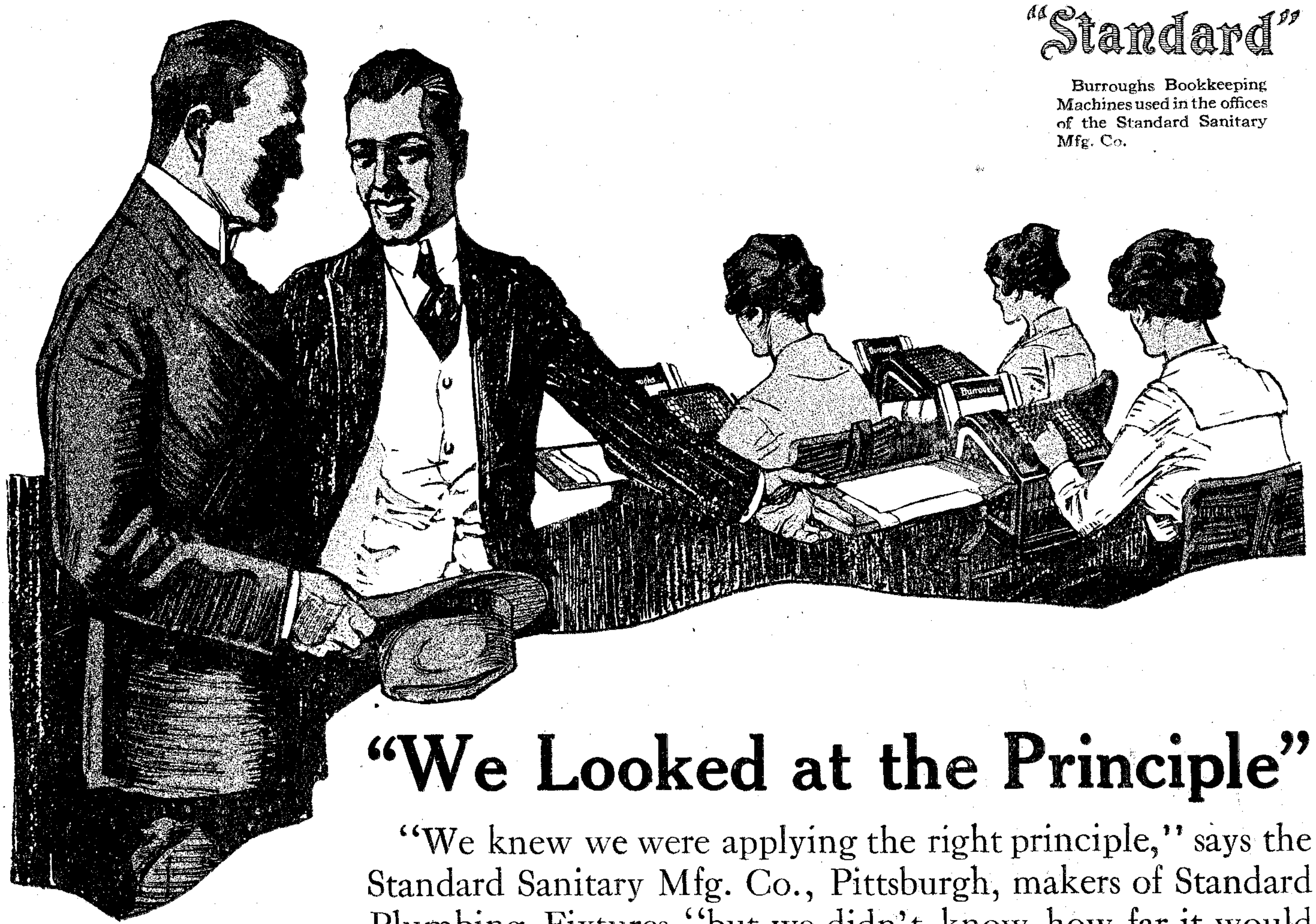
"And that's the way it was. I used to make these turnover pies. I'd stew dried apples, mash them fine, season them with several kinds of spices, put them in turnover covers, and fry them in half lard and half butter. Johnny thought they were mighty good—and they were, when made right.

"And he came back to see me fourteen years ago October 24," continued Mrs. Hewett. "Captain Hewett had passed away five years before that. I had given up the old Missouri House and built this little cottage. I had come to be 'Aunt Susan' to this town, for if I have a living relative I don't know it.

"One day I was busying myself here in the back yard—ranking up some wood that was in billets. Uncle Henry Lomax came and said there was somebody to see me. I hurried around to the front of the house, but nobody was in sight.

"'Maybe he went 'round to look for you,' said Uncle Henry. I stept around there on the west side of the house, and there was Johnny Pershing hiding among the vines. He just held out his arms and I ran to him. We embraced each other, and I think I cried a little.

"'It does my heart good, Aunt Susan,'



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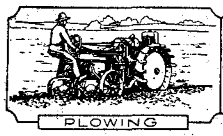
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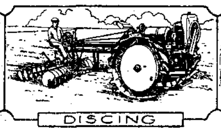
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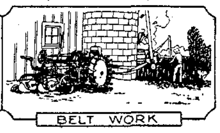
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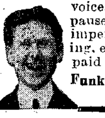

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said he, 'to greet my mother's dear friends.'

"We had a good visit; then he went on out to Cash Welch's and several others of the old friends. That afternoon he came again and told me that they were going to have a reception for him that night at Pete Phelps's and that he wanted me to go with him. He said he would come after me with Uncle Henry Lomax's horse and buggy. And I went with him.

"The house was full of folks. He made a speech in the front room and finally told them that they would have to excuse him now as President Roosevelt had sent for him and that he would have to leave on the train that was due in an hour and that first he was going to take Aunt Susan Hewett home.

"He couldn't have been kinder to me if I'd been the mother he had loved so dearly and lost. John always was good to his mother."

THE TRAGEDY OF THE *LUSITANIA* AS RECORDED IN A COURT DECISION

COURT decisions are rarely fascinating reading except to persons of the legal profession, but the story of the sinking of the *Lusitania* as told in the opinion of Judge Julius M. Mayer, of the United States District Court of the Southern District of New York, will be read eagerly by even the most inveterate devotee of thriller narratives. The decision was rendered in the matter of the petition of the Cunard Steamship Company, Limited, as the owner of the ship for limitation of its liability, and editorial comment on the case will be found on page 22 of this issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST. With somewhat of the bare realism of Defoe, Judge Mayer sets forth first that on May 1, 1915, the *Lusitania* sailed from New York for Liverpool with 1,257 passengers and a crew of 702, making a total of 1,959 souls on board, men, women, and children. At approximately 2:10 on the afternoon of May 7, 1915, weather clear and sea smooth, without warning, the vessel was torpedoed and went down by the head in about eighteen minutes, with an ultimate tragic loss of life of 1,195. So far as equipment went, the vessel was seaworthy in the highest sense, according to the court, whose decision reads further:

> Her carrying capacity was 2,198 passengers and a crew of about 850, or about 3,000 persons in all. She had 22 open life-boats capable of accommodating 1,322 persons, 26 collapsible boats with a capacity for 1,283, making a total of 48 boats with a capacity for 2,605 in all, or substantially in excess of the requirements of her last voyage. Her total of life-belts was 3,187, or 1,959 more than the total number of passengers, and, in addition, she carried 20 life-buoys. She was classed 100 A1 at Lloyd's, being 787 feet long over all, with a tonnage of 30,395 gross and 12,611 net. She had 4 turbine engines, 25 boilers, 4 boiler-rooms, 12 transverse bulkheads, dividing her into 13 compartments, with a longitudinal bulkhead on either side of the ship for 425 feet, covering all vital parts.
>
> The proof is absolute that she was not and never had been armed nor did she

carry any explosives. She did carry some eighteen fuse-cases and 125 shrapnel-cases, consisting merely of empty shells without any powder charge, 4,200 cases of safety cartridges, and 189 cases of infantry equipment, such as leather fittings, pouches, and the like. All these were for delivery abroad but none of these munitions could be exploded by setting them on fire in mass or in bulk nor by subjecting them to impact. She had been duly inspected on March 17, April 15, 16, and 17, all in 1915, and before she left New York the boat gear and boats were examined, overhauled, checked up, and defective articles properly replaced.

There is no reason to doubt that this part of her equipment was in excellent order when she left New York. The vessel was under the command of a long-service and experienced captain and officered by competent and experienced men. The difficulties of the war prevented the company from gathering together a crew fully reaching a standard as high as in normal times (many of the younger British sailors having been called to the colors), but, all told, the crew was good and, in many instances, highly intelligent and capable. Due precaution was taken in respect of boat drills while in port, and the testimony shows that those drills were both sufficient and efficient. Some passengers did not see any boat drills on the voyage, while others characterized the drills, in effect, as formally superficial. Any one familiar with ocean traveling knows that it is not strange that boat drills may take place unobserved by some of the passengers who, tho on deck, may be otherwise occupied or who may be in another part of the ship, and such negative testimony must give way to the positive testimony that there were daily boat drills, the object of which mainly was to enable the men competently and quickly to lower the boats.

Each man had a badge showing the number of the boat to which he was assigned, and a boat list was posted in three different places in the ship. Each day of the voyage a drill was held with the emergency boat, which was a fixt boat, either No. 13 on the starboard side or No. 14 on the port side, according to the weather, the idea, doubtless, being to accustom the men quickly to reach the station on either side of the ship. The siren was blown and a picked crew from the watch assembled at the boat, put on life-belts, jumped into the boat, took their places, and jumped out again.

Throughout this case it must always be remembered that the disaster occurred in May, 1915, and the whole subject must be approached with the knowledge and mental attitude of that time. It may be that more elaborate and effective methods and precautions have been adopted since then, but there is no testimony which shows that these boat drills, as practised on the voyage, were not fully up to the then existing standards and practises. There can be no criticism of the bulkhead-door drills, for there was one each day.

In November, 1914, the directors of the Cunard Company, in view of the falling off of the passenger traffic, decided to withdraw the *Lusitania's* sister ship, *Mauretania*, and to run the *Lusitania* at three-fourths boiler-power, which involved a reduction of speed from an average of about twenty-four knots to an average of about twenty-one knots. The ship was operated under this reduced boiler-power and reduced rate of speed for six round trips until and including the fatal voyage, altho at the reduced rate she was con-

John McCullough, New Bedford, Mass. Truck delivered 1916. Photograph taken 1918.

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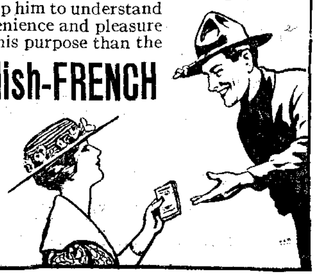

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siderably faster than any passenger-ship crossing the Atlantic at that time. This reduction was in part for financial reasons and in part "a question of economy of coal and labor in time of war." No profit was expected and none was made, but the company continued to operate the ship as a public service. The reduction from twenty-four to twenty-one knots is, however, quite immaterial to the controversy. . . . . . .

We are reminded then that on May 1, 1915, the advertised sailing date of the *Lusitania*, an advertisement was published in various New York papers, close to the advertisement of the Cunard Line, warning intending travelers across the Atlantic that vessels flying the flag of Great Britain or any of her Allies were liable to destruction in the water zone of war. The court holds that the master of the *Lusitania* was perfectly justified in sailing on the appointed day from a neutral port with many neutral and non-combatant passengers, unless he and his company were willing to yield to the attempt of the German Government to terrify British shipping, and we read:

No one familiar with the British character would expect that such a threat would accomplish more than to emphasize the necessity of taking every precaution to protect life and property which the exercise of judgment would invite.

And so, as scheduled, the *Lusitania* sailed, undisguised, with her four funnels and a figure so familiar as to be readily discernible not only by naval officers and mariners, but by the ocean-going public generally.

The voyage was uneventful until May 6. On approaching the Irish coast on May 6 the Captain ordered all the boats hanging on the davits to be swung out and lowered to the promenade deck-rail, and this order was carried out under the supervision of Staff Captain Anderson, who later went down with the ship. All bulkhead doors which were not necessary for the working of the ship were closed, and it was reported to Captain Turner that this had been done. Lookouts were doubled, and two extra were put forward and one on either side of the bridge; that is, there were two lookouts in the crow's-nest, two in the eyes of the ship, two officers on the bridge, and a quartermaster on either side of the bridge.

Directions were given to the engine-room to keep the highest steam they could possibly get on the boilers, and in case the bridge rang for full speed to give as much as they possibly could. Orders were also given that ports should be kept closed.

At 7:50 P.M. on May 6 the *Lusitania* received the following wireless message from the Admiral at Queenstown: "Submarines active off south coast of Ireland," and at 7:56 the vessel asked for and received a repetition of his message. The ship was then going at a rate of twenty-one knots per hour.

At 8:30 P.M. of the same day the following message was received from the British Admiralty:

"To All British Ships 0005:

"Take Liverpool pilot at bar and avoid headlands. Pass harbors at full speed; steer mid-channel course. Submarines off Fastnet."

At 8:32 the Admiralty received a communication to show that this message had been received by the *Lusitania*, and the same message was offered to the vessel seven times between midnight of May 6 and 10 A.M. of May 7.

At about 8 A.M. on the morning of May 7, on approaching the Irish coast, the vessel encountered an intermittent fog, or Scotch mist, called "banks" in seafaring language, and the speed was reduced to fifteen knots. Previously the speed, according to Captain Turner's recollection, had been reduced to eighteen knots. This adjustment of speed was due to the fact that Captain Turner wished to run the last 150 miles of the voyage in the dark, so as to make Liverpool early on the morning of May 8, at the earliest time when he could cross the bar without a pilot.

Judging from the location of previous submarine attacks, the most dangerous waters in the *Lusitania's* course were from the entrance to St. George's Channel to Liverpool Bar. There is no dispute as to the proposition that a vessel darkened is much safer from submarine attack at night than in the daytime, and Captain Turner exercised proper and good judgment in planning accordingly as he approached dangerous waters. It is futile to conjecture as to what would or would not have happened had the speed been higher prior to the approach to the Irish coast, because, obviously, until then the Captain could not figure out his situation, not knowing how he might be impeded by fog or other unfavorable weather conditions.

On the morning of May 7, 1917, the ship passed about 25 or 26, and, in any event, at least 18½ miles south of Fastnet, which was not in sight. The course was then held up slightly to bring the ship closer to land, and a little before noon land was sighted, and what was thought to be Brow Head was made out.

Meanwhile, between 11 A.M. and noon, the fog disappeared, the weather became clear, and the speed was increased to eighteen knots. The course of the vessel was S. 87 E. Mag. At 11:25 A.M. Captain Turner received the following message:

"Submarines active in southern part of Irish Channel, last heard of twenty miles south of Coningbeg. Light-vessel make certain *Lusitania* gets this."

At 12:40 P.M. the following additional wireless message from the Admiralty was received:

Submarines five miles south of Cape Clear, proceeding west when sighted at 10 A.M.

After picking up Brow Head and at about 12:40 P.M., the course was altered inshore by about 30 degrees to about N. 63 or 67 E. Mag., Captain Turner did not recall which. Land was sighted which the Captain thought was Galley Head, but he was not sure and, therefore, held in shore. This last course was continued for an hour at a speed of eighteen knots until 1:40 P.M., when the Old Head of Kinsale was sighted and the course was then changed back to the original course of S. 87 E. Mag.

At 1:50 P.M. the Captain started to take a four-point bearing on the Old Head of Kinsale and while thus engaged and at about 2:10 P.M., as heretofore stated, the ship was torpedoed on the starboard side. Whether one, two, or three torpedoes were fired at the vessel can not be determined with certainty. Two of the ship's crew were confident that a third torpedo was fired and missed the ship. While not doubting the good faith of these witnesses, the evidence is not sufficiently satisfactory to be convincing.

There was, however, an interesting and remarkable conflict of testimony as to whether the ship was struck by one or two

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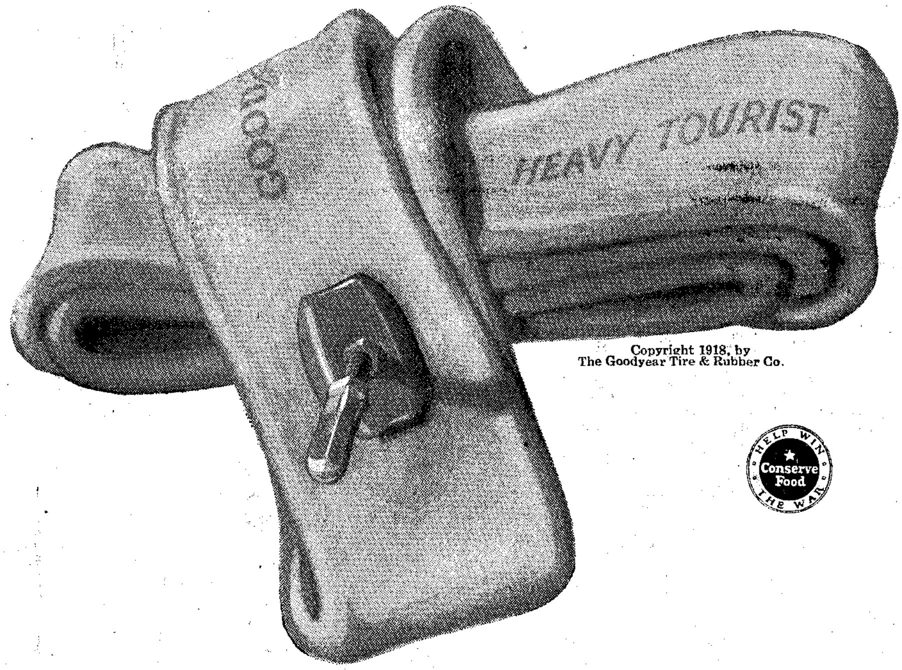

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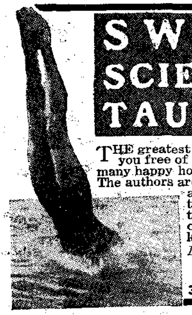

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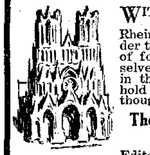

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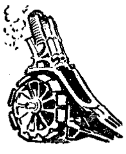

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torpedoes, and witnesses, both passengers and crew, differed on this point, conscientiously and emphatically, some witnesses for claimants and some for petitioner holding one view and others called by each side holding the opposite view. The witnesses were all highly intelligent, and there is no doubt that all testified to the best of their recollection, knowledge, or impression, and in accordance with their honest conviction. The weight of the testimony (too voluminous to analyze) is in favor of the "two-torpedo" contention, not only because of some convincing direct testimony (as, for instance, Adams, Lehman, Morton), but also because of the unquestioned surrounding circumstances. The deliberate character of the attack upon a vessel whose identity could not be mistaken, made easy on a bright day, and the fact that the vessel had no means of defending herself would lead to the inference that the submarine commander would make sure of her destruction. Further, the evidence is overwhelming that there was a second explosion. The witnesses differ as to the impression which the sound of this explosion made upon them—a natural difference due to the fact, known by common experience, that persons who hear the same explosion even at the same time will not only describe the sound differently, but will not agree as to the number of detonations. As there were no explosives on board, it is difficult to account for the second explosion, except on the theory that it was caused by a second torpedo. Whether the number of torpedoes was one or two is relevant, in this case, only upon the question of what effect, if any, open ports had in accelerating the sinking of the ship.

While there were much testimony and some variance as to the places where the torpedoes struck, judged by the sound or shock of the explosions, certain physical effects, especially as to smoke and blown-up débris, tend to locate the areas of impact with some approach to accuracy.

From all the testimony it may be reasonably concluded that one torpedo struck on the starboard side somewhere abreast of No. 2 boiler-room and the other, on the same side, either abreast of No. 3 boiler-room or between No. 3 and No. 4. From knowledge of the torpedoes then used by the German submarines, it is thought that they would effect a rupture of the outer hull thirty to forty feet long and ten to fifteen feet vertically.

Cockburn, senior second engineer, was of opinion that the explosion had done a great deal of internal damage. Altho the lights were out, Cockburn could hear the water coming into the engine-room. Water at once entered No. 1 and No. 2 boiler-rooms, a result necessarily attributable to the fact that one or both of the coal-bunkers were also blown open. Thus, one torpedo flooded some or all of the coal-bunkers on the starboard side of Nos. 1 and 2 boiler-rooms, and apparently flooded both boiler-rooms.

The effect of the other torpedo is not entirely clear. If it struck midway between two bulkheads, it is quite likely to have done serious bulkhead injury. The *Lusitania* was built so as to float with two compartments open to the sea and with mere compartments open she could not stay afloat. As the side coal-bunkers are regarded as compartments, the ship could not float with two boiler-rooms flooded and also any adjacent bunker, and, therefore, the damage done by one torpedo was enough to sink the ship.

To add to the difficulties, all the steam had gone as the result of the explosions, and the ship could not be controlled by her engines.

Little, senior third engineer, testified that in a few seconds after the explosion, the steam-pressure fell from 190 to 50 pounds, his explanation being that the main steam-pipes or boilers had been carried away.

The loss of control of and by the engines resulted in disability to stop the engines, with the result that the ship kept her headway until she sank. That the ship commenced to list to starboard immediately is abundantly established by many witnesses.

Some of the witnesses (Lauriat and Adams, passengers; Duncan, Bestic, and Johnson, officers) testified that the ship stopt listing to starboard and started to recover and then listed again to starboard until she went over.

This action, which is quite likely, must have resulted from the inrush of water on the port side. There can be no other adequate explanation consistent with elementary scientific knowledge; for, if the ship temporarily righted herself, it must have been because the weight of water on the two sides was equal or nearly so. The entry of water into the port side must, of course, have been due to some rupture on that side. Such a result was entirely possible, and, indeed, probable.

The explosive force was sufficiently powerful to blow débris far above the radio wires—*i.e.*, more than 160 feet above the water. The boiler-rooms were not over sixty feet wide, and so strong a force could readily have weakened the longitudinal bulkheads on the port side in addition to such injury as flying metal may have done. It is easy to understand, therefore, how the whole pressure of the water rushing in from the starboard side against the weakened longitudinal bulkheads on the port side would cause them to give way and thus open up some apertures on the port side for the entry of water. Later, when the water continued to rush in on the starboard side, the list to starboard naturally again occurred, increased, and continued to the end. As might be expected, the degree of list to starboard is variously described, but there is no doubt that it was steep and substantial.

The conduct of the passengers constitutes an enduring record of calm heroism with many individual instances of sacrifice and in general a marked consideration for women and children. There was no panic, we are advised, but naturally there was a considerable amount of excitement and rush and much confusion, and as the increasing list rendered ineffective the lowering of the boats on the port side, the passengers, as is readily understandable, crowded over on the starboard side. The problem presented to the officers of the ship was one of exceeding difficulty, occasioned largely because of the serious list and the impossibility of stopping the ship or reducing her headway—

The precaution of extra lookouts resulted in a prompt report to the Captain, via the bridge, of the sighting of the torpedo. Second Officer Heppert, who was on the bridge, immediately closed all water-tight doors worked from the bridge, and the testimony satisfactorily shows that all water-tight doors worked by hand were promptly closed. Immediately after Captain Turner saw the

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wake of the torpedo there was an explosion and then Turner went to the navigation bridge and took the obvious course, *i.e.*, had the ship's head turned to the land. He signaled the engine-room for full speed astern, hoping, thereby, to take the way off the ship, and then ordered the boats lowered down to the rail and directed that women and children should be first provided for in the boats. As the engine-room failed to respond to the order to go full speed astern, and as the ship was continuing under way, Turner ordered that the boats should not be lowered until the vessel should lose her headway, and he told Anderson, the Staff Captain, who was in charge of the port boats, to lower the boats when he thought the way was sufficiently off to allow that operation. Anderson's fidelity to duty is sufficiently exemplified by the fact that he went down with the ship.

Jones, first officer, and Lewis, acting third officer, were in charge of the boats on the starboard side and personally superintended their handling and launching. Too much can not be said both for their courage and skill, but, difficult as was their task, they were not confronted with some of the problems which the port side presented. There, in addition to Anderson, were Bestic, junior third officer, and another officer, presumably the second officer. These men were apparently doing the best they could and standing valiantly to their duty. Anderson's fate has already been mentioned, and Bestic, altho surviving, stuck to his post until the ship went down under him. The situation can readily be pictured even by a novice.

With the ship listed to starboard, the port boats, of course, swung inboard. If enough man-power were applied, the boats could be put over the rail, but then a real danger would follow. Robertson, the ship's carpenter, aptly described that danger in answer to a question as to whether it was possible to lower the open boats on the port side. He said:

"No. To lower the port boats would just be like drawing a crate of unpacked china along a dock road. What I mean is that if you started to lower the boats you would be dragging them down the rough side of the ship on rivets, which are what we call 'snap-headed rivets'—they stand up about an inch from the shell of the ship, so you would be dragging the whole side of the boat away if you tried to lower the boats with a fifteen-degree list."

That some boats were and others would have been seriously damaged is evidenced by the fact that two port boats were lowered to the water and got away (tho one afterward filled) and not one boat reached Queenstown.

Each boat has its own history (except possibly boats 2 and 4) altho it is naturally difficult, in each case, to allocate all the testimony to a particular boat.

There is some testimony, given in undoubted good faith, that painted or rusted davits stuck out, but the weight of the testimony is to the contrary. There were some lamentable occurrences on the port side, which resulted in spilling passengers, some of whom thus thrown out or injured went to their death. These unfortunate accidents, however, were due either to lack of strength of the seaman who was lowering or possibly, at worst, to an occasional instance of incompetency due to the personal equation so often illustrated when one man of many may not be equal to the emergency. But the problem was of the most vexatious character. In addition to the crowding of passengers in some instances was this extremely hazardous feat of lowering boats swung inboard from a tilted height, heavily weighted by human beings, with the ship still under way. It can not be said that it was negligent to attempt this because, obviously, all the passengers could not be accommodated in the starboard boats.

On the starboard side the problem in some respects was not so difficult while, in others, troublesome conditions existed quite different from those occurring on the port side. Here the boats swung so far out as to add to the difficulty of passengers getting in them, a difficulty intensified by the fact that many more passengers went to the starboard side than to the port side and, also, that the ship maintained her way. Six boats successfully got away. In the case of the remaining boats, some were successfully lowered but later met with some unavoidable accident, and some were not successfully launched (such as Nos. 1, 5, and 17) for entirely explainable reasons which should not be charged to inefficiency on the part of the officers or crew.

The collapsible boats were on the deck under the open life-boats, and were intended to be lifted and lowered by the same davits which lowered the open boats after the open boats had gotten clear of the ship. It was the duty of the officers to get the open boats away before giving attention to the collapsible boats, and that was a question of time. These boats are designed and arranged to float free if the ship should sink before they can be hoisted over. They were cut loose and some people were saved on these boats.

It is to be expected that those passengers who lost members of their family or friends, and who saw some of the unfortunate accidents, should feel strongly and entertain the impression that inefficiency or individual negligence was wide-spread among the crew. Such an impression, however, does an inadvertent injustice to the great majority of the crew, who acted with that matter of fact courage and fidelity to duty which are traditional with men of the sea. Such of these men, presumably fairly typical of all, as testified in this court were impressive, not only because of inherent bravery, but because of intelligence and clear-headedness, and they possest that remarkable gift of simplicity so characteristic of truly fearless men who can not quite understand why an ado is made of acts which seem to them merely as, of course, in the day's work.

Mr. Grab, one of the claimants and an experienced transatlantic traveler, concisely summed up the situation when he said:

"They were doing the best they could—they were very brave and working as hard as they could without any fear; they didn't care about themselves. It was very admirably done. While there was great confusion, they did the best they could."...

Thus, when the *Lusitania* sailed from New York, her owner and master were justified in believing that, whatever else had theretofore happened, this simple, humane, and universally accepted principle would not be violated. Few, at that time, would be likely to construe the warning advertisement as calling attention to more than the perils to be expected from quick disembarkation and the possible rigors of the sea after the proper safeguarding of the lives of passengers by at least full opportunity to take to the boats.

It is, of course, easy now in the light of many later events, added to preceding acts, to look back and say that the Cunard Line

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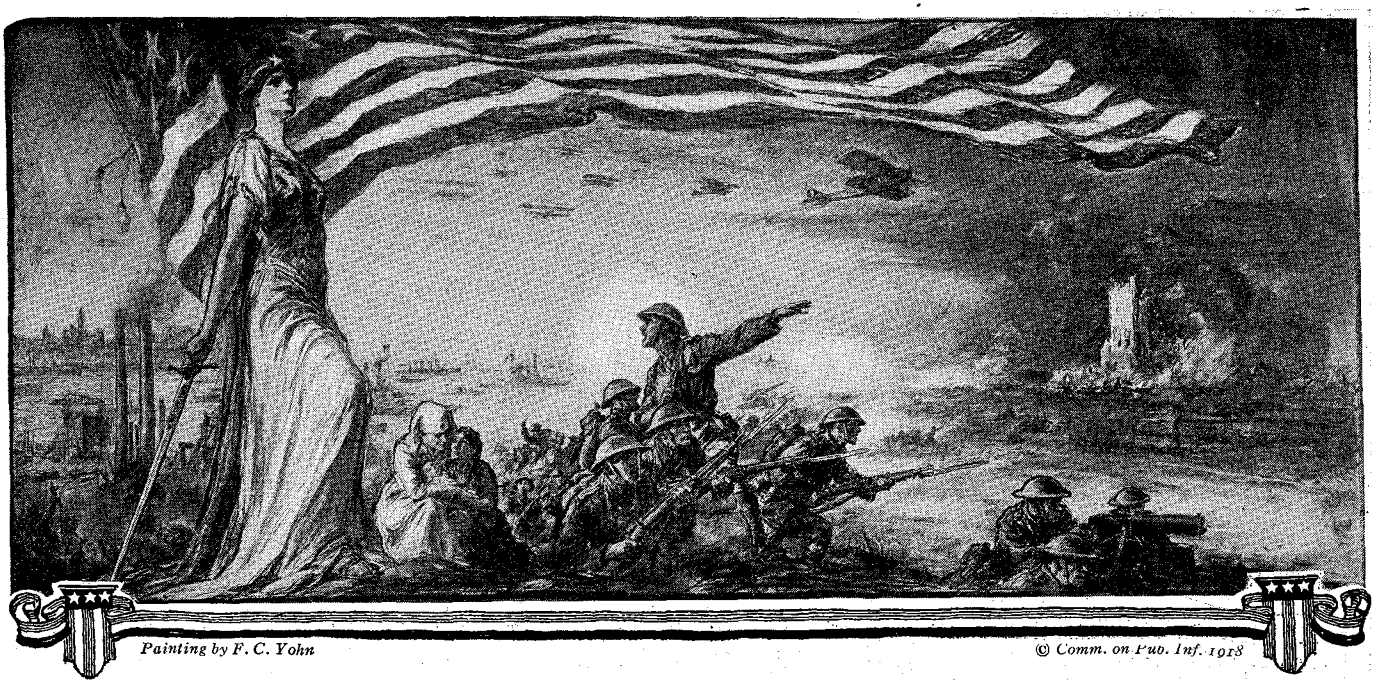

Painting by F. C. Yohn

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and its Captain should have known that the German Government would authorize or permit so shocking a breach of international law and so foul an offense, not only against an enemy, but as well against peaceful citizens of a then friendly nation.

But the unexpected character of the act was best evidenced by the horror which it excited in the minds and hearts of the American people.

The fault, therefore, must be laid upon those who are responsible for the sinking of the vessel, in the legal as well as moral sense. It is, therefore, not the Cunard Line, petitioner, which must be held liable for the loss of life and property. The cause of the sinking of the *Lusitania* was the illegal act of the Imperial German Government, acting through its instrument, the submarine commander, and violating a cherished and humane rule observed, until this war, by even the bitterest antagonists. As Lord Mersey said, "The whole blame for the cruel destruction of life in this catastrophe must rest solely with those who plotted and with those who committed the crime."

But, while in this lawsuit there may be no recovery, it is not to be doubted that the United States of America and her Allies will well remember the rights of those affected by the sinking of the *Lusitania* and, when the time shall come, will see to it that reparation shall be made for one of the most indefensible acts of modern times.

THE TANK COMES BACK, OPENING A ROAD TO VICTORY

TANKS are again very much in vogue in military circles.

After their sensational first appearance more than a year ago, the tanks, for a while, did not seem to measure up to the expectations either of their friends or enemies. They stuck in muddy places, offered good targets for field-artillery, and generally started things that they couldn't finish.

The Germans tried to improve on the original British design, with unfortunate results—for the Germans. In the meantime, both the French and English were busy, with results that bulk large in the daily reports of Foch's advance. Now newspaper poets write odes, lullabies, and ballads to the victorious tank, and hard-headed military men predict a dazzling future for it.

A while ago it was airplanes that were going to win the war, says a writer in the New York *Tribune*, but now it is tanks. He continues:

> Men from every other arm of the military service are turning now to the tanks. Majors, captains, and lieutenants are giving up their commissions in other services in order to enlist as privates in the "tanks."
>
> Word has come back through the army channels of what one officer says and writes to another that tanks will win this war as artillery won Napoleon's wars and as the British longbows won in the Hundred Years' War.
>
> The word runs that neither gas, airplanes, nor massed artillery will be counted the epochal innovation of this war, but that the honor will be reserved for tanks. Even the haughty airmen are beginning to think that the tortoiselike machine that

keeps close to mother earth is the coming conquering instrument of warfare.

These may be but dreams of the enthusiasts who do and get things done, but they are very interesting and stimulating. Officers of the tank service are already imagining countless squadrons of the new armored cavalry, or "charging artillery," as the French are beginning to designate them, as sweeping steadily and relentlessly on toward Berlin, followed by hosts of well-protected infantry, pausing now and then for the great guns to come up and blast the Germans out of some particularly well-defended stronghold and then resuming the irresistible march.

They believe that if there were a hundred thousand tanks on the front now, the advance of the Allies to the heart of Germany would be almost a continuous procession.

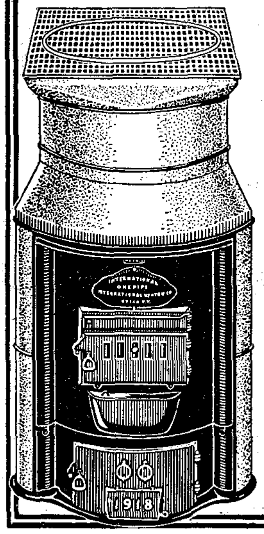
The tank meets two great requirements of successful warfare. It destroys the enemy and conserves its own side's man-power. The smaller tanks, or "whippets," as the British call them, are practically armored cavalry, only the steed is mechanical and the driver sits inside instead of atop. The larger tanks are practically moving fortresses—land battle-ships. Between the two the eager visionists foresee a return in principle to the warfare of the Middle Ages and the days of feudalism and knight-errantry, when the effective fighting men of armies were practically confined to the mounted knights in armor.

They believe that if Germany does not collapse in the near future the time will come when practically all the essential fighting in the nature of close contact with the enemy will be done by a number of tanks, large absolutely, but relatively small compared with the numbers of the armies that will come behind them to consolidate and organize what the tanks have won and make way for their further advance.

It is conceded that the limitations on the number of airplanes that can actually be used in fighting are much greater than on those of tanks. So far as the manufacturing capacity and transportation will permit it is possible to mass tanks at the front as fast as men can be trained to operate them, and in time this number may come practically to represent all the infantry—so that it will be the only kind of actual fighting, and men will no longer expose their unprotected bodies to the chance of certain death or injury from a bullet or a piece of shrapnel coming their way.

The knights of old expected to be hit by sword and arrow, but they expected their armor to save them in most cases. The tank men expect their tanks to be hit, but, except for the chance of a heavy projectile hitting them, they do not expect a hit to mean death or wounds. The modern infantryman trusts for life to chance and casual protection of fixt barriers, such as trenches, earthworks, and the like. If he is hit he is a casualty.

It goes without saying that the United States is preparing to take full advantage of this new phase of modern warfare; and also, it goes equally without saying, the actual preparations are shrouded in mystery. No other arm of the service is so secretive as that of the tanks. The reason for this, says *The Tribune*, is that the Allies are away ahead of the Germans in the development and use of tanks, and that the new ideas that are being introduced into them are a large part of their effectiveness. To quote further:



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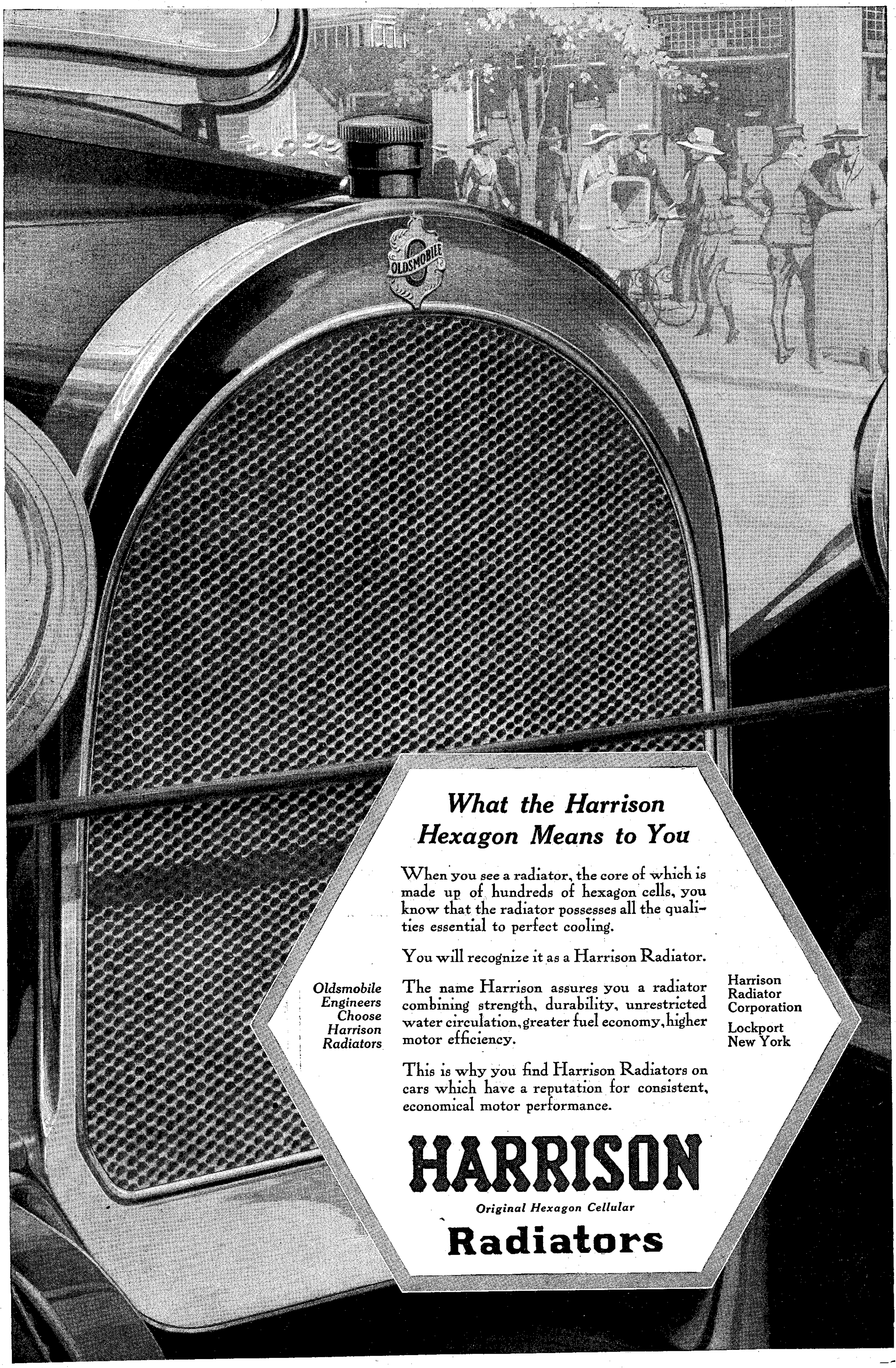

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The German lives in daily dread of a new tank surprize, and it is important to satisfy this dread. The Germans have testified that if the British had had a thousand tanks on hand when they first sprang them the war would have ended then and there in a chaotic German defeat. So now the Germans are kept in the dark both as to the numbers and varieties of the tanks that the Allies are bringing up against them.

Nothing of a definite nature is, therefore, officially permitted to get out, and it would be most unwise and unpatriotic to publish what is known, outside of what becomes public property through the revelations of the battle-fields. Even the recent phenomenal success of the French and British tanks, which in respect to the performance of the former brought out special acknowledgment from General Pétain and Premier Clemenceau of the pivotal character of their achievements, has not exhausted Allied power and inventiveness.

It is impossible to say anything about on how large a scale the United States is building tanks and training the personnel to go with them. Some of the enthusiasts recommend the enlargement of the tank service to the dimensions of the Signal Corps, which, when it still included the army air service, numbered more than 125,000 men. They also insist on the immediate building of not less than 100,000 of the small tanks for two men and possibly one-man tanks.

No announcement has ever been made of what is actually being done in respect to the number of tanks being built or planned or the numbers of the men that are to use them. But there is no doubt that the High Command is fully aware of the immense potentialities of tanks and firmly committed to their use on a large scale. It is held that the utilization of tanks in immense numbers at an early date is much more feasible than that of a large number of airplanes, because their manufacture is not so novel a thing to American automobile- and truck-manufacturers.

The production of the tanks is a function of the Ordnance Department, in which a special division is charged with the task. The service corps in the United States is directed by Colonel I. C. Welborn, who is a medal-of-honor man of the regular Army, with service in the Spanish-American War, in the Philippines, and in the Boxer expedition. He is reputed to be a man of great force and executive ability. His assistant is Captain Phil D. Poston. Brigadier-General S. D. Rockenbach is commander of the tank service in France. It has been officially admitted that there is one battalion of the American tank service at the Front, but whether these machines are American or foreign-made is not known.

Thus far two tank-camps have been established. The camp at Gettysburg, Pa., is a concentration and preliminary training-camp and is in charge of Major D. D. Eisenhower. The advanced training-camp is at Tobyhanna, Pa. Colonel W. H. Clopton is in command there. He has recently returned from France with twenty-five assistant officers, who, after a thorough practical experience with tanks in England and France, will act as instructors for the men and officers of the rapidly growing Tank Corps. No information is available as to the numbers of men and the amount of equipment now at these camps.

The present effectiveness of the tank service has given that branch a wide appeal among men who want to "Treat 'em rough," as the motto of the United States Tank Corps intimates that the tank-fighters intend to do. The advertising campaign undertaken to collect picked men for the tanks has been taken over by reports from the Front. Says *The Tribune:*

> The tank idea has taken the country by storm, and such is the eagerness of strong men, natural fighters, and mechanics and engineers to enter the service that it has become easy to make it a *corps d'élite*, ranking in the excellence of the personnel with the marines and the air service. Every man, whether for the fighting section or the mechanical side, is hand-picked. Every officer is promoted from the ranks of the enlisted men. No man can secure a commission without first becoming a buck private.
>
> Privates who have the natural equipment of officers are put through an officers' training-school and on graduation are commissioned as second lieutenants. When commissioned they are assigned to duty, according to their special qualifications, which depend largely on what they did in civil life and their fighting or mechanical qualities. The fighters—the machine-gun men, artillerists, and drivers — will be drawn, whether officers or privates, chiefly from the ranks of those who are not mechanically skilled. Mechanics and mechanical engineers will naturally drift to the maintenance work.
>
> A well-known business man about forty years of age has just given up a salary of $100,000 a year to enlist as a private, with the hope of being an officer of the iron cavalry that is to charge on to Berlin. A film-service manager on the Pacific coast has given up $25,000 to do likewise. Hundreds of prosperous and successful leaders in civil life are swarming to the fighting colors of the tanks and are striving to emulate in their pugnacious aggressiveness the snarling wildcat that has been chosen as the emblem of the tank service. Take them all in all, physically, mentally, and culturally, the tank men are declared to be the flower of the Army.

Just So.—" There is a feller here who owns a queer animal," said the landlord of the Petunia tavern. " It has a head like a turtle and a body like a colt. There is a fin along its spine. It has feathers on its body, fur on its legs, and a spike or sticker on the end of its tail. It whistles up to 10 o'clock in the morning, and then brays till noon. Afterward—" " Nonsense !" said the guest, whose countenance was shaped considerably like that of a rare old fiddle. " You don't expect me to believe a fantastic tale like that, do you?" " Well, I heard you saying a little while ago that you feared we could never whip the Huns and might eventually be compelled to conclude a German peace. Of course, if you believe that you will believe anything."—*New York Globe.*

Footwork.—Brown—" What made you start clapping when that woman stept on your foot in the car?"

Barlow—" I was dozing. I thought mother and the girls were having a *musicale* at home and one of them was signaling that it was time to applaud."—*Boston Transcript.*

Work for the " Wacht."—Incidentally, the "*Wacht am Rhein*" would better keep its eyes open. It may have some work cut out for it in the not too far distant future. —*Chicago Evening Post.*

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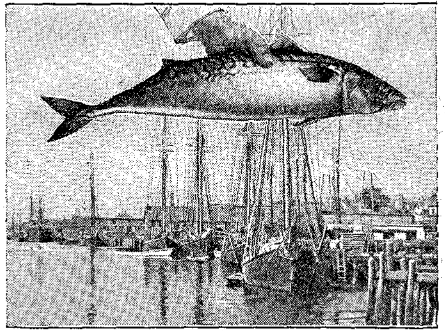

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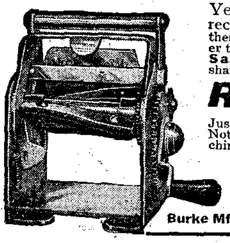

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Lullaby for a Baby Tank

(*Apologies to Lord Tennyson.*)

Squat and low, squat and low,
  Tank of the Western Front,
Feared by foe, brave Gouraud
  Welcomes thy features blunt.
Over the rugged trenches go,
Crawling from Soissons or Belleau,
  Trundle foreshortened runt.
Creep, my little one, over each brittle
  Hun, creep.

Creep and rest, creep and rest,
  Rest on the Teuton's toes;
Sleep, sleep, on the France we'll keep,
  Victory bring thee repose.
Lie in thy cradle—a crater deprest
Deep as German hopes in the west,
  Sunk in their August woes.
Sleep, my gritty one, wee, unpretty one,
  sleep.

—H. T. CRAVEN in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger.*

If

If you can hold your head up while the others
  Are drooping theirs from marches and fatigue;
If you can drill in dust that clouds and smothers,
  And still be fit to hike another league;
If you can stand the greasy food and dishes,
  The long black nights, the lonesome road, the blues;
If you can choke back all the gloomy wishes
  For home that seem to spring right from your shoes;
If you can laugh at sick call and the pill boys,
  When all the other lads are checking in;
If you can kid and jolly all the killjoys,
  Whose faces long ago forgot to grin;
If at parade you stand fast at attention,
  When every muscle shrieks aloud with pain;
If you can grin and snicker at the mention
  Of some bone play connected with your name;
If you succeed to keep your knees from knocking,
  At thoughts of all the bullets you may stop;
If you can do these things and really like 'em,
  You'll be a reg'lar soldier yet, old top.

—D. H. W., in *The Trouble Buster* (U. S. General Hospital No. 2, Fort McHenry.)

The Charge of the Tank Brigade

(*Shade of Tennyson, forgive!*)

Half a league, half a league,
  Half a league onward,
Move like the scythe of Death,
  Tanks, by the hundred.
Boche bullets harmless glide
Down from their metal hide,
While from that steely Hell
Showers of shot and shell
  Volley'd and thunder'd.

Was there a *Boche* that stayed
To see how they were made?
Not when each Fritzie felt
  His hours were number'd.
Theirs not to peek and pry,
Theirs not to wonder why,
Theirs but to sprint, or die.
Straight to Berlin they fly,
  Huns by the hundred.

Tanks to the right of them,
Tanks to the left of them,
Tanks back and front surround
Fritz, Hans, and Herman.
Rolling the wires straight,
Onward they navigate,
Crushing each creature that
Smells like a German.

What is that yellow streak
In the dim distance? Speak!
Is it a circus freak?
Has Nature blundered?
Hush! 'Tis the Kaiser's kin,
Trying to follow in
Vain his retreating chin.
Small blame you wondered.

Honor the Tank Brigade!
Honor the fleet that made
Every last *Boche* afraid
Prussia was sunder'd.
End all this sin with them,
Help us to win with them,
On to Berlin with them!
War-Lord, *who blunder'd!*

—VILDA SAUVAGE OWENS in the New York *Times.*

Abou Ben Bad Man

(*With Apologies to Abou Ben Adhem!*)

A War-Profiteer (may his tribe decrease!)
Awoke one night from a nightmare of peace,
And saw within the moonlight of his room,
Making it rich and like a fire in bloom,
The Devil, writing on asbestos foil,
The names of those paid for unrighteous toil.
Exceeding wealth had made Ben Bad Man bold
And wishing to know what the book did hold,
The Profiteer quick to the Devil said:
"What writest thou?" Old Satan raised his head,
And spake, "The names of those who cheat the poor,
And politicians with the dollars lure,
Then to keep the public from getting wise,
They poison the people with bluffing lies,
Forgers, robbers, thugs who murder for gold,
Who rob the grave and burn the orphan fold."
"And is mine one?" asked Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the Devil. Bad Man spake more low,
And said, "Oh, thou from storm-swept Hades sent,
Write me as one who cheats his government."
The Devil wrote and vanished. The next night from Hell
He came again, and with a great awakening smell,
And showed the names whom hate of God had curst—
And lo, the Profiteer's name was the very first!

—CARL ANDREAS HANSEN in the St. Paul *News.*

His Repose.—"I see ye have a new hired man, Ezry. How is he doing?"

"Resting considerable easier than the other one did, thank ye!" a trifle grimly replied honest Farmer Hornbeak.—*Kansas City Star.*

Deferred Classification.—"Did Angela reject Sammy when he proposed?"

"Not exactly, but she put him in Class 5, only to be used as a last resort."—*Life.*

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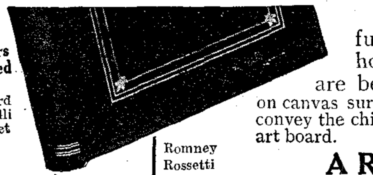

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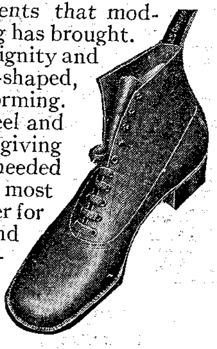

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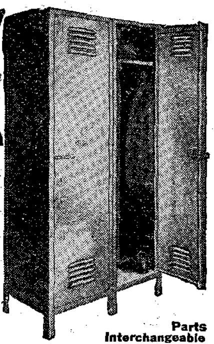

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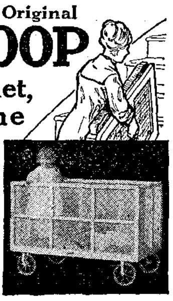

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CURRENT EVENTS

THE WAR

WESTERN FRONT

August 21.—Continuing their attacks northwest of Soissons, the French take Lassigny and advance over a front of 15 miles, piercing the German lines to a maximum depth of five miles.

The British attack on a ten-mile front between the Ancre and Moyenneville. Capture of the villages of Beaucourt, Bucquoy, Ablainzeville, Moyenneville, Achiet-le-Petit, and Courcelles, with many prisoners, is announced.

The German report states that practically all Allied assaults have been repulsed.

August 22.—French forces advance seven miles between the Aisne and the region north of Soissons. More than 200 captured cannon have been counted since August 20, says the official report.

Albert is captured by British troops, together with 1,400 Germans and a number of cannon. In the past two days British report the capture of over 5,000 prisoners. An advance of two miles on a front of more than six miles is recorded between Bray and Albert.

August 23.—The British take nine towns on a front of more than thirty miles. Several thousand prisoners are taken, and heavy casualties inflicted on the enemy.

French progress continues between the Matz River and the area north of Soissons. Troops cross the Oise River, eight miles east of Noyon, and reach within a mile and a half of Noyon station on the north side of the Oise.

Violent local attacks, launched against the American line along the Vesle, are driven back without material change in the front line.

The German report states that prisoners have been taken by counter-attacks. The American line of post between Bazoches and Fismes is said to have been prest back.

August 24.—Bray, Thiepval, and four other villages are captured by the British in an advance extending along their whole front between the Somme and Arras.

American troops west of the Fismes sector advance as far as the Reims-Soissons Road, and hold a front there of about half a mile.

August 25.—Against fresh German troops, British forces continue to advance north and south of Bapaume. The capture of fourteen villages, including Contalmaison, Martinpuich, Le Sars, and Mametz, is announced. An official report of the German prisoners passed through British collecting stations since August 21 places the number at 17,000.

Between the Ailette and the Aisne the French make a small gain east of Bagneux, and capture 400 prisoners.

The German report announces the repulse of French attacks near Chauvigny with particularly heavy losses.

The presence of Austro-Hungarian soldiers is announced both on the British front and in the Woevre.

August 26.—British troops advance on a thirty-mile line from the River Scarpe to south of the Somme. Wancourt and Monchy, on the Hindenburg Line, Montauban and Cappy are captured. Heavy guns, machine guns, and prisoners are reported taken.

French forces take Fresnoy and St. Mard, two of the strongest defenses of Roye, with 600 prisoners. The German report admits the loss of Cappy and Fontaine-les-Cappy.

August 27.—French troops capture Roye and advance two miles beyond.

British forces, in an advance extending from Chaulnes to north of Arras, cross the Hindenburg Line near Arras, threaten Péronne, and capture twelve villages. Prisoners taken since the morning of August 21 exceed 21,000.

In the region east of Bagneux the French advance half a mile.

American troops attack in the region of Bazoches, three miles west of Fismes, repulsing a simultaneous German attack at Fismette.

A dispatch from British headquarters in France states that the German command has been forced to use at least seventy divisions on the Western Front since August 8.

RUSSIA AND THE FAR EAST

August 21.—A dispatch from Vladivostok states that the head of the American forces recently landed here is dispatching a limited number of troops along the railroad between this city and Nikolsk, the junction point of the Trans-Siberian Railway with the line running to Khalarovsk.

Czecho-Slovak forces are completely in control of the railway from Baku to the Ural Mountains, says a report from Harbin, Manchuria. The Japanese are going from Vladivostok to the Ussuri front, where they are replacing Czecho-Slovak forces.

The Berlin *Lokal-Anzeiger* asserts that it learns on good authority that the *Soviet* Government in Russia has formally declared its "disinterestedness" in the former Russian Baltic provinces.

The State Department is advised through the Swedish Foreign office that no objection will be raised by the Finnish Government to the passing through Finland of Americans seeking escape from Russia.

The *Soviet* Government replies to Pope Benedict that it is unable to comply with the Pontiff's request that the family of the former Emperor Nicholas be transferred to Spain.

August 22.—A dispatch to the *Frankfurter Zeitung* states that the demands of the Poles submitted at the recent conference at German headquarters call for access to the Baltic and the end of divided rule.

Secretary Baker announces the arrival of a second United States regiment at Vladivostok, the 31st Regular Infantry.

Stockholm reports that Bolshevik troops, advancing along the Onega River, where Allied forces are operating, have captured the village of Purgasovo.

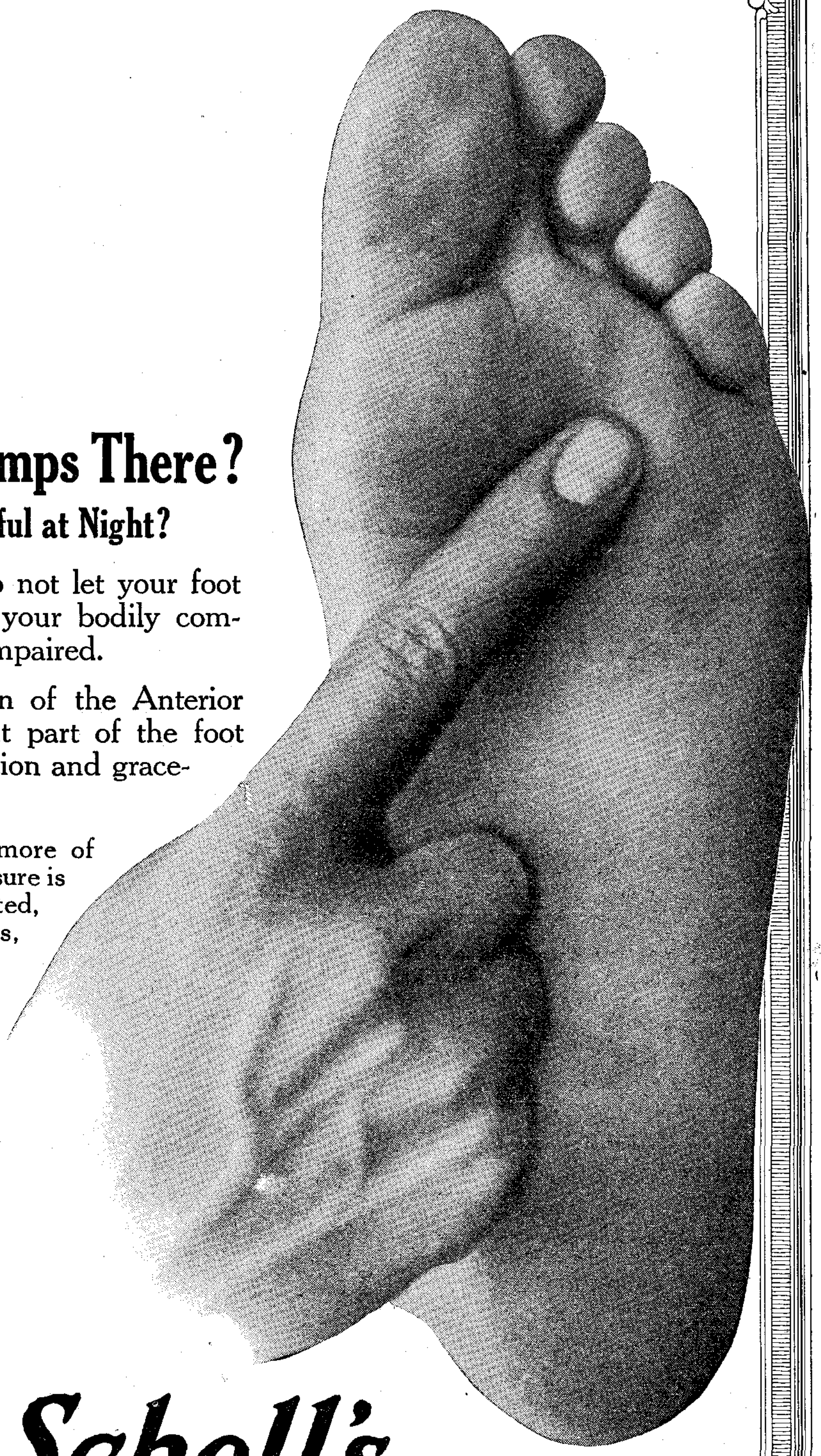
Japanese reports, received in London under date of August 19, say the Bolsheviki are receiving substantial re-enforcements on the Ussuri front, north of Vladivostok, and that the Allied right wing is retiring.

August 23.—London reports that the Czecho-Slovak forces in Transbaikalia have captured the town of Transchanieudinsck, south of Lake Baku, and have achieved a decided victory against the Bolshevik forces.

August 24.—A dispatch from Stockholm states that the Bolshevik Government has issued a reply to the Japanese-American message to the American people asking that the Governments more exactly state their wishes in the matter of the Czecho-Slovak detachments now in Russia.

Hunger, typhus, and cholera are raging in the northern Russian provinces, says a Petrograd dispatch to the *Weser Zeitung*, of Bremen.

August 25.—Archangel reports an official announcement by the Entente Allied



Pains, Callouses or Cramps There?

Are Your Feet Tired and Painful at Night?

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are scientifically constructed to bring quick relief and assist in correcting the cause of tired, aching feet and many forms of foot trouble. There is a specially designed device for bunions, weak ankles, aching feet, broken-down arches, flat foot, over-lapping toes, enlarged toe joints, corns, callouses, etc.

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Progressive shoe dealers and department stores everywhere have installed Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Appliances and Remedies and adopted his method of giving foot comfort. These dealers have been instructed in the anatomy of the foot and Practipedics—the science of giving foot comfort. They are rendering a distinct service to your community in giving shoe and foot comfort and deserve your patronage.

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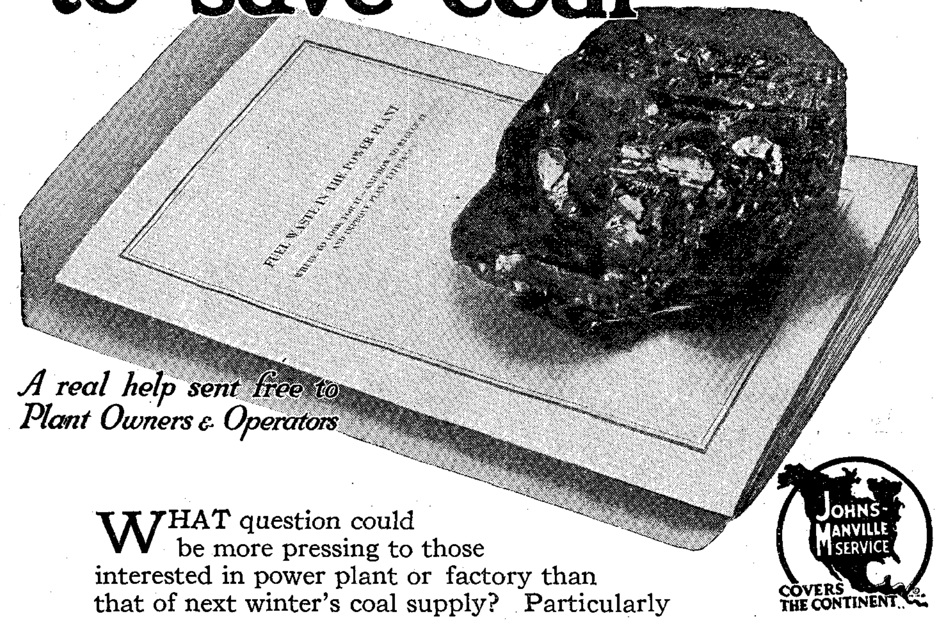
Watch Your Feet

IT tells how to save coal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Soldiers are sending them to their home-folks. Wanted more distributors among stationers, drug, cigar and department stores.

Governments denying the statement recently made by Lenine and Trotzky that Great Britain, France, and the United States are enemies of Russia. The Allied military action, the announcement adds, is aimed at the expulsion of Germans from Russian territory, and at the suppression by arms of the Brest-Litovsk treaty.

Official representatives of the Esthonian Diet and Government, dissolved by the Germans, present a declaration to the diplomatic representatives of belligerent and neutral countries, declaring in the name of the Republic of Esthonia that the treaty between Germany and the Russian Bolshevik Government, regarding the political status of Esthonia, was made without the consent of the Esthonian people and it is considered by them as being non-existent.

Leon Trotzky, Bolshevik Minister of War and Marines, in a proclamation published in the Krasnya *Gazetta* of August 23, characterizes the statement that the Allied troops were landed in Siberia to protect the trans-Siberian Railway as a lie, supported by the American Government.

August 26.—Peking reports that General Semenoff, in command of a force of Czecho-Slovaks numbering several thousand. has captured the town of Motsievskaia, Siberia, with many prisoners.

August 27.—General Pleshkoff, chief of the Russian forces in Siberia and Manchuria, announces a delayed dispatch from Vladivostok, acting on behalf of General Horvath, the anti-Bolshevik leader, has assumed control of all the Russian military forces in the Far East.

A delayed dispatch dated August 20 from Archangel states that Nicholas Tchaikovsky, President of the Provisional Government, has issued a statement, declaring that America's declared policy exactly meets Russian wishes.

THE WAR IN THE AIR

August 21.—Two bombing flights are carried out by American aviators on the towns of Longuyon and Audun-le-Roman, northeast of Verdun. Bombs are successfully dropt on railroads and roundhouses.

In a clash between an American reconnaissance formation and six *Rumpler* monoplanes near Toincourt, one German machine is brought down.

Lieutenant Blair Thaw, of Pittsburg, a member of the American Aviation Service, is killed by accident due to motor stoppage, while flying near Paris.

London reports 21 German machines destroyed and eight others driven down out of control, 25½ tons of bombs dropt, and one German balloon shot down in flames on August 20 and 21. Eight British machines are missing.

Lieut. David E. Putnam, of Newton, Mass., of the American flying forces, scores his eleventh official victory by bringing down a *Rumpler* biplane inside the American line.

Several enemy airplanes make an early morning raid on Paris, but are driven off after reaching no further than the suburbs.

Austrian planes drop bombs at Venice and at several localities in the rear, causing slight damage and some wounded.

August 23.—An official announcement in the Cologne *Gazette* states that five persons were killed, two persons badly injured, and considerable damage done to private property from bombs dropt by Allied airplanes early on the morning of August 21.

The German official report states that seven machines out of an Allied squadron of ten airplanes which attacked near Karlsruhe were destroyed by chasing planes.

August 24.—A dispatch from the American front in Lorraine states that Lieutenant Hudson, United States airman, downed three German airplanes on August 1, a record for an American aviator.

A supplemental official communication on British aviation states that 328 airplanes have been downed by the British in the past 14 days and 134 more sent down out of control. The total weight of bombs dropt during this period was 594 tons.

American aviators successfully bomb the railroads at Conflans.

August 25.—British airplanes, says a telegram from Karlsruhe, bombed the city on August 23. Nine persons were killed and six injured. Five of the attacking airplanes, according to the telegram, were destroyed.

Three aerial combats are reported from the American headquarters on the Lorraine front, each of which apparently resulted in the destruction of a German flier.

August 27.—An official statement issued by the British Admiralty states that Belgian docks on *U*-boat bases have been bombed with good effect by naval air forces during the past two days.

SUBMARINE OPERATIONS

August 21.—A Canadian Atlantic port reports that the steam trawler *Triumph*, manned by a crew from a German submarine, has sunk four American fishing-vessels and probably others.

Official announcement is made from Paris that the French mail steamer *Polynesian*, bound from Biserta to Saloniki, was sunk by a mine on the morning of August 10. The French steamer *Balkan* was torpedoed and sunk on the night of August 15-16, near the Island of Corsica.

The American steamship *Montanan*, it is announced from Washington, has been torpedoed and sunk in foreign waters. The *Montanan* was being used as a cargo carrier for the Government.

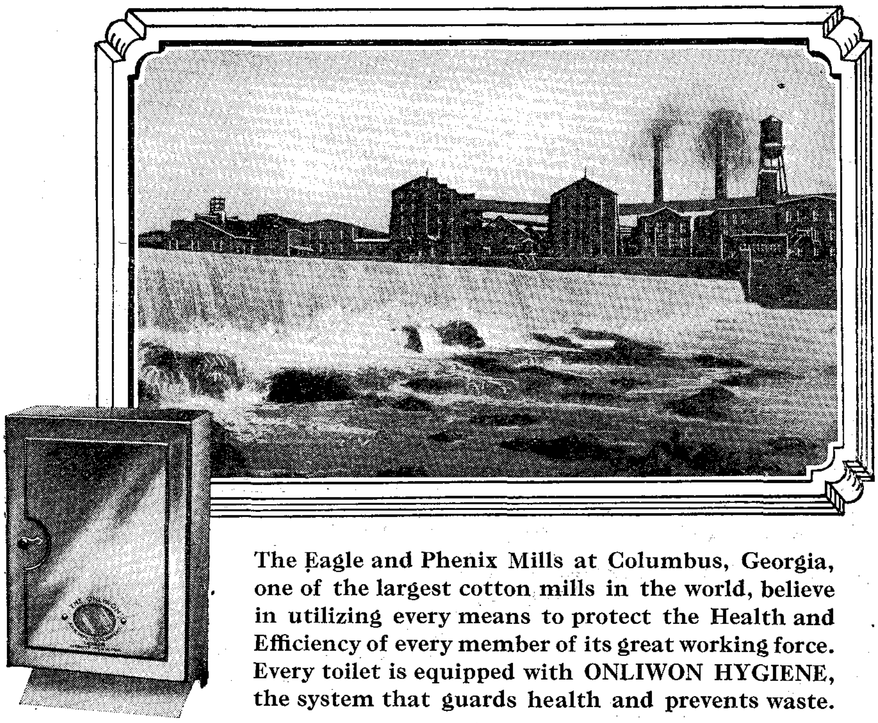
August 22.—A British freight steamship arriving at an Atlantic port announces an attack by submarine yesterday afternoon when near Nantucket. A torpedo was fired, followed by shelling for more than an hour, but the freighter finally outdistanced the submarine.

Montreal announces that practically the entire fleet of the Maritime Fish Corporation has been destroyed by the trawler *Triumph*, which was captured by a submarine and turned into a freighter. The fleet was operating off the Grand Banks of Newfoundland and was composed of boats of both Canadian and American registry.

Seven members of the crew of the schooner *Sylvania*, sunk by the *Triumph*, are reported landed at an "Atlantic port."

August 26.—The steamer *Eric* of 600 tons, says a dispatch from St. Pierre, was sunk on August 25, near Miquelon Island. Five of the crew were wounded. Seven fishing-boats are reported sunk near Ymuiden, Holland, by the same German submarine.

August 27.—Mistaken for a *U*-boat in the darkness, the American submarine-chaser number 209, with 26 naval officers and sailors aboard, was fired upon by the merchant ship *Felix Taussig*, fifteen miles off Fire Island. Her commander, executive officer, and fifteen of the crew are missing, according to Washington.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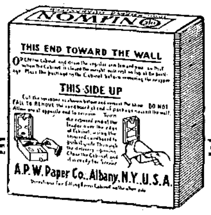

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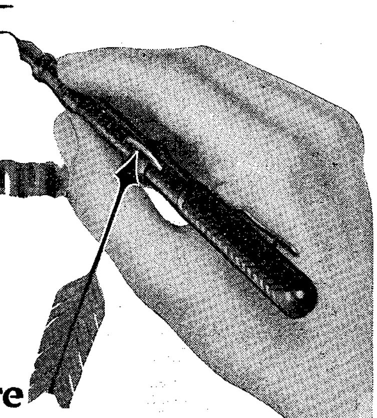

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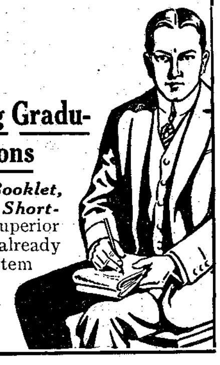

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CENTRAL POWERS

August 24.—Maximilian Harden, in the *Zukunft*, contrasts the aristocratic German spirit with the democratic American spirit, and says that America is a storehouse of idealism such as was never known before.

August 25.—A Budapest report to the Jewish Correspondence Bureau states that Jews in Galicia have been systematically rounded up and robbed, under the pretense of special taxation, and expelled from the country.

August 27.—Prisoners in Germany, including American prisoners, are said by a young French corporal, lately escaped from Germany, to be badly treated and poorly fed. Starvation would be general among them but for the food-parcels sent from America.

FOREIGN

August 21.—Copenhagen reports that the American Ambassador has applied to the Minister of Foreign Affairs to bring an action against the *Aftonblatt* for an article in which President Wilson is characterized as "the Presbyterian war-god of the Democratic money mob," and in which it was said that the Entente both feared and despised America. The Minister of Justice has exprest his wish that the newspaper be prosecuted.

August 22.—Washington announces that after months of negotiations the Stockholm Government has entered into an agreement with Great Britain, France, and the United States, under which these Governments agree to the rationing of Sweden in return for the observance of certain conditions, the use of 400,000 tons of Swedish shipping, and certain Swedish products, including rich Swedish iron-ores.

August 23.—Lord Robert Cecil, British Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, in his weekly interview says that the British Government has been collecting and soon will publish evidence of Germany's brutality and callousness in governing her colonies, after which the world will agree that the colonies can not be restored to Germany.

August 25.—According to a tonnage agreement entered into between the Swedish Government, Great Britain, and the United States, 10,000 tons of goods, originally destined for Russia, and now in Sweden, are released for consumption there.

El Liberal, of Madrid, announces a commercial loan of $75,000,000 by Spain in favor of the United States, which will enable an increased amount of American Army supplies to be obtained in Spain.

DOMESTIC

August 21.—Five officials of the Bayer Company, one of the German-owned chemical firms taken over by A. Mitchell Palmer, the Alien Property Custodian, are arrested by government agents after discovery of what the government officials describe as a conspiracy to divert a large proportion of the future profits of the company into German hands and to retain a strong footing in the chemical industry in this country for the purpose of enabling Germany to reestablish her dye and drug interests in the United States after the war.

The report of the Senate Military Committee on the airplane program charges incompetency, failure to adopt successful European airplane types, huge profits to the manufacture, loose organization, and practical control of the airplane program by automobile manufactures without experience in air work.

August 23.—Liberty bonds of the first

issue sell at 102½ on the New York Stock Exchange.

In his maiden speech as Republican leader of the Senate, Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, demands a dictated peace won by victory.

It is announced from Washington that an increase of wages of coal-miners in substitute for the bonuses paid the workers will not be approved by Fuel Administrator Garfield.

Skilled shipbuilders, according to a Washington dispatch, have presented "friendly demands" to the Labor Adjustment Board of the Shipping Board for an increase in wages to $1 an hour, with time and a half for overtime, Saturday half-holidays, and a ten per cent. bonus for all night shop-work. The present pay is approximately 75 cents an hour.

August 25.—A Federal district court of New York holds that the Cunarder *Lusitania*, torpedoed by a German submarine on the afternoon of May 7, 1915, was an unarmed merchant vessel, which had no explosives of any kind on board, and that when the German Government, acting through its submarine commander, destroyed the ship, it committed "an inexpressibly cowardly attack" which was a violation of all laws governing civilized warfare at sea. The contention of the British owners that the act was that of a common pirate was upheld by the decision.

August 27.—Henry Ford, the Detroit manufacturer, candidate for nomination for United States Senator, in both the Republican and Democratic primaries in Michigan, is nominated on the Democratic ticket, but is defeated for the Republican nomination by Commander Truman H. Newberry, former Secretary of the Navy.

Cole H. Blease, characterized by President Wilson as unfriendly to the Administration, is badly beaten in the senatorial primary in South Carolina by Nat B. Dial.

The Fuel Administration calls upon the public in States east of the Mississippi to cease the use of automobiles (with a few exceptions), motor-cycles, and motor-boats on Sundays, until further notice, as a gasoline-conservation measure.

A reorganization of the War Department is announced by Secretary Baker, under which Benedict C. Crowell, First Assistant Secretary of War, will perform the duties of a director of munitions, and John D. Ryan, formerly head of the Aircraft Board, will become Second Assistant Secretary of War and Director of Air Service.

One American officer and ten to twenty men are killed in clash between American and Mexican forces in the border town of Nogales, Arizona. It is estimated that 100 were killed on the Mexican side of the border by fire from the American side.

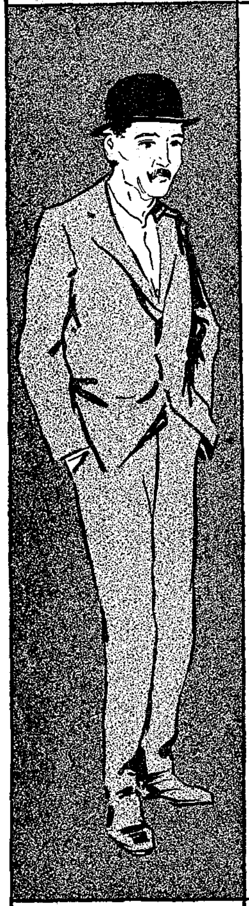
Government production of metals and minerals is proposed in a bill introduced by Senator Henderson, of Nevada, after conferences with Secretary Lane and Chairman Baruch, of the War Industries Board. It is said to have the approval of President Wilson.

Washington reports that, due to continued ill health, Walter Hines Page, Ambassador to Great Britain, has offered his resignation to President Wilson.

Wheatless days and wheatless meals will end on September 1, by order of the Federal Food Administration. Flour with substitutes, but in less proportion than before, will continue to be used.

The Senate unanimously passes the Man-Power Bill, which had been approved by the House on August 24, by a vote of 336 to 2.

Whose advice would you heed?



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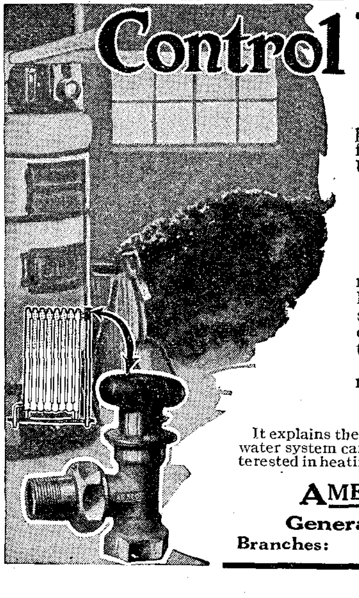

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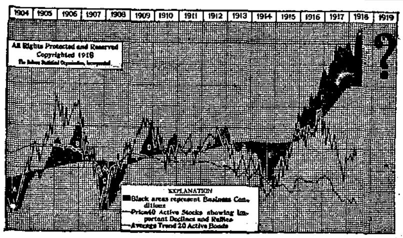

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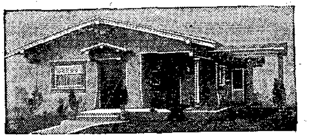

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INVESTMENTS - AND - FINANCE

AN UNMISTAKABLE EVIDENCE OF THRIFT

IN spite of the burdens which the war has laid upon the American people, and is likely to lay for some years to come, they, as a whole, have continued to produce, save, and invest. Readjustments have gone on, commodity prices have advanced, and speculation has been almost entirely eliminated, "but the people have money," says *Bradstreet's*. While one might expect to find the high cost of living reducing savings and the quantity of funds people have for investment in Liberty Loans, "such is not the case." Neither deposits in savings-banks, postal-savings deposits, nor payments into building and loan associations have greatly suffered from the activities of the Government in calling for funds. *Bradstreet's* cites the annual report of the United States League of Building and Loan Associations, which indicates that "the assets of these important exemplars of thrift continue to increase." Instead of being hurt by the three Liberty Loans, officials of these associations think the thrift campaign inaugurated by the Government "has enhanced the saving habit." The first Liberty Loan caused some unsettlement, but seemingly members of the associations "gradually adjusted themselves to the new conditions, and not only bought Liberty bonds and paid their dues to the associations, but also laid aside a little more during 1917–18 than was their custom in ordinary times." *Bradstreet's* gives other items in detail:

"The assets of the associations mentioned during 1917–18 expanded about $170,000,000, and they loaned out on mortgage $492,000,000. There are in the United States 7,269 associations, with aggregate assets of $1,769,142,175 and a total membership of 3,838,612. This means a gain of 197 associations, 270,180 members, and $170,514,039 in assets over the report of the year before. The increase in membership was 7.5 per cent., while that in assets was 10.6 per cent. The average amount due each member was $460.37 as against $447.98, the amount shown in the preceding year.

"The important building association States made substantial increases during the year. In Ohio the increase in assets was $51,188,940; in Pennsylvania, $25,438,326; Massachusetts, $13,389,130; New Jersey, $13,088,951; Illinois, $8,050,122; Nebraska, $6,627,783; New York, $6,442,948; Indiana, $5,818,661; Michigan, $4,279,888; while in Missouri, California, and Wisconsin the increase was over three million dollars in each State.

"Pennsylvania reports that the associations of that State helped to build or buy 27,308 homes for their members during the year, which was 3,500 more than in the preceding year.

"The following table shows total membership and total assets for States in which accurate statistics are compiled by State supervisors. The data for other States are consolidated under the heading, 'Other States,' and the figures given are estimated:

	1917–18		
	Members	*Assets*	*Increase*
Pennsylvania.......	677,911	$324,265,393	$25,438,326
Ohio..............	767,100	321,741,529	51,188,940
New Jersey........	329,063	168,215,913	13,088,951
Massachusetts......	247,725	126,695,037	13,389,130
Illinois...........	246,800	113,528,525	8,050,122
New York..........	199,571	86,072,829	6,442,948
Indiana...........	202,409	78,112,917	5,818,661
Nebraska..........	101,929	54,545,630	6,627,783
California.........	42,227	35,928,447	3,134,429
Michigan..........	69,041	35,659,360	4,279,888
Kentucky..........	62,846	27,085,282	1,572,372
Missouri..........	56,116	$26,770,144	$3,226,311
Kansas............	66,442	26,000,167	2,446,058
Louisiana.........	47,793	25,911,928	1,362,683
Dist. of Columbia...	37,075	22,399,995	255,115
Wisconsin.........	50,612	19,887,368	3,013,526
North Carolina.....	37,400	17,608,000	1,703,230
Washington........	46,318	14,444,177	2,366,450
Arkansas..........	21,053	10,583,447	409,439
Iowa*.............	33,035	9,638,852	....
Minnesota.........	22,020	8,979,642	626,537
West Virginia......	21,500	8,119,131	369,564
Colorado*.........	10,200	6,688,983	....
Maine.............	14,959	6,671,239	233,961
Oklahoma..........	18,142	6,554,175	2,354,175
Rhode Island.......	11,499	5,938,436	577,906
Connecticut........	14,900	4,869,748	610,423
South Dakota......	5,857	3,603,836	89,286
New Hampshire....	8,554	3,336,072	322,812
Tennessee.........	5,166	3,207,754	†112,865
North Dakota......	5,785	2,837,118	90,308
Texas.............	7,156	2,314,927	372,489
Montana..........	4,239	1,849,935	209,906
New Mexico.......	3,545	1,469,276	*72,660
Vermont	749	287,791	52,079
Other States.......	341,875	157,319,172	10,975,756
Total...........	3,838,612	$1,769,142,175	$170,514,039

*Reports issued biennially; figures of 1916 used.
†Decrease.

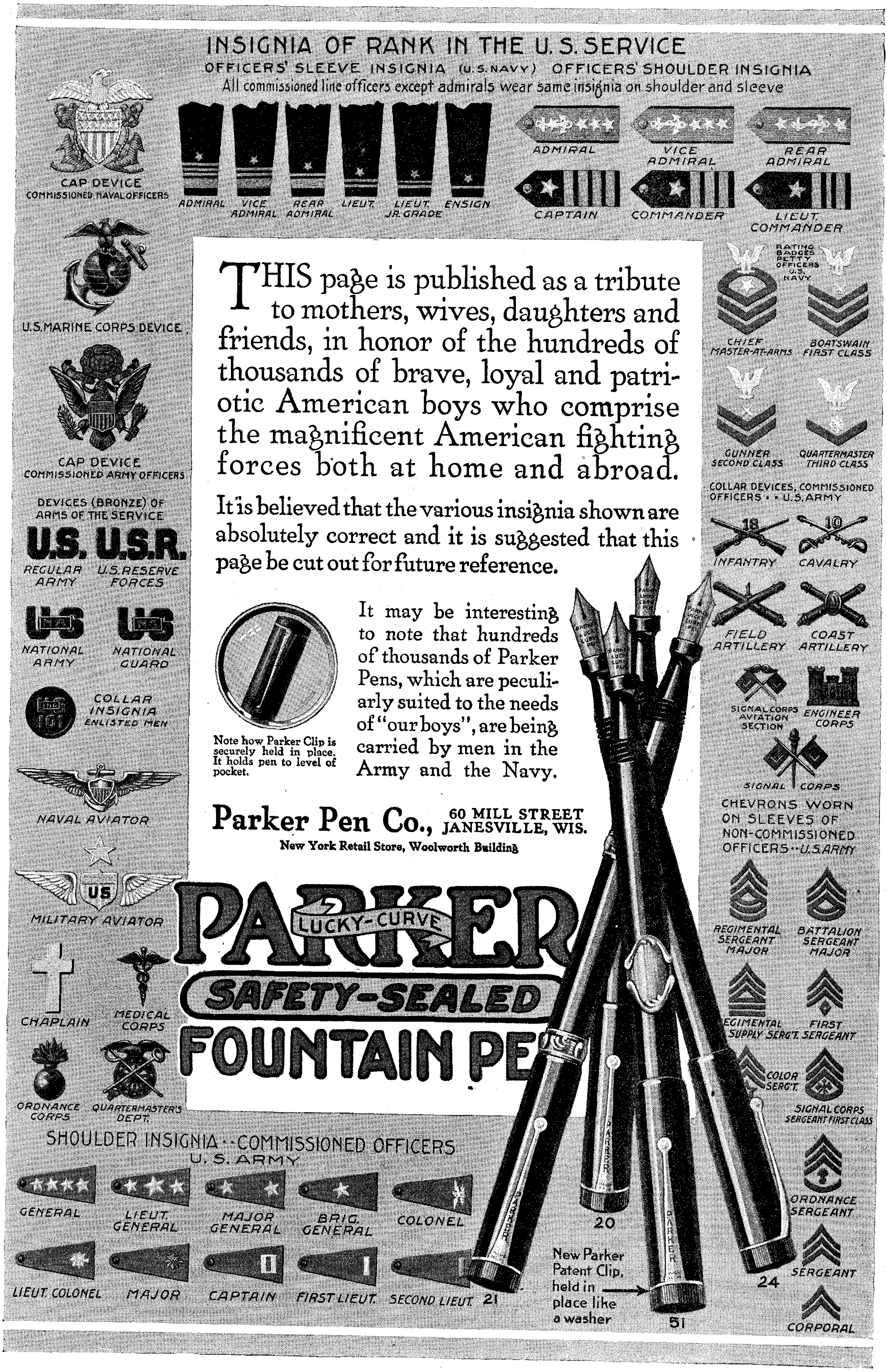
"The following table gives membership and total assets of building and loan associations for a fifteen-year period:

	Membership	*Assets*
1902–03........................	1,530,707	$577,228,014
1903–04........................	1,566,700	579,556,112
1904–05........................	1,631,046	600,342,586
1905–06........................	1,642,127	629,344,257
1906–07........................	1,699,714	673,129,198
1907–08........................	1,839,119	731,508,446
1908–09........................	1,920,257	784,175,753
1909–10........................	2,016,651	856,332,719
1910–11........................	2,169,893	931,867,175
1911–12........................	2,332,829	1,030,687,031
1912–13........................	2,518,442	1,136,949,465
1914–15........................	3,103,935	1,357,707,900
1915–16........................	3,334,899	1,484,205,875
1916–17........................	3,568,342	1,696,707,041
1917–18........................	3,838,612	1,769,142,175

"During the past fifteen years the membership of building and loan associations has increased 150 per cent., and since the war broke out in 1914 the number of members has expanded 52 per cent. Fifteen years ago the assets of these associations aggregated $577,228,014, and for the fiscal year 1914–15 they were $1,357,707,900. The report for 1917–18 discloses a total of $1,769,142,175, the gain over the first-named period being 206 per cent. and over the second 30 per cent. As these associations are not patronized by capitalists, but almost wholly by wage-earners, the facts as to membership show that the American workingman continues to be a worthy nest-builder."

TIN BECOMING A PRECIOUS METAL

Quotations of a dollar a pound for tin were recently made in New York, which suggests to a writer for the National City Bank that "this highly necessary product, for which the United States is dependent upon mines at the opposite side of the globe, may soon rank with the precious metals." Our *tin importations* averaged 12.9 cents per pound in value in 1897, 27.23 cents in 1900, 30.52 cents in 1910, 39.97 cents in 1917, 59.4 cents in April, 1918, and "responded to a recent jump of $50 per ton in London, with quotations in the New York markets of $1 per pound for 'spot Banca.'" The import prices above quoted relate to the cost or selling price of tin in the markets from which it was imported into the United States, and not to prices in the New York markets. "Banca" is tin mined in a little island of that name just off the coast of Java. It has been reaching the United States of late across the Pacific instead of by way of the Mediterranean as under normal conditions. This is also true of a part of the tin coming from the Malayan Peninsula, and the comparatively small quantity of tin drawn from mines in China, which are reported at the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LIEUT. COMMANDER
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DEVICES (BRONZE) OF ARMS OF THE SERVICE
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U.S.R.
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LIEUT. GENERAL
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CHIEF MASTER-AT-ARMS
BOATSWAIN FIRST CLASS
GUNNER SECOND CLASS
QUARTERMASTER THIRD CLASS
COLLAR DEVICES, COMMISSIONED OFFICERS · · U.S. ARMY
18
10
INFANTRY
CAVALRY
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CORPORAL
PARKER
20
21
24
51
New Parker Patent Clip, held in place like a washer

THIS page is published as a tribute to mothers, wives, daughters and friends, in honor of the hundreds of thousands of brave, loyal and patriotic American boys who comprise the magnificent American fighting forces both at home and abroad.

It is believed that the various insignia shown are absolutely correct and it is suggested that this page be cut out for future reference.

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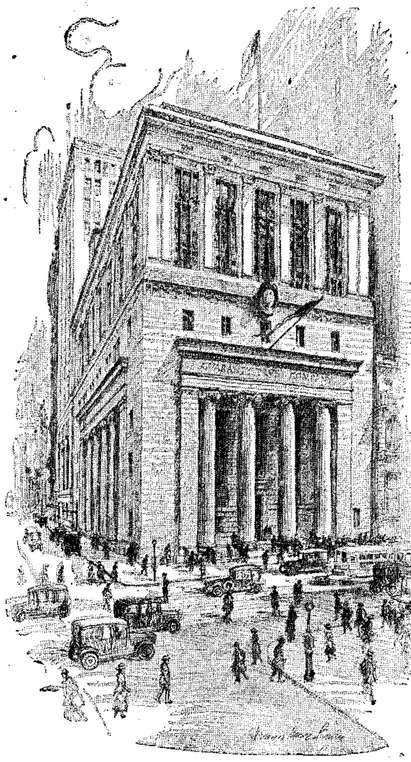

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present time as "out of the market on account of floods," which prevent transportation to Hongkong smelters. The City Bank writer says further of tin:

"Tin continues to be, despite this remarkable advance in prices in recent years, greatly in demand by the industries of the United States, chiefly for use in the manufacture of tin-plate, of which the United States is now turning out over $100,000,000 worth annually. For this and other industries using tin the United States is dependent in large part upon mines on the opposite side of the globe, tho considerable quantities are now being drawn from our South-American neighbor, Bolivia, which produces nearly one-third of the tin of the world, but exports it as 'concentrates' owing to lack of fuel for use in smelting.

"All efforts to successfully develop tin production in the United States, which now uses about one-half of the tin mined in the world, have thus far been unsuccessful. The extremely small quantities found in Alaska and other parts of the country have been insufficient to supply even 1 per cent. of the steadily increasing quantity required by our industries. The quantity of tin imported into the United States has grown from 35,000,000 pounds in 1890 to 70,000,000 pounds in 1900; 101,000,000 pounds in 1910, and approximately 140,000,000 pounds in 1917, plus 10,000 tons of tin ore valued at about $7,000,000. This importation of tin as ore is a comparatively new feature in our tin-supply tho the United States has been, during the past two years, bringing tin ore for smelting in this country from Bolivia, which formerly sent all of her tin ore to Europe for smelting.

"The value of the tin imported into the country since the beginning of the tin-plate industry in 1893 has aggregated approximately $700,000,000, about 90 per cent. of it used in the manufacture of tin-plate, of which the production in the United States has grown from 42,000,000 pounds in 1892 to 1,000,000,000 in 1903, 2,000,000,000 in 1912, and 2,766,401,227 pounds in 1917. With the large growth in our production of tin-plate has come an even more startling growth in the exportation of that article. The value of the exports of domestic tin-plate amounted in the fiscal year 1898 to less than $1,000, in 1908 $1,300,000, and in the fiscal year 1918 over $50,000,000. Of this large exportation in 1918 about $8,000,000 worth went to Argentina, $8,000,000 worth to Japan, $5,000,000 worth to Italy, $6,000,000 worth to Canada, and approximately $2,000,000 worth to the Straits Settlements and the Dutch East Indies, from which we drew most of the tin used in manufacturing the tin-plate.

"The growth in world production of aluminum, which has been suggested as a possible substitute for tin in certain lines, has been much more rapid in recent years than that of tin. Tin production of the world grew from 77,200 tons in 1900 to 117,500 tons in 1916, while aluminum production grew from 7,200 tons in 1900 to 135,000 tons in 1916; and what is even more important to us of the United States is the fact that more than half of the world's aluminum is produced in this country; while, as above indicated, we are entirely dependent upon foreign countries for tin."

Following is a table of our imports of tin during fourteen years:

	Pounds	*Value*	*Price per Pound*
1900	70,159,000	$19,104,000	27.23c
1905	84,869,000	23,378,000	27.55
1906	98,823,000	30,933,000	33.32
1907	96,013,000	38,117,000	39.70
1908	77,296,000	25,295,000	32.72
1909	91,122,000	26,007,000	28.54
1910	101,135,000	30,870,000	30.52
1911	103,439,000	37,936,000	36.67
1912	111,204,000	46,214,000	41.56
1913	114,716,000	53,113,000	46.30
1914	100,178,000	39,422,000	39.35
1915	94,865,000	30,778,000	32.44
1916	143,984,000	50,877,000	35.34
1917	137,576,000	54,996,000	39.97

THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

In this column, to decide questions concerning the current use of words, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"S. W. S.," Augusta, Ga.—"What is the proper method of spelling the word *re-enforce?* It is noticed that the word is frequently spelled *reinforced* by newspapers and leading periodicals, but Webster's dictionary, published 1909, and practically all other dictionaries I have consulted spell it *re-enforce.*"

Both forms are in good standing. The first is American. The New Standard Dictionary (1913 edition) spells the word *reenforce.* In England the form *reinforce* is preferred.

"G. P. L.," New York, N. Y.—"Please tell me where to find the poem, or address, from which the following is a quotation—

'Why is the Forum crowded?
What means this stir in Rome?'"

The lines are from a condensation of "Virginius," by T. B. Macaulay—"The Fate of Virginia," which you will find given in J. P. McCaskey's "Lincoln Literary Collection," published by the American Book Company, New York, for $1.

"R. L. D.," Bloomdale, Ohio.—"How did England get the name of *John Bull?*"

John Bull is a humorous personification of the British people, which originated with Dr. John Arbuthnot in his "Law is a Bottomless Pit." He is represented as a bluff, stout, honest, red-faced, irascible rustic, in leather breeches and top-boots, carrying a stout oaken cudgel in his hand and with a bulldog at his heels. "That pestilent personage *John Bull* has assumed so concrete a form in our imaginations, with his top-boots and his broad shoulders and vast circumference, and the emblematic bulldog at his heels, that for most observers he completely hides the Englishman of real life. The ideal *John Bull* has hidden us from ourselves as well as from our neighbors, and the race which is distinguished above all others for the magnificent wealth of its imaginative literature is daily told—and, what is more, tells itself—that it is a mere lump of prosaic flesh and blood, with scarcely soul enough to keep it from stagnation. If we were sensible we should burn that ridiculous caricature of ourselves along with Guy Fawkes; but meanwhile we can hardly complain if foreigners are deceived by our own misrepresentations."—Leslie Stephen.

"J. F.," Troy, Ala.—"Is the adjective *vast* permissible in the sense here used—'*Vast* despondency wrapt him'?"

No, use *deep* instead. *Vast* is flagrantly misused. "Small of body but mighty of soul its limits are those of a continent and ocean, the universe, space itself," so wrote the editor of the New York *Times Saturday Review of Books*, and the Lexicographer indorses the sentiment.

"P. G. B.," Rochester, N. Y.—"Can you tell me where I can obtain the oration entitled 'Spartacus's Speech to the Roman Gladiators'?"

This is by the Rev. Elijah Kellogg, and is given in J. P. McCaskey's "Lincoln Literary Collection," published by the American Book Company, for $1.

"D. M. S.," Chester, Pa.—"Please give me the correct spelling of the word *dreadnaught*, meaning a heavily armed battle-ship, according to the best authorities. The spelling I have given is that given in Webster's Dictionary of 1915, but lately I believe there has been some discussion that *dreadnought* is the correct way of spelling this word."

The spelling *naught* is archaic, *nought* being preferred. *Dreadnought* is the correct spelling to designate one of a type of modern battle-ships of high speed. But the form *dreadnaught* is still used occasionally to designate a heavy, long-piled cloth for outer garments; also, a garment made of such cloth, and from this use the war-ships are sometimes referred to as *dreadnaughts*.

"H. B. McM.," Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.—"Which is correct, '*In* communication' or '*Into* communication,' as 'I will get *in* or *into* communication with them'? Please explain the reason for the use of the correct form."

Into is used after verbs of motion. The thought of "*entering* into communication" is present in the sentence, "I will get into communication," and *into* is, therefore, correct.

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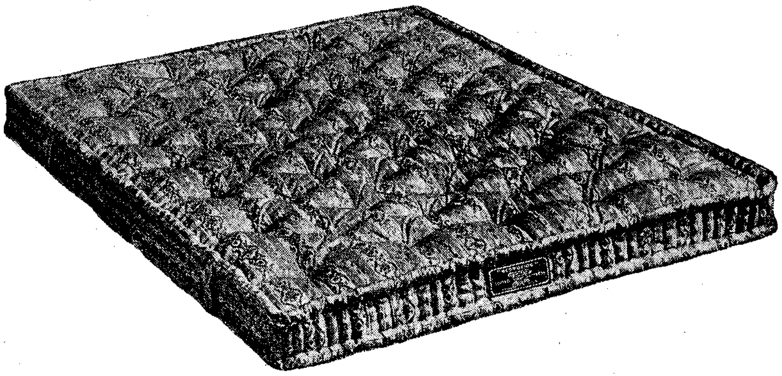

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Keep Your Liberty Bonds

HOLD to that bond. You invested to help send the boys across. They are over now, at grips with the German monster. You expect them to hold on—hold on till the last vestige of autocracy is crushed out of him. Then you, too, must hold on—must keep your enlisted dollars invested on the fighting line.

It isn't the hooray of a campaign that wins a war. It's the will to hang on, to make sacrifice today, that tomorrow may bring victory.

And your investment. Those bonds are the safest investment you ever made. Don't be lured into exchanging them for the "securities" of some suave get-rich-quick operator. Big returns may be promised, but the bigger the promised returns the bigger the risk.

If you have to have money, take your bond to any bank and use it as collateral for a loan. There is no security the banker would rather have—nothing on which he will lend more willingly.

Don't use bonds to buy merchandise. The average merchant, accepting your bonds in trade, sells them immediately, thus tending to lower their market price and taking away from the buyer of your bonds the ability to lend a corresponding amount of money to his Government. Liberty Bonds are meant to help your country at War; are meant for investment and to provide an incentive for saving and a provision for the rainy day.

Hold fast to your Liberty Bonds. Hold fast for the sake of the boys "Over There." Hold fast because it is good business.

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